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“THE WORLD’S FAIR.”

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FLIGHT I.

IN Elis, among the sacred olive groves on the Peneus' banks, the ancient Greeks were accustomed to celebrate the grand epochs of ante-Christian civilization. They had found the world overwhelmed in barbaric night, subject to despotisms and ideas to which we have since assigned the name of Asiatic; they had found men willingly subservient to the uncontrolled authority of individuals, willingly abandoning their manhood and their ideas of justice to a superstitious belief in Fate, in the impossibility of anything but the present, and in the mere animal conservatism which has since become a creed in subservient churches, and ill-begotten men, that that is right which exists. They found, moreover, rude stones piled heap on heap without order and without beauty, set aside for the habitation of the tyrant, and the sacrifice to the tyrant's god. They found blocks of wood and rock roughly cut or worn with attrition, and worshipped as semblances of divinity. They found in democracy, servitude; in government, tyranny; in political socialities, universal centralization; in social order, unlimited power, and illimitable abasement; infanticide practised as a religious duty; polygamy coveted as a moral order; buildings without architecture;

gods without decency; men without intellect; women without beauty; nations without arts; language without literature; belief without reason; gutturals without harmony; vocal noises without music; marble quarries without a statue; landscape beauty without a painter; and an untamed, rude, voiceless, senseless world fit only for the habitation of the moaning demons who flit along the Stygian morass. Of these they built up Greece—eternal Greece, the nurse of all that has lived even to our day in beauty, the mother of all that is good in man, or grand in genius. By their hands the tyrants were hurled down, with the rude Asiatic altars, and the ruder Asiatic idols; and instead there sprang into vitality and memorable grandeur, a democracy unsurpassed for refinement and the qualities of manhood, for art, and grace, and intellect, and genius; a philosophy which, in later times, a Church seeking the dominion of the world dove-tailed into its creed; sculpture so exquisitely entrancing that the very artist has died of love before the charms created by his genius; music so moving that the fable vainly imagined rocks to follow its sweet sounds, and opposing demons to be lulled to rest by its gently undulating cadences; paintings so

grand that even monsters stood in affright before the limner's semblance of a woman's head in anger; epic poems so true, so resounding, so sublime, that they first gave gods, then heroes, then victories, then immortality, to the hearers; love songs so captivating that they enchained conquerors; and staves of the Anacreontic feast so seductive, that they furnished, even to the enjoyment of the most sensual, the tenets of a philosophic school. To celebrate these grand triumphs of Hellenic genius over the wilderness of earth and the vacuity of thought, to renew new contests in the arts, and develop still further the genius by which they were effected, the civilized world assembled in the Elean Olive Groves. Thither at the stated time came all the men of Achaia, all the children of the Classic mother; uninvited save by the national will; unprotected save by the Olympian Jove; unaided save by that devotion to science, that love of art, which had dictated their triumphs and insured to them immortality. No public meetings to subscribe oboli to furnish food by the way; no reinforcement of police to protect the traveller; no public ships to carry him or his: the people of Greece, free and brave, fit to protect themselves from outrage, and scorning public help or private charity, were to be seen wending their way at the full moon of every fifth year to the little spot of sacred ground, where was to be inaugurated another era of Hellenic triumph. The Bœotian, rude of tongue and ruder of frame, brought thither by the hand children, who were one day to immortalize the glory of their country, and of the games they came to see; to contest on that ground for the olive crown of manly power or genius, or among the great men of the earth for imperishable renown, under the names of Pindar, Epaminondas, Hesiod and Plutarch. Thither, too, came the Arcadian, his thoughts set to sweetest music, with which to charm the love of some fair Ionian, or make audible to the ear of the vulgar the exquisite harmony of his life; the Spartan, in his gait the exemplar of a trained soldier, whose nursery was the gymnasium, and college the phalanx, splendid in figure and form, despising the men so mean as to require to know how to read, (a practice to which he had heard deformed and weak persons had recourse in their personal decrepitude;) his manners quick, sharp and dry

as an edge of tried steel, intent only on proving that Greece was greatest on earth, Sparta in Greece, and he in his own Sparta; the urbane Athenian, martial in gait, yet with the easy, unassuming bearing of the citizen of that capital where god-like statues in every street awoke the admiration of the artist and the eloquent anger of the puritanical barbarian—he comes, too, with the polish of the Acropolis, and the learning of the schools, yet so supreme in manly beauty, that Corinthian dames may flaunt their charms beside him in vain, or sculptors fruitlessly essay to liken the transparent marble of Pentelicus to the plastic symmetry and fairness of his form; and, yet again, skilled to combat with the Bœotian in the throwing of the quoit, with the Spartan in the gauntlet fence, or with the tragedian, or the orator of his native Athenæ, in essays of more intellectual strength. Thither, too, came the Messenian, the effeminate Corinthian, the scattered sons of Greece from the far-off isles of the Ægean, the semi-civilized Asiatic from the continent memorable by the fall of Ilium; all in truth who loved Hellas, admired her genius, or gloried in her triumphs,—the rich and the poor, the judges, the legislators, the diskos players, the boxers, the wrestlers, the statesmen, the logicians, the sophists, the orators, the poets, whether of stone, of marble, or of music, collecting together through roads lined with hospitality, through scenery unsurpassed in grandeur and rest, from every quarter of the world whither the name or the glory of the Olympic games had gone,—came there to worship the Olympian Jove, to mix with Grecian brothers in friendly converse, and to record one other eternal epoch in Hellenic genius.

And so the games began. Poets such as Pindar sang, historians such as Herodotus and Plutarch recorded, statuary such as Phidias and Praxiteles rendered into speaking marble, the vicissitudes of the contest, and the glory of the victor. And to him who was so supremely favored by the witnessing gods with bravery and strength of frame, or nobility of genius, as to gain that simple crown of valueless olive leaves, a national triumph was awarded. The Hellenic people led him, in an ovation befitting a conqueror, from state to state to his native city; and the citizens, hearing from without the pæans which signalled the advent of their cham-

pion, smashed down the virgin walls which would never have yielded to a ruder invasion, that the man who so immortalized their city might march in triumph over themselves. His name was enrolled in the ranks of highest civic honor; his statue graced the sacred grove of Jupiter in Elis, a monument of his triumph on the spot where he triumphed; his glory became the theme of odes more grand than rolling seas; the loveliest maidens strewed his way with smiles and flowers; and the old and the young, the learned and the illiterate of all Hellas counted thereafter from the day when Chorebus the Bœotian obtained the crown of the boxers in the Olympic games, or from the day when an untitled poet, named Sophocles, was awarded the honors of victory, to the astonishment and chagrin of Euripides, the hitherto unmatched Athenian.

Such was the "World's Fair" of the Classic days. The physical and the imaginative, the strong and the beautiful, the great in man, and the sublime in nature, went hand in hand, giving to the organism of the grand the idealism of the fanciful, lighting up barbaric clay with that Promethean fire which still casts its light from age to age, widening in effect and lessening in intensity even to our day, like the light flung from a distant beacon on the eternal sea. By such means, Greece acquired for herself victories like Marathon, like Salamis, like Thermopylæ, watchwords to our day, and beyond our day to the eternal night, of all that is august in liberty and noble in man—stores of learning, eloquence and beauty, poems as exquisitely chiselled as a statue, histories as perfect as a drama, and a name which, even some two thousand years after her conquest by Rome, obtained from a shop-keeping and monarch-ridden Europe, (though accompanied with a Frankish King,) a nationality sacred alike from the Turk on the one hand, and the Scythian on the other. Small return for the Asiatic doom out of which she raised the European world, for the arts, and the philosophy, and the temples of music made monumental, and the lessons in heroic deed and intellectual victory, she bequeathed to the world which overthrew her greatness, but could not efface it!

But alas! the Hellenic ideal is no more. The prowess of manhood in the battle-field, the victories of the athlete in the arena, have

descended, the one to the squad in the guard-room, the other to the brawlers of the tavern. Tragedians are no longer rewarded with the olive and immortality, but with publishers' payment by the line and starvation in a garret. Historians no longer endeavor to give to present ages the genial pictures of the past, but estimate their writings by the yard, are paid by any who wish their grandfather alluded to, and read by none. Happy civilization! Statues no more entrance the artist, but are gambled for by merchants of hogs, and hucksters of cheeses, in an Art Union. Paintings are no longer rendered to save fair Andromedas from monsters of iniquity, but—such is the advanced state of our arts—are very seductive to boarding-school misses in an exhibition gallery. Hellas is indeed no more!

Yet if we cannot recreate the genius which animated, or restore to the modern world the splendor of the art which adorned the solemnities of the Achaian, we can at least appreciate their effects in history, and apply the paraphernalia which accompanied them to uses, in our peculiar way, possibly more valuable to ourselves. The triumphs and the sacrifices of Greece; the worship of the Israelite around the Ark of the Covenant; that grander worship of later days which inspired men with courage to die in thankfulness and prayer, rent by the fangs and jaws of wild beasts, are equally obsolete, equally unsuited and unsuitable to our more rational, more liberal, and more refined times. We no longer rear men to die for their faith, even in dens of tigers, but to tremble at the sufferings of a chicken.* Our gods are no longer Greek gods, no longer the Idea Omnipotent raised up by the Nazarene Republican for the liberation of Israel. Beauty, wit, power of sinew, power of genius have long since ceased to enthral the sympathies, or direct the ambition of mankind; have become as

* The progress of Humanitarianism is singularly remarkable. We read the other day in the *New-York Tribune* a letter from some lamentable individual calling on the editor of that journal to "rouse public opinion" against the frightful practice of killing chickens on New-Year's Day by shooting them. Coleridge wrote once "A Sonnet to a Young Ass;" and the next thing we expect to hear is the formation of a National Central Convention to put down the ferocious practice, common to masons, of torturing bricks by beating their faces off.

utterly foreign to our rules and habits of life, and our desiderata of happiness mundane or glory celestial, as the simple republicanism, and the rules of even-handed justice dictated by the Saviour for the deliverance of Jerusalem, and the noiseless life of mediæval simplicity. The ages when manly vigor and intellectual excellence were prized as a national glory, are gone for ever. The ages when to be truth-telling, honest in word and deed, was to be all most worthy of the aspirations of manhood, are buried in the rubbish of the childish and ignorant past. "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," and "Love one another," have long given way before the wiser and more civilized maxims, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," and "Make money out of everybody." The ages when the noblest specimens of our race combated before gods and men for the olive of excellence in poetry and art, when the highest genius was held to be the most exalted conqueror, lie somewhere under the ruins of the Acropolis, and the dust of the Pantheon. The Hellenic blood poured out under Miltiades for the liberty of the world, is no longer valuable, save as having manured a plain called Marathon, and as growing thereon corn, maize and rice for the ports of the Morea, and the markets of England. The glories of Minerva's sacred city, the adornments of her Acropolis, the memory of the triumphs of her courage and her genius, have all passed from this meliorated world to the school-boy's satchel; but still to men the figs of Attica bring the best prices in the London markets—

"Age shakes Athena's tower, but still the figs
come on." *

* Byron says :

"Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon."

But Marathon is *not* spared; the age could not afford to spare Marathon. It is excruciating to witness the delight with which that barbarian from the Isle of Tin, McCulloch, dilates on the peculiar memorabilia of Greece. This person seems to us in the attitude of tasting a fig, or currants, or corn, dilating on the peculiar excellence of each sample, and throwing out an occasional reminiscence about the best suited to his palate, to the effect that it was grown in the blood of heroes. Hear the human ghoul—(Geog. Dic., Art. Greece): "Hellas is a better corn country than the Morea." "Rice is cultivated in the plains of Marathon, Argos, &c., and other marshy tracts along the coasts." (All the man has to

The gods of the world *are* changed, but still we *have* gods, even the god Fig; and what were gods without worship? What were the peculiar ideals to which we look for happiness here and rewards hereafter, in the probate office and in heaven, unless we paid them adoration? Nay, might not the Commercial Jupiter blight our fairest enterprises, and cleave with thunder the best arranged railway schemes, frightening the "bulls" of 'Change to madness, and burning the very hide off the "bears," if we did not appease him with lofty ceremonies, and costly hecatombs in bale and bullion? Besides, have not we of the modern world had a city for long years sacred to the Commercial Jove, whither the

say about Marathon is, that it is one of other marshy tracts, good for rice!) And again, the classic memories attached to the hills of Greece are thus described: "The hills of Greece—are admirably adapted for the vine." "The valley of Helicon," he tells us, produces good wines, but of "little body," which are ruined for the English palate from the fact of their being made precisely as the gods drank them in the clouds three thousand years ago. "Cotton of good quality is grown in Messenia, Laconia, . . . but especially in the plain of Argos. . . . Tobacco in Boeotia, . . . figs in Attica (so famous in antiquity)." The difference between ancient genius as illustrated by Byron, and modern British animalism, is strikingly exhibited by two passages. The inspired pilgrim writes:—

"Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields;
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields.
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds—
The free-born wanderer of the mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer glids;
Still in his beam Mendel's marbles glare.
Art, Glory, Freedom fall, but Nature still is fair."

And yet, with this extract before him in his book, this English taster of illustrious memories, and purveyor-general to the London market, writes, not

"Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,"

but, "The olive oil of Greece would be good, if well prepared;" and again, on the honey-bee of Hymettus: "Honey is a highly important product; that of Attica, and especially of Mount Hymettus, is now, as of old, the best in Europe. It is transparent, and has a delicious perfume." The man looks even upon his father's soul as a product, and pokes his nose into Mount Hymettus, to test its smell, before he will accord it any favor. His study of Homer, and his admiration of Anacreon, are limited to his sensualities, and regulated by his tongue or his smell, just as if he were in a dram-shop, or buying cheese at his grocer's. Happy civilization!

eyes of all the faithful in stock have been fervently bent; whence the successful operator has taken his grand inspiration; and whither thousands on thousands of the faithful, desiring to receive approving auspices on their holy work, and attain commercial prosperity in an Elysium of ledgers, have sent endless offerings and tributes? Are there not there, too, altars sacred to the worship of this Jove, on which are poured out, day after day, piles on piles of blessed gold, of heavenly bills of lading, of truly celestial stock, and railway debentures—metest offering for *this* Omnipotent? Nay, have we not therein a college of vates, augurs, high priests, with growing alumni and devout acolytes, "trying their prentice hand on 'Change;" have we not ramifications of these metallic pastors extending thence throughout the earth to its limits, converting to their worship the elect of distant nations, the zamindar of India, the mandarin of Canton, the landlord of Ireland, and the "free-trader" of the United States; enthraling whole peoples and territories, deriving thereout voluntary offerings of illimitable wealth, and bestowing in lieu thereof sanctimonious cant of the most world-wide benevolence; bales of Bibles, labelled "Word of God;" Piety by the yard, labelled "Christian Civilization;" and Holy Cottons and Evangelical Rum; affording, too, loans of life to poor old monarchies, and to deserving though unfortunate brother superstitions, whether it be the miserable old Hapsburgh who made all his money by marrying, and spent it all as easily as he acquired it; or the head of the obsolete Christian Church, who, though the last relic of a very old and decrepit superstition, still evokes from the worshippers of Jove Commercialis, that "fellow-feeling" which "makes us wondrous kind," inasmuch as he too had his great god of Cant once, and his vates, and his augurs, and his thunders, and his sacred ovatory offerings, and his hymns of glory and triumph, by which, decrepit as he is, he too once ruled the world? Have we not this priesthood, levelling even, when the Sacred College decrees it for the propagation of faith in Dry-goods, in the communion of stock, and in the salvation of credit to come, dynasties after dynasties, whether they sit at the feet of the Himalayah, on the throne of Imperial France, or on that of the Prussian Frederic; and tear-

ing out and sacrificing on the altar of "enlightened commerce," with sacred odes to "peace, and law, and order," (the awe-inspiring Parcae presiding over the destinies of 'Change,) republic after republic, whether it shows its hydra heads within the walls of Romulus, or among the mountain fires of Guatemala; whether it be where the historic genius of a dead democracy still outlives and sanctifies an effete dominion, or where still old foolish mother Terra sends up her incense burnings to the antique gods of the primaeval universe? Have we not, we say, already all the material necessary, all the paraphernalia on hand, all the popular and enduring faith requisite to the worship of this Jupiter Commercialis—a city sacred to him; altars dedicated to his offerings; faith illimitable; books of prayer called ledgers; forms of invocation which every bank clerk or small presiding vates, with his pile of divine attributes shining, as if thrown by an almighty and effulgent hand, before him, will hand you through a slit in his Dodonean seat, and to which you must conform before the dread oracle will vouchsafe to the eager listener a hoarse monosyllabic answer? Nay, have we not manifold catechisms, teeming with curt maxim and long philosophy, and tracing with acute distinctness the laws by which the great divinity can be propitiated, written by the pens of inspired vates and devout augurs, for all classes, and ages, and sexes, from Franklin's first catechism for the infant miser, to Ricardo's elaborate philosophy, intelligible only to the initiated priest, when he has entered his probationary term in the Holy Metallic Order? Have we not colleges vieing with those of the Capitol, or the academic groves, or the Roman Propaganda; hierarchs and orders of priests duly arranged, from his eminence Cardinal Rothschild—the truest cardinal that has ever been, for on him hinge the affairs of men—to the reverend swindler who charged us thirty cents for changing our last five-dollar bill in Wall street, the other day? Nay, have we not vestal virgins dedicated to continency while they cannot help it, to teaching, and to the preservation of the sacred fire, arranged too in order, from the high priestess Harriet Martineau, to the amiable spinsters of "never more than five-and-twenty," who religiously deposit their little annuities in the great Bank of Jupiter Commercialis, and fervently draw the inter-

use! Have we not all these, and had ever religion more? Is there not throughout the world a Faith, a belief paramount to reason, in this worship of the Omnipotent Banker, such as no religion ever possessed? Nay, give but one small coin into the hands of a starving wretch, and tell him that it is a sterling blessing vouchsafed to him by the merciful Deity who liveth enthroned in the hearts of men and shopkeepers, and does not the fervent prayer rise audibly to his lips; does he not bow low, and raise his eyes in thankfulness aloft as he utters it, "*Venite, adoremus!*" The worship of Jupiter Commercialis is an incontestable fact, widespread, heartfelt, enduring, and why therefore shall we not adore? It is folly to abstain from doing; it is cowardice to abstain from doing openly; it is almost defying the thunders of the Great Divinity himself to neglect doing openly and before the world to His praise, that which we do every hour, more or less in secret, for our own. Then, *Venite, adoremus! Venite!*

Such are the pious and virtuous sentiments which have lately animated the faithful in stock. Beauty, Liberty, and Heroism were once believed in and worshipped. Power civic and Glory national had their churches and their devotees. Justice and Love of Good, or, as the Christians said, God, had formerly their adorers too. But all these have passed and are no more. Peace be with them. *Requiescant, requiescant! Amen!* And for us of the nineteenth century, "in the first year of its second half," adoring in our hearts Dry-goods; blessed with a knowledge of the eternal truth that is in Leather and Cutlery; with our whole souls bound up in Money; firmly believing in the one and indivisible Catholic creed "Free-trade," as revealed by the inspired Malthus, and the truly pious Walker—for us, with all this, shall there be no church paraphernalia founded; shall there be no great caucus of believers, no public and memorable exhibition of worship? Forbid it, ye Powers of Stock; ye Seraphim who preside over the Banks; ye angelic Gabriels, who carry notices of bills due! It could not be. And accordingly, fully appreciating the grandeur of the solemnities due to the Cotton Jupiter, and the Sheffield Minerva, with her shield and spear stamped "Best Cast Steel," as we read on our best knives and forks, (best, being English,) there has gone

forth from the Acropolis, or Cornhill of the sacred city, a mandate to all the corners of the earth which buy, or *ought* to buy British manufactures, and to the intermediate stations within reach of the panting Mercuries who obey the nod of the Jove Commercialis, (in the holy mythology entitled "H. B. M. R. M. Steamships,") and to all others who may hear about it, ordering the faithful in Bullion, Bale, Bill, and Britain, to assemble on a stated day of this year of our late God, ("who did not read his countryman Ricardo,") not in the sacred olive groves by the Peneus river, but on the mud banks of the Thames, there to inaugurate the first Olympiad of British "Free-trade" and Universal Humbug, and celebrate the first grand exhibition of British Supremacy and Industrious Toadyism of all nations. Not with the thunders of the Olympian Jove has this mandate gone forth, but under auspices more august and earth-shaking—moving the kings and peoples of distant empires to obedience—moving all kings and "ambassadors of foreign powers," the Sultan in Turkey, the Tzar in Russia, the Pacha in Egypt, the little Queen in Portugal, and their minions and messengers everywhere—moving even the ambassador of the United States to the adoration of Toadyism, and the President of the United States (who cannot go) to send ship-loads of offerings to the sacred altar of "Anglo-Saxon" Supremacy, and Industrious Toadyism of all nations, and of his own the first—moving all classes of men, all forms of building, all powers of cloth, and iron, and cant, the world over. Terrible, indeed, to the quiet adoring soul are the auspices under which this universal order is vouchsafed to the world—it bears the name of ALBERT! He uttered it, and truly has "the earth trembled at his nod!" Why in the sacred name of Humbug should we wonder at the foul superstition which must have influenced men, when they worshipped the cow Isis, and the bull Osiris? Why should we stand in amaze, hearing how Punic women gave their new-born babes to the burning lap of the idol Saturn, or how men flung their bodies in adoration to the earth, to be crushed beneath the wheels of the Hindoo Yaganat? Such wonder and dread amaze may besit children, but we, men of the nineteenth century, and "in the first year of the second half of it," (astonishing and truly beneficent fact!) know that in these adora-

tions, which children in their witless little souls regard with horror and as superstitious, there is something transcendently true and good. Even for the worship of Mumbo Jumbo; for the devout negro piously beating his bones and uttering his heavenly discords to stay the noise of the thunder-clap, we have a feeling of reverence and brotherly respect. Do we, and higher than we, the archetypes of modern civilization, to whom we claim a left-handed affinity, do we not worship "Fat-pig?" Have we not seen in the *London Times* magnificent sermons to the faithful in praise of "Fat-ox?" Nay, have we not seen in the *London Illustrated News*, (the illuminated *vade-mecum* or pious prayer-book of British believers, sacred to the tables of the English gin-shop and the American flunkey)—have we not seen therein, labelled "Carting in Fat-pig," and "Installing Fat-ox," engraved representations of fat Englishmen and thin foreigners standing in adoration about a movable tabernacle, or cart, wherein appeared to be some plethoric and unfortunate animal, intended first for exhibition and then for the adoring stomach? Mumbo Jumbo, Phallos, Osiris, the foulest superstition, judged by boyish brains, which ever afflicted the world, is, in our humble opinion, not inferior to this. To the Egyptian the Bull was the representative, or tangible and visible sign of a grand ideal beyond his fathoming; to the Hindoo, Juggernaut is the outward covering of a great spirit who holds the destinies of the Hindoo race in his right hand, and can liberate their country. In worshipping their idols none of these obey a sensual appetite; none of them place the limit of their reverence in the animal or the wood before them; all look up to and worship, through the idol, some ideal whose idealism they cannot realize, and whose immensity they cannot comprehend. In all these devotions there is a grand infinity, one attribute at all events of Divine Majesty. But the Englishman worships "Fat-pig" as fat pig, to eat him; behind the plethoric obesity of the brute, or above it, there is nothing—no deity outside of "Fat-pig" for him. He pokes his knuckles into the greasy attributes of his divinity, and prays with a chuckling stomach for the time of roasting and sacrifice. God or no God there may be—human beings may be lean, and may perish of want—polemics may argue about the spiritual comforts of another

world, and wild enthusiasts indulge in visions of liberty and greatness in this; but for him, the paragon man of the Anglo-Saxon family, the god "Fat-pig" is pig fat; he feels it, he sees it, and he will eat it. And so he adores it; has little medals and pictures of his deity struck off, hangs them over his bed-side, prays to them, and bids the world look on and adore too.

Such is the Englishman's religion—the religion of the head of the "great Anglo-Saxon family;" and some people hearing it for the first time are moved to incredulity or disgust. But what think you if, instead of worshipping the obese brute alone, he called on the whole world to worship it with him, and it obeyed? In the Englishman's mythology, though god "Fat-pig" stands high, yet he standeth not alone. The deity Large Cabbage-head, Big Onion, Strong Cloth, Best Cast Steel Knife, accompany him and receive equal reverence. Anything and everything which Fat-pig can be converted into, which can be begotten of Fat-pig, sit by His side enthroned. Instead of the material product, Bacon, large classes of Englishmen prefer as their special guardian deity the god "Dry-goods;" other large classes the god "Hardware;" and the worship of these has been more transcendental of late years than that afforded to "God Pig," by reason of the fact that the virtues of the latter deity had for some time ceased to "control the market"—the Englishman's test for the relative virtues of his deities being their power of giving money, bringing trade, promoting exports, and all the deities forming, as is the case with all mythologies, the individualized attributes of one great idol, the Jupiter Commercialis enthroned on Cornhill. The virtues of the gods "Dry-goods" and "Hardware" have for long years stood the highest, but of late have been found to decline, inasmuch as, though they subjugated, made naked, and cut to pieces some hundreds of millions of Hindostanese, and divers hundred millions of other nations, they were not efficient to muffle the mouths of German madmen squalling for Liberty, nor to cut the throats of certain anarchists in France, diabolically endeavoring to establish a decent and not a British socialism among themselves. Here the virtues of "Dry-goods" and "Hardware" were found utterly ineffectual, and it was considered, after grave and reverent discussion among the augura

and vates of the Sacred College, that these all-powerful deities were offended, because sufficient worship was not given them. Accordingly, the vates having suggested the matter to the son of a German, interested in putting down all squallers in Saxe-Gotha, Coburg, and the neighborhood, that worthy issued forth his mandate as above cited. Instant, the happy instrument selected by the inspired augurs, to give forth to the miserable earth their revelation of a new Olympiad, or nineteenth century "Pass-over," became, from a mere cipher, the chosen arch-high-priest, or high-highest augur of the Jupiter Commercialis which rules the Anglo-Saxon monarchy. "In the name of the great Jupiter Cornhillensis," he said, "and of the most omnipotent deities, the god Dry-goods and the god Hardware, we order and command all nations, and by these presents all nations of the earth are ordered and commanded, to hearken and obey us, Prophet Albert. We, the great English nation, to appease the gods Dry Goods and Hardware, will set up in costly temples of glass and filigree, the choicest representations of the gods aforesaid, and we will worship them; and all ye of the earth, ye of Europe, ye of India, ye of America, ye of Cham Tartary and Trincomalee, stop your proper business, and bring your Dry-goods effigies and your Hardware representations here to our temple, and worship them too; or, if you have none, come instantly and worship ours, that the Deities may be appeased, and you may return blessed from the devotion." Such was the mandate. Instant, the hundred tongues of the pious press of England poured fourth acclamations the most voluble in praise of Augur Albert. No extremely pious trading principles had they seen in him before, nor any very exemplary political dodging, but this single act revealed to them the innate splendor of his genius, his true devotion to the "interests of British commerce," and his ardent enthusiasm for the progress of his immaculate species, shop-keeping aristocracy. The laudatory prayers for his success, which filled the columns of the pious London newspapers, were re-echoed from nation to nation, and, having been taken up by the organs of the affiliated hierarchy of 'Change, passed from sea to sea, crossed even the mighty ocean of the Herring Pond, and enthroned themselves in the hearts of the reverend merchants, free-trade

hierarchy, abolition devotees, and augurs of Universal Benevolence throughout even Republican America. The kings and lictors and magistrates of the elder régime bowed too before him, and uttered humanitarian hallelujahs in his praise. Emperors ordered everywhere their serfs to obey it, kings their subjects, Presidents of France the non-descript semi-citizen, semi-serf individuals under their rule, and Presidents of America—but of them anon. Ambassadors waited upon the thrice august Albert, and implored him to dictate to them the rules of the ceremonies, the forms of prayer, the names of the requisite offerings of propitiation. And one Ambassador, and he, too, the representative of a nation which has the general good character of abhorring cant and all humbug, of standing up on its own hook, and maintaining its own independence as a nation, has gone clean mad since the event. He has established a button-hole connection with the family of which the august Albert is a member by marriage; and so this poor supposititious American "Anglo-Saxon" finds himself happily related to the "rascalliest, sweetest young Prince," and by consequence deeply interested by family ties in the worship of Fat-pig, and the other divinities of Commercial religion. "We are all one and the same," he cries day after day; "we offended you once, but we are sorry for it—you were angry with us, but forgive us. Have not we Fat-pig—have we not too little representations of the god Dry-goods, and the god Hardware, and do we not both worship them in the same Anglo-Saxon words, Pig, and Fat, and Dry, and Goods, and Hard, and Ware; and are we not therefore brothers, and won't you forgive us? Oh, do!"

Accordingly this great Olympiad of the nineteenth century is to be—as why should it not? All nations have obeyed the mandate of German Albert, and will obey it. The sacred mud banks of the Thames have been allotted for the ceremonies of worship; hot-house Temples, not of Pentelie marble, but of "the cheapest English glass," are raising high their filigree crests to push the exotic idea to a precocious bloom; grounds, not of Elis, of holy Elis, but of certain Cockney parks in London brickdom, within sight, not of the grove of Jupiter, but of the iron-shuttered windows of Carlton House—unhappy parks, wherein a few weakened, vege-

tating prisoners rear their dirty, smoke-covered heads into the drawing-room windows of tawdry Duchesses and antique spinsters of quality—have been assigned as spots to become to the historian of after ages "haunted, holy ground." Augur Albert, with the assistance of divers burly masons and enthusiastic carpenters, has laid the first pebble in the foundation of the architectural humbug, to which the name of "Crystal Palace" has been accorded—prints have been drawn of him taking off his august hat—cheers have resounded—wines have been poured in endless libation—lean beggars have come on to see—and even "Fat-pig" has brought his troops of worshippers, marshalled by "Fat-pig" priest Soyer, and attendants.* It will be a truly entrancing and delicious sight, this collected exhibition of the Toadyism of all nations! Orders of ceremonies have been fixed—prayers formed and recited—courses of feasts announced and prepared—and the following is a specimen of the Litany as published in the *London Times* of the 31st of November last, which it has been determined to recite through the august mouth of the illustrious vates, Albert, on the occasion—the responses to be given by his Faithful-in-Stock Excellency, Abbott Lawrence, Representative of the Model Republic:—

"Omnipotent Jupiter Commercialis, grant

* The following note is just as applicable here as anywhere else. We cut the highly dramatic and interesting morceau from a recent British paper:—

"MONSTER DINING HALL FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.—That indefatigable genius, Soyer, has foreseen a difficulty in connection with the exhibition of 1851, and with his usual energy, he has set at once about providing the proper remedy. It occurred to him, in conversation with Mr. Feeney, of the Merchants' Dining Rooms here, that, as the monster exhibition would be attended by a monster crowd, the individuals of which would naturally become monstrously hungry, it would be necessary to make some extraordinary provision for their sustenance. A monster cuisine is therefore to be established by M. Soyer in association with Mr. Feeney, and monster dining halls capable of accommodating a thousand at a time, are to be constructed and kept constantly supplied, by well-drilled regiments of waiters, with viands of every description. This is a great project, and its execution will add another wonder and another pleasure to the great exhibition. Indeed, we shall not be surprised if Soyer and Feeney's dining halls be pronounced the most extraordinary, as they will assuredly prove the most alluring, part of the exhibition.

us fixity in stocks! Divine Dry-goods, have mercy on us! Holy Hardware, protect us from all Republicanism! Bright Knife of Sheffield, keep down American competition! Pillar of Manchester Cloth, civilize China! Adorable Leather, flog all Hungarians, Chartists, Irish, and Socialists! Star of Shawl-patterns, whip the French! God of Free Trade, hood-wink everybody and give us the monopoly of the Industry of all nations! God Fat-pig, be Fat!"—Here Mr. Abbott Lawrence calls out "beans" with his pork,—Mr. Soyer protests he never heard of so vulgar and vilely Yankee a dish, and the Litany begins again. * * * [And here we are obliged to choke off the first flight of our irreverent contributor.]

* * * * *

Alas! (we permit our contributor to continue,) we have fallen upon a world truly miserable, and about the most miserable fact our pet nineteenth century has yet witnessed, is this very "World's Fair." The downfall of Napoleon; the parcelling out of Europe among a band of thieves; a Republic thrice existent in France, and thrice visionary; the desolation of Hungary; the famines in Ireland; the galvanization of the dead old Catholic Church, by "restoring" a poor old man to a temporary and grimly facetious existence; the advent of "the Swedish Nightingale," and the victorious march of Barnum from city to city, and from State to State of the Western World; the earth quaken by Rochester knockings; the popular superstition in the good faith and fine speeches of a British ambassador; all these are facts indicative of the most striking characteristics of our age—the reverence of wrong, the insensibility to justice, the awe of power, the worship of unvarnished humbug, and the paramount belief in falsehood, which constitute the homogeneous philosophy of which its history is a grand example. But the "World's Fair" exhibits more than any of these curiosities, and probably more than the whole collection in a lump, the conscious weakness, the reliance on expedient nothings, the lack of foresight, and the utter imbecility of brain of those who by an untoward fate are still permitted to govern the herd of humanity; and exhibits in a still stronger light, perhaps, the illimitable credulity, unrelieved by one gleam of reason, and the servile obedience, unmitigated by one symptom of

inquiring thought, of the herd who are governed. All our republicanism, all our theories of human progress, all the struggles for the independence and equality of nations which for the last fifty years have enlivened the world, have brought us at last to this,—that between Asiatic fatalism and nineteenth century philosophy, whether as professed here or in Europe, there is but slight difference indeed. "Believe all things thou art told; go whithersoever thou art bidden; obey the behests of any who please to order thee, provided their mandates are given in the due formulas of cant, from the self-constituted chairs of 'peace, and law, and order,' in the possession of the 'powers that be,' whether these powers should rightly *be* or not," are maxims common to both. A single order has gone forth from London; and all classes of men, in whatsoever nation they may have heard it, hasten to give to it loyal obedience. The Lyonnese manufacturer of silks, and the Lowell manufacturer of broadcloth; the Hindoo tailor, who, in making new breeches of the European cut, inserts the rents, and the darts, and the patches of the old garment, and the original and music-loving hatter of New-York; the artisan who has droned his life away in some German garret in the discovery of perpetual motion, and the maker of universal gas in Yankee land;—all, charmed by this British order, with eyes fixed on the monster London, hurry on, with incessant wings, into his very maw. Here indeed is a problem of world-wide scope, more curious than Paine's gas or the Rochester knockings, which, above all others, needs solving: By what asphyxiating power have the pride and individual existence and popular cohesiveness of distant nations been thus deadened, and the thoughts, and hopes, and ambitions of the most thoughtful, hopeful, and ambitious of their several peoples, been universally concentrated on "British public opinion," and a Cockney park on the mud-banks of the Anglo-Saxon Acheron? How comes this universal power to be centred in the head of a German adventurer, not remarkable for any great exploit, for genius, or other attributes fixing the admiration of men; not even remarkable for the faculty of charlatanism, by which crowds of wondering humanity have been brought together, the possession of which has immortalized a Cagliostro and a Bar-

num? How comes it that this age is expressly The Age of the Show-Box; that after innumerable centuries of probationary humanity; after the creation and the test of innumerable philosophies; after the worship and the destruction of churches beyond counting; after the trial of every possible species of government and social discipline, we have, in the almost six thousandth year of the world, according to Moses, lit upon the panacea for all our ills, fallen by gradual steps upon the philosopher's stone, attained a perfect comprehension of the *το παν* in life intellectual, æsthetic or physical, in governments, socialities, and domestic occupations; perfected the crowning desideratum of scientific discovery and artistic invention, and found it to be merely Punch and Judy, the Pandean Pipes and the Big Drum—merely the rôle of the mountebank, of the ground and lofty tumbler, and of the modern Ishmael, who wanders from village to village with his peep-show on his back? That one class of society, or one nation of men should reduce their extravagant ideals to this absurd conclusion, might produce contempt in sober and unhoodwinked humanity; but it is worthy of the consideration of the wisest, when it affects all nations and men alike, when it supremely influences, not only volatile Celts, but phlegmatic Dutch and Anglo-Saxons, and even the schooled and independent Republicans of the United States.

We venture to say that if a President, uncalled on by the people, and without legal authority, should issue a patent or other order to hold, in some central spot of this continent, an universal exhibition of all the productions of its several States, the several States would rebel against such presumption; the people would declaim against any attempt so centralizing; and the unlucky President would meet, however right his intentions might be, not with the productions of the universal industry, but of the universal scorn of the nation. Men would say, We have other things to mind than a raree-show; Constitutionalists would hint thereafter that the Chief Magistrate of the Republic should be qualified for the White House by indoctrination in the practices of Barnum; manufacturers would say, If you want to buy, buy—but we are not to break up our machinery and our trade orders to gratify your capricious vanity with a show; and democrats would very justly respond,

What have we to do with this State or that? We mind our own affairs, let the rest do the same. But here an order has been issued by a foreign prince, and merely a prince by courtesy, to centralize the whole world upon London, and Presidents and people give to that foreign order implicit obedience. Hitherto, indeed, we all knew that "sets" of pretentious "respectability," and "circles" of questionable republicanism, had a languishing and silent existence in our chief cities, whose members still paid to England the same reverence as the ante-revolutionary Tories were boastful of giving to her; who still looked to her, and not to America, as their "Anglo-Saxon mother," as the land overflowing with the milk of fashion and the honey of etiquette, as the land whose social order and habits of domineering insolence on the one hand, and abject servility on the other, were alone worthy of admiration—as the land of liveried flunkies and heraldic panels, of court dresses and bow-scraping legitimacy, as the fountain head of fashionable novels, and the Elysium wherein are riches without labor, rank without requisite virtues, working men without wealth, and lower classes without independence; but their discreet silence and paucity of numbers insured them unnoticed safety in contempt. "English literature," cheap republications of romantic novels, whose heroes and heroines are proud young scions of noble houses, or faithful and obedient servants of the same; the systematic indoctrination of a pretended and false philosophy whose head is London, god Commerce, and religion Free Trade; these and other Anglican influences have brought us to that pass, that now "in the second half of the nineteenth century; and in the first year of the same," an attempt is made to drag the American artisan across the Atlantic, that he may publicly receive proper lessons in his handicraft, whatever it may be, from the "genius of England," and learn a just respect for thrones and kingly toggery, and for the gew-gaw splendor and the peacock attributes filched by aristocrats from the labor and life of an unfortunate and ignorant people; and it has been perfectly successful. Throughout the American Press not a single voice has been raised against it. "Democrats," forgetful of their former Republican professions, and devoted only to the triumph of their principles of "Free Trade," or

British trade, have yielded to it a willing obedience,—and Whigs, whose cardinal profession is that every country should clothe itself by its own industry, and that therefore, whatever England's manufactures may be, they are nothing to us, have provided funds, and committees, and ships of war, to carry out the design. The commercial, manufactural, and political ideas of the United States, are now centralized on London. We are gravely told that the object of every American artisan should be to propitiate British public opinion—to deserve the approval, not of his own country, but of Englishmen. Prospects are held out to us of an astonishing pitch of American glory to be attained, by Genin's hats being admired by British; or Paine's gas approved by British; or Pennsylvania iron works, or New-England cotton being deservedly rewarded by British. Humanitarianism and maudlin nineteenth-century "sentiment" have also been brought largely into play. This "World's Fair" is to be a great triumph for peace and humanity—the whole world is to be quieted for ever hereafter—the Millennium is to come right off—"the Anglo-Saxon family are to be reunited"—war is to end, the English and the Austrians are to become very good boys for evermore—the progress of humanity is to be largely advanced—the whole world is to be changed henceforth; nay, the laws of the Eternal God, history, nature, fact, are to be utterly annihilated henceforth; and "friendly competition," and civilization, and the mission of the new Saviour are now to go-ahead and no mistake. And all this is to be done, this very year, by a raree show in Hyde Park, London, under the direction of Punch, Prince of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, and his American horn-blower. Surely supremecant, flunkeyism, the vilest charlatanism, and the most unfathomable nonsense, never before enjoyed such a world-wide triumph!

The Emperor Napoleon was once informed that the people of his capital were preparing to revolt. He issued next morning orders for the instant gilding of the dome of the Invalides. The eyes of the entire population of Paris were immediately directed from him, upward, to a ball of wood and stone. The splendid coup d'œil of the building, after the magnificent design of the Emperor should be completed, became the one theme of conversation in all

circles, from the palace to the café. For days and weeks, interested passengers on foot and in carriages, and curious and admiring persons, from house-top and windows, kept gazing aloft at the colossal object so soon to be decorated with the tinsel of empire, viewing it from this point and that, and discussing the relative impressions it would produce on the eye in such and such a light, always ending with the exclamation, How worthy such a truly French idea is of the conqueror of Jena and the hero of Austerlitz! By-and-by, when the excitement had subsided, and the dome was not gilded, the émeute and the conspirators had been forgotten.

"The volatile French!"—"Poor senseless Celts caught by the idea of a gilded show!"—"Can any stronger proof be required that they are utterly incapable of self-government?" "Did we not always say that they were deficient in the peculiar attributes of the Anglo-Saxon, in 'solidity of character,' in 'strenuous purpose,' in 'indefatigable order,'—qualities peculiarly belonging to the Anglo-Saxon family, and which render its members, whether in America or Europe, alone capable of self-government?"

Such are the eminently satisfactory conclusions deduced by members of the "Anglo-Saxon family" from this and similar incidents in the history of the French nation. So unselfish and magnanimous a theory, redounding, as it does, to the glorification of the typical man, we will not dare to deny. Science, reason, philosophy, fact, conservatism; the "interests of society," of peace, law and order; the supremacy of cant; the continuance of all scoundrelism, necessitate its truth. Let it, therefore, in due reverence to these august powers, be acknowledged by us, An Humble Reviewer. Possibly, however, we may be enabled to find similar gilded stratagems, for the taking of other than the French people by the nose, almost as singularly applied, though not, we hope, to turn out as remarkably successful.

But two years back, the attention of the thoughtful of the world was everywhere directed to the nations struggling for democratic freedom in Europe. The principles involved in these combats, the effects to be evolved from them, were the sole subjects of men's thoughts. First, there was seen raising its head, under the bonnet of a Cardinal and the tiara of a Pope, the same republi-

canism which, from '89 to 1815, had shaken or overthrown the thrones of Europe in succession; which had wrested the land of Rienzi from the Austrians, and that of Sobieski from the Russ; which had overwhelmed England with unsaleable goods and an illimitable debt; which had annihilated the aristocracy of Prussia, and left in ashes the capital of the Tzar. Next, the same republicanism was seen flinging off the authority of the Cardinal and the mask of the Popedom, and concentrating the energies of all Italy in one struggle for unity and life; hurling out of France another monarchy, and subjugating its mushroom appendages without the aid of the guillotine; raising barricades in Berlin, Vienna, Turin, Messina, and contemplating them in Warsaw and Dublin, in London and St. Petersburg. And again was seen the organized forces of this monarch and that, marching in junction against the liberties of insurgent peoples in detail, sacking Rome, conquering the Viennese, rending asunder the heart-strings of Hungary, placing Buda-Pesth under martial law, and restoring once more, by sheer brute force, the rule, over all Europe, of monarchs lawfully expelled by the nations subjected to them. During two years and more, this drama was enacted before the eyes of a wondering world. Every incident was made the subject of universal discussion, every principle therein involved, of universal thought. A defeat of republicanism in Italy was not of importance to the Calabrian, the Roman, the Lombard, or the Piedmontese alone. The German, the Swiss, the Parisian, the Viennese, the Hungarian, the Berliner, even the Londoner, recognized in every reverse of an individual nation, a common defeat to each of themselves and to the great principle for which they all alike were warring. Nay, the reverses of Hungarians, Italians, Germans, Irishmen, the British people, the people of Schleswig-Holstein, became not only a matter of intense interest to the people of Europe, but the news by every steamboat roused the diversified, but thoroughly Republican people of this continent to the madness of despair, or the enthusiasm of joy. As Republican after Republican reached these shores an exile, he was astonished to find in the oldest Republic of the modern world an enthusiasm, a genial love, a bursting welcome, and a boundless hospi-

talities, for him and his cause, more sincere and self-sacrificing than he left behind in the younger and yet more stolid Republics of Europe. In fact and truth, monarchies and their interests; the political child's-play of aristocratic statesmen; and the peculiar push-pin as to *their* interests of kings, by which, for ages, they have contrived to keep their peoples engaged, and even bound one people on face to face against another, as fighting fanciers do their dogs, had utterly lapsed from the minds of all men; and in the universal desire to see all peoples matched against all monarchs, it was to be feared, that monarchs, in their imbecility and utter nothingness, should be altogether forgotten. Besides, such a state of affairs, such a contest for mere right against palpable wrong, for popular liberty against individual usurpation, and the wars, and the democratic alliances, and the democratic sympathies it called forth, inducing men even to die for their own or a brother land, to spend their last coin in sustaining a glorious rebellion, or overthrowing an accursed throne, to abandon families, and labor, and all their hopes of profitable employment under the ancient régime—such an anarchic mania was shockingly opposed to the interest of commerce, to the advancement of "civilization," to the propagation of "free-trade" principles, and to the interests of the moneyed and manufacturing plutocracy. When Germans were cogitating how to take Cologne, or Munich,—how to avenge Blum, or give but one other holy sword to Kossuth; how was it to be expected that they could be strenuously thinking, as they should be, about buying English cloth with "fancy articles?" When Italians in one quarter, Hungarians in another, and Poles in a third, were seeking, night, noon, and morning, some means of dragging still lower in the dust the empire of Austria, how was it to be expected that they could compete with the Americans in the London market in corn and food, distil wines for the Englishman, or buy his cutlery and his iron-work? Nay, was it not to be feared, that these continental democrats would prove utterly unproductive to the perfidious island, which had so often cajoled them, for months on months, to deliver them, in the end, naked-handed, to the vengeance of its monarchical and congenial allies? When Frenchmen, with their "peculiarly excitable character" and "volatile temperament," were writing

books, editing the most seditious newspapers, forming clubs, concocting schemes, and even going to gaol, like that atrocious editor of *Le Peuple*, or into exile, like the anarchic villains transported to Algeria, simply for the purpose of rousing the people of all Europe to establish the rights of mere useable humanity against the privileges and sacred powers of capital, what might not in a short time eventuate, even to England, where the artisan is nothing, and the man who works him everything—even to London, where the spoils gathered together from the tired right arms of the workers, everywhere, lie largely concentrated, like corrupted vitality in a world's wen, and whence are issued loans to all the poor monarchs in difficult circumstances, that they may renew the almost broken bonds of their insurgent "subjects?" In short, if men were to go on, day after day, debating right and wrong, on both sides of the Atlantic, raising insurrections and horrid wars for *their* liberty and *their* property, (God bless the mark!) what in the end was to become of the monarchies, and other idle classes, of England and Germany? If men were to continue merely men, and not produce-growing and cloth-consuming machines, what, in the name of common sense and the cash-book, was to be made out of them? Nothing—absolutely nothing. Trade was at a standstill—Commerce lay upon his oars—cloth did not go—knives and forks were almost valueless, and rude swords and scythe-blades of the highest worth—monarchy trembled from head to foot—stocks became affected with the dance of St. Vitus, or stood at zero cataleptic—railroad kings lost their prestige in a debtors' prison—rents would not come—brokers migrated—and the whole world seemed going mad.

Such was the frightful picture which loomed in the year '49-'50 on the anxious soul of a newspaper writer thereto unknown to fame, the son of an editor of a third rate humanitarian and general civilizing paper in London, hight the "Athenæum." To this individual came the idea of concentrating the mind of insurgent Europe, from "Liberty" and "Republicanism" and fantasies equally absurd, not on a gilded dome in Paris, (émeutes being frequent there of late on such occasions,) but on a Crystal Palace of the "cheapest English glass," to be built in an intramural part of London for

the staring admiration of universal humanity. This person had not one cent in "coin of the realm," but much stray coppers of shallow philosophy, and an illimitable stock of profound impudence. A communication was readily established between him and the Prince Albert, the German husband of the Queen of England. To the latter gentleman the voluble discoverer of the scheme made known its astounding importance in European politics, showed him how each ruler, so called, of Europe would direct the attention of his people there—how especially it would interest and surprise the Germans, and utterly entrance the volatile French—how, by an imposing display of Kidderminster carpets and household troops, of Sheffield cutlery and dragoon sabres, of Manchester cloth and Highland light infantry, of model tubal bridges and heavy cannon, the mistaken and fanatical foreigners, who had lately indulged in the wildest hatred of England, and the most unreasonable contempt for her proficiency in the arts and sciences, would be taught an exemplary lesson. The son of the "Athenæum" deeply interested the Prince farther, by discoursing to him on peace principles, on humanitarian and progress-of-his-species theories, and by displaying to him how, though the proposed scheme was merely one to glorify England and (as he thought) sell British manufactures, yet it would bear the appearance of England sacrificing herself at the altar of universal benevolence, and propelling, even at a loss to herself, the interests of Peace, Trade, and Industry of all Nations. The Prince immediately jumped at the idea of becoming patron of the gorgeous scheme—the Big Show entranced him, with its accompanying ideas, of moral effect, Crystal Palace, staring Germans, enthusiastic French, obfuscated Americans, growling police, marshalled troops, political importance and truly religious consequences—all perfectly entranced him. His literary instructor was equally pleased at the idea of becoming member of committee. Next came Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, and she, pleased beyond measure, either "by the advice of her ministers" or without it, gave to her husband and his abettors, including the discovering son of the Editor as fac-totum, a Charter empowering them to hold this great Peep Show, to be called the "World's Fair, and Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations."

And here begins the most ridiculous part of the affair. This charter, given under the "Royal sign manual" of the Queen, stated that "in consideration of the sum of twenty thousand pounds in the hands" of the parties to whom it was granted, it *was* granted. Now, we shall not say this was what is vulgarly called a lie, because it bears the signature of a woman, (our gallantry being even in this instance superior to any little knowledge of the sex we may have acquired;) but the fact is simply this, there was not in the hands of the parties obtaining the charter, either in those of the Prince Albert, or his man of all work, or their abettors, twenty thousand pence for any such purpose. The charter was therefore granted in consideration of a falsehood, very much of course to the honor of England. But the avidity of the discoverer and the anxiety of the Prince were not to be balked by obstacles so trifling. The matter was to be pushed through; the "charter was granted"; the officious "commissioners of woods and forests," in urgent haste, meted off Hyde Park; on the imaginary idea of twenty thousand pounds, brokers and bill discounters advanced ready money, at usurious interest; masons, carpenters, glaziers, laborers assembled, architects laid off, London presses laid on, and now the "Crystal Palace," wherein is to be concentrated the bright ideas of nineteenth-century humanity, has reached the roof, although to this hour the parties interested have not been able to collect the stipulated twenty thousand pounds. But what matters it—are not there the taxes, and the obedient English people, and subservient ministers, and the Prince's name—and what more need be?*

*Our "true and particular account" of this small but singular conspiracy is entirely drawn from English authorities. To do away with any doubts which may arise in the mind of the pro-Anglican reader, as well as a little further to develop the immense resources in stupidity, humbug, and untruth, brought to bear on the "Crystal Palace," we shall here in a note endeavor to condense the matter of several articles on the subject, published in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, (London, Fleet street,) in the volume from January to June, 1850, being

A FULL, TRUE, AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE BACK-STAIRS HISTORY OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The *Royal Gazette* (or private newspaper of the Queen of England, dedicated to publishing her will and the descriptions of thieves, &c.) dated 4th January, 1850, contains her "commission" authorizing the

By such schemes was this unmitigated delusion forced into existence. Starting on

a falsehood for the purposes of deception, it has effected the object of its conceiv-

"Crystal Palace" and the "World's Fair." It is directed to His Royal Highness, Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxony, and a deal of other things beside (which means the Queen's own particular husband, and nothing shorter,) to the Duke of Buccleugh, Earl of Rosse, and twenty-one more persons, of whom are Premier Russell and Free-trade Cobden, Banker Baring and East India Company Galloway, &c. This commission recites that a certain Society of Arts, of which the man with all the names, Prince Albert Punch Augustus Caesar, &c., &c., is president, "have proposed to establish an Annual Industrial Exhibition in 1851, at which prizes to the value of twenty thousand pounds at least shall be awarded to the most meritorious works"—and further, that this Society "have invested" in the name of the M. of Northampton, Lord Clarendon, (of Irish notoriety,) Sir P. Boileau, J. C. Peache, the sum of twenty thousand pounds for that purpose."

To these Royal assertions the *Mechanics' Magazine* replies that it is to be expected that "a State paper ought to contain the truth." (Our experience proves that this commentary of the *Mech. Mag.* is entirely factious, and worthy only of contempt, inasmuch as we never knew or heard of an English State paper which *did* contain a particle of truth.) The *Mech. Mag.* further states, it is not true that the Society referred to in the commission "have invested the sum of £20,000 to be awarded in prizes and medals," the Society never having had any such sum to invest for any purpose; and if they had the sum, their own charter does not permit them to have the power of so investing it.

In this dilemma (the Magazine further explains) recourse was had to money brokers; and "jobbing contractors" supplied the money on the faith of being repaid *with interest and a bonus out of the Exhibition.* So that this whole "World's Fair" farce, in this view, takes the aspect of a design by jobbers and money brokers to hold a grand exhibition of the "Industry of all nations," &c., to exhibit their own industry by making money out of the witless exhibitors; and his Royal Highness with all the names, and all the great people above alluded to, stand convicted of being participants in the act. Our authority is, you see, British.

It was also stated, continues the editor of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, that the Society of Arts had named certain parties as Treasurers and Trustees of the Fund—an untruth, continues the editor, inasmuch as the votes of the Society were *never taken* on the subject—another evidence that the scheme was "got up" by irresponsible agencies.

This "got up" "Committee" consisted of five, all of whom, asserts the *Mechanics' Magazine* editor, are men of straw, interested parties, or persons utterly unknown, about whose existence even there is very strong doubt. The names are—

1. Henry Cole, (whom the editor of the Magazine referred to declares to be an *umbræ*, or probably a distant relative of Old King Cole, and therefore as probably known to Victoria.)

2. Charles Wentworth Dilke, Jr., (the son of old Dilke, the proprietor of the Athenæum.)

3. George Drew. (About this person there is no doubt—he is the solicitor to the contractors who furnished the £20,000, to be repaid with interest, and a bonus out of the exhibition—therefore an eminent judge of art, and a very disinterested party.)

4. Francis Fuller. (The editor of the *Mechanics' Magazine* concludes he must be one of "Fuller's Worthies," as otherwise he is *ignotus*.)

5. R. Stephenson—(the eminent engineer, a highly honorable and worthy man, but too much occupied by professional business to attend. At the urgent solicitation of the Prince Francis Albert Augustus Caesar Punch, &c., and at the last moment, he agreed to "lend his name;" but, on finding the true bearing of the plot, he resigned and withdrew altogether.)

The whole Committee, asserts the editor, (excepting number 5,) are "obscure individuals," or persons in whom "the public (i. e. the British public) have no confidence." And yet the President of the United States and the American people have confidence in, and intrust their productions to men, whom the British themselves avow incapable of being trusted. "The whole affair," continues the editor, "is a conspiracy of five or six members of the Society of Arts,"—how got up, with what falsehoods, what unworthy schemes, we have seen, sufficiently to conclude what further confidence they deserve. It is known, however, that Hon. Abbott Lawrence has confidence in Fuller the worthy, in Drew the contractor's attorney, and in Dilke, Jun., all being "Anglo-Saxons," "all honorable men."

Further, with reference to foreign nations, the "commission" recites that the Society of Arts requested "Her Majesty" to give her sanction to the undertaking, so that it might "have the confidence not only of all classes of her subjects, but of the subjects of foreign countries."

Her Majesty was never so requested to do. The Society of Arts never made any such request, and as Prince Albert Augustus Punch Caesar, &c., is President of the Society itself, the falsehood must have originated in some tender arrangement between him and his wife. So be it, royalty!

One more instance of bad faith: "The Queen," says the editor, "has been made guilty of a falsehood." The "commission" promised "twenty thousand pounds in prizes." It is now determined not to award any prizes.—First reason, because the system is objected to by the British press, as being calculated to favor foreigners;—Second reason, *because there is no money.*

Such is the present condition of this disgraceful job. The goods exhibited by foreign manufacturers will of course be liable to the debts due to the contractors. British manufacturers have refused to pay a cent, or to have any connection with the farce; and to cap the climax, Lord John Russell has refused to be responsible in the matter, and has, at a public meeting in London, (although

ers. Look over Europe and America, and where now are the ideas which, two years since, agitated the democracies of the world, and turned all men's minds to a holier and more glorious worship than that of Dry-goods and Hardware? The political aim of the entire scheme was alone considered by foreign monarchs and by imperilled aristocracies, and they have lent to it a ready and willing assistance. The last obstacles which threatened to intervene between this Raree Show and the liberty of Europe, the legitimate nullification of a tyrant's will by the people of Hesse Cassel, and the honest insurrection of the Schleswigers, have been isolated from Republican Europe, and prospectively defeated. The people of the old world, whom two or three years ago the suborned armies of their monarchs could not hold in check, now with spirits sunken, and hard features grim, are quietly directed to "look to London and industry and peace." The Emperor of Austria, having shot down, hung, driven into exile, and impoverished his whole people—so that even the citizens of Vienna are in want of current money worth anything but a nominal value, in want of clothing, food, the very necessities of life—

by his advice alone could the Royal Commission have been granted.) declared the Prince Albert Francis Augustus Cesar Punch, &c., "the great originator of the scheme."

All these facts have been long since published in the British press, and are known to be strictly true. How Mr. Abbott Lawrence can have so far forgotten, in his "Anglo-Saxon" tom-foolery, the duties of an Ambassador, as to keep his Government in ignorance of them, or, if he have informed his Government, how it can have been so remiss as to keep the people of the United States in ignorance of them, and induce them by representations directly opposed to fact, by stripping ships of war to carry toys; ships which may, before the "exhibition" is well begun, be needed to protect our citizens in Central America, or even in our Atlantic cities, (vide Alison's Treatise on sacking New-York, &c.,) are questions eminently worthy of solution by the Senate of the United States. But to the deceived and credulous citizens of America who may be so hazardous as to trust their property to Fuller Worthy, Umbra Cole, "Dilke Jun.," Punch Prince Albert, contractors—Attorney Drew, &c., on the representation of His Grace "Anglo-Saxon" Lord Lawrence, and find themselves cheated and deceived, we have but one advice to give:

"Follow that Lord,
And see you mock him not."

We shall again have occasion to refer to other back-stairs Revelations of the "Crystal Palace."

has graciously recommended his artisans to go to the London show with their productions. So of the kings and potentates and kinglings and dukelings throughout Germany. The intolerable hoax has been seized on by every "ruler" in Europe, in danger of not ruling. But let us of this continent judge its effects by results before our eyes. Before this scheme had entered the head of a German Prince, before it was foisted on our press by the feeders of the London newspapers, before it was seized as a lucky wind-fall by the defeated monarchists of Europe, and dinned into the wondering ear of our Anglo-Saxon Ambassador, the entire thoughts of the American people, outside of their own domestic and national concerns, were directed to struggling republicans in the Eastern Continent. Americans then discerned that Europe needed more than dry-goods civilization, than the infliction of peace by massacre, the re-establishment of religion by outrage, the re-construction of "order" by anarchic kings. If America was, in the estimation of "our transatlantic cousins," celebrated only for that therein "there was roast goose and apple sauce for the poorest inhabitant," the American people then considered it was but fair that the people of Europe should have even so much, first, if they could get it, and the rest afterwards. In these days the good President Taylor sent an envoy to recognize Hungarian Independence; more than one Senator vied in an endeavor to destroy all friendly communication between America and tyrants; Webster the god-like, and Cass the ungrammatical magniloquent, delivered orations abounding in patriotism and republican rhapsody; and the people debated whether or no they should send money, arms, munitions, and equip fleets and expeditions to help this European country, or that, in its wearisome battle. And now, the change: societies in Wall street, of the lottery kind, to furnish free tickets to the London Fair; articles in newspapers on the "Crystal Palace," and the interest taken therein by great people and aristocrats, replacing the stories of Hungarian and German war; a President constituting a committee with one "Peter Force," or Peter Funk, or Peter Fool, (we forget which, but the terms are synonymous,) as Chairman, to engage everybody to run over to London and stare; and ships of war lying stripped of every gun in our dock-

yards to carry over the available proceeds of American delusion, that they may grace the Crystal Palace on the mud banks of the Thames—an American ambassador running from dinner table to dinner table to gulp wine and spout the great victory promised to the Anglo-Saxon race, utterly ignorant that anything else is *his* business—long lists issued from Washington designating the articles deemed by Peter Fool aforesaid, and his compeers, worthy to be sent to this grand exhibition of cant and poltroonery! *Who* are fit for self-government in this world, when gilded domes, and children's glass houses, and transparent cant play such pranks with men—reduce to utter ridicule a nation which owns the grandest nationality on earth, which has won it in the battle-field, and maintained it in the battle-field?

"O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!"

Of all living men commend me to the "Anglo-Saxon" to carry out with due solemnity that which he knows to be a humbug.

[Here again we are compelled to interrupt our contributor before he enters upon a new field in his argument. Within our present limits it is not possible to give him full room in his "exhibition" intended for the "World's Fair." The effects of the scheme on the English Free Trade system, the revelations it has induced from English manufacturers themselves, and the present evidence he puts forward that the "exhibition" will turn out after all an exhibition, and a thoroughly ridiculous one, bringing laughter and derision on those who have originated it, will find a place in our next number. We are sorry to add an evident truth, that our contributor belongs to the class of men known as long-winded.]

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

JOSEPH B. COBB.

THE many inquiries that are sent us concerning the authorship of a certain series of historical and critical articles published in the American Review during the last year, have induced us, for the information of our readers, to place before them a portrait of the author together with a personal sketch.

Colonel JOSEPH B. COBB, author of a series of critical and historical articles on the life of Thomas Jefferson that have appeared from time to time in this Journal, is the son of the late Hon. Thomas W. Cobb, of Georgia, who was a Representative and a Senator in Congress from that State, and well remembered as the mover of the celebrated resolutions of censure, of 1819, against Andrew Jackson, for alleged unauthorized conduct during his Florida campaigns. These resolutions were accompanied by a speech of scathing severity, and were seconded and sustained by Henry Clay, at that time Speaker of the House, with another speech that ranks among the highest of his public efforts.

The family, originally from Albemarle and Buckingham counties, Virginia, have long been prominent in Georgia. The first member of Congress of that name was the elder Howell Cobb, uncle of the present Speaker, who served partly during the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. He was followed, about the time of Monroe's accession, by the gentleman above named, Thomas W. Cobb, who served in the House till 1823. Defeated in consequence of his opposition to the now all-powerful Jackson, he was transferred to the United States Senate. The defeat of William H. Crawford, candidate for the Presidency, and of whom Mr. Cobb was an ardent and devoted supporter, impelled him, under the pressure also of domestic afflictions, to resign his seat in the Senate in 1828. He was succeeded, as next in name, by the Speaker of the present House of Representatives, who has served since 1842.

The subject of the present sketch having lost his father at quite an early age, was removed to the family of his guardian and

maternal uncle, Major Joseph J. Moore, who then resided at his country seat of Mount Airy, in Oglethorpe county, Georgia. He was educated principally by a venerable gentleman attached to his uncle's family, and afterwards at the celebrated Willington Academy, South Carolina, then under charge of the present Professor James P. Waddell, of Georgia University. He was transferred to this latter ancient seat of learning at the same time that his Willington preceptor became Professor there of Ancient Languages.

In October, 1837, after a very brief course of legal reading in the office of the Hon. Joseph Henry Lumpkin, present Chief Justice of Georgia, he was married to the eldest daughter of the late Judge Clayton, of Athens, quite recently a leading member of Congress from the same State; from both of these distinguished gentlemen, he received every assistance and encouragement which could be suggested by the generous friendship of the one, or the paternal fondness of the other.

In the fall of 1838 he removed to the State of Mississippi, and established himself there on a plantation in the prairies of Noxubee county. Here, in May of 1841, he made his *débüt* before the people, in the delivery of an address on the life and character of President Harrison, just then deceased. He was soon brought forward as a candidate for the Legislature, and elected the November following, with a Whig colleague, by a large majority.

The session of the Mississippi Legislature of 1842 will be long remembered by the citizens of that State, and by the entire world. It was at that session the notorious Union Bank bonds, endorsed by the State itself, were unconditionally repudiated. *Against* this measure Mr. Cobb recorded his vote.

At the same session he joined with the Hon. P. W. Tompkins and other Whig members in an attempt to defeat the passage of a series of strong democratic instruction resolutions, introduced by a member from De Soto county; argument however proved utterly futile in the presence of a determined party majority. During the summer following, declining to attend the extra session convoked by Governor Tucker, he resigned his seat and removed to his residence near Columbus. His friends of the

various Whig presses published his letter of resignation, with many and highly complimentary accompanying regrets.

In January of 1845, at the solicitation of his Whig friends and constituents, associated with a talented young relative, he undertook the charge of the editorial department of the old *Columbus Whig*. This was during the pendency of an important State election, and the right conduct of this paper was considered to be a matter of great importance. His editorship was discontinued after the November elections.

Mr. Cobb had become, formally, a member of the Bar, with no intention, however, of engaging practically in the business of the courts. In his rural residence at Longwood, near Columbus, among the magnificent oak groves and cotton-fields of Mississippi, he devoted himself to the study of history and the cultivation of general literature. His chief pleasure has been the formation of a rare and valuable library, and the exercise of a truly liberal hospitality.

During the year 1848, Mr. Cobb began his literary career by furnishing several classical and revolutionary stories for the *National Magazine* of Philadelphia. One of these, "The Maid of Melos," attracted great attention at the time, by the power of its incidents and the extreme beauty of its style. Its publication led to that of many others. In the spring of 1850, appeared "The Creole; or, the Siege of New-Orleans," a romance founded on events connected with the campaigns in and around that city during the last war with Great Britain. This novel was received by the entire press of the South-west with warm expressions of approbation. In the State of Mississippi, and in the cities of Mobile and New-Orleans, it was especially well received. Mr. Cobb is one of the few American authors whose works have sold well upon their own merits, and without the aid of a European reputation; a fact which renders criticism or commendation almost unnecessary.

Our author began his contributions to the *American Whig Review* in April of the present year, with a review of Macaulay's History of England, in which, so far from pursuing the beaten track of eulogy in which the unmanly criticism of the day so especially delights, he has taken up his author with a strong hand and discussed his merits and defects with a power and even a

magnificence of diction worthy of the subject. In this review Mr. Cobb has shown himself peculiarly a historian, and though but thirty years of age, an age at which Gibbon confesses to an unformed style and unsettled opinions, he has shown qualities that point him out as a future historian of the New World. Mr. Cobb is strictly a Republican, and an American in heart and head. With a taste and imagination equal to the splendor of courts, he discovers a sentiment superior to their follies. The value of such a writer at such a time seems to us inestimable; he is one of the few who have had courage to speak, think, and write as a representative of Republicanism, in an age when the literature of our tongue is almost entirely monarchic and servile.

The readers of the *American Review* have before them a series of articles on the life and political career of Thomas Jefferson, published in the last six numbers of the year, which would have been alone sufficient to sustain the political and historical character of the Review. That chapter of the series which develops the secret movements that arose from the mortal enmity between Burr and Jefferson is, beyond all question, one of the finest passages of American history. Were the literary and historical labors of our contributor to end here, it is our belief he has earned for

himself undying fame as a writer of political history; and in this field more than any other, we venture to say his future reputation as an author is to be achieved. We are expecting from his hand another series of historical papers that will be, if possible, superior in interest to the last named, at least to the readers of American history. It is the desire of his friends that Mr. Cobb should become a member of Congress. His election to the House, though it might rebound to the honor of his constituents, would be a loss to historical literature, as it would inevitably withdraw him from a field of usefulness in which, at present, he has no superior.*

* Our respect for this gentleman does not rest solely upon his literary performances, or on the promise of his future career. He was one of the few, during the prevalence of the cholera in Mississippi, who dared to remain upon his cotton fields, and fulfil, with his own hands, the duties which a good master owes to his servants. With his own hands he administered medicine to his negroes, and performed the most revolting offices for the sick. A bold and cheerful temper, and a strong constitution, were his only safeguards against the plague. Col. Cobb is not a dealer in human flesh; his servants are the inheritance of his family through several generations. To the merit of a good citizen, he adds the more difficult virtues of a humane master and governor.—Ed.

WHIG REVIEW.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

On, think on life, with eager hope,
To gain the good, the true!
Find out thy spirit's proper scope,
Then steel thyself, and do.

Let nothing sway thee from thy task,
When once thy foot is braced;
Disdain deceit's convenient mask:
Virtue is open-faced.

And though a host against thee ride,
Be calm, courageous, strong;
To right, a friend unterrified;
A sturdy foe to wrong.

Strike for the holy cause of Truth,
For freedom, love, and light;
Strike, with the heart and hope of youth,
The blows of manhood's might.

CIVIL DISCORD DUTY-FREE.

"If the base flatterers of despotic power rise up against my principles, I shall have on my side the virtuous man, the friend of the laws, the man of probity, and the true citizen."

VATTEL, *Law of Nations, Preface.*

WE have already congratulated the friends of the Union, and of Republicanism in general, on the happy coalition that is being effected between the enemies of American enterprise and industry, and those who intend the violent emancipation of the negroes. This coalition has been brought about through the combination of the same elements of reaction in England. The absolute necessity felt by English manufacturers of checking the industrial enterprise of the Americans; the new alarm raised by the sudden appearance of new forms of industry in the South; the mortal decline of production in the West Indies, caused by the superior facilities of Southern production; the wonderful ingenuity and success of American artisans, in the construction, economy, and navigation of steam vessels and merchant ships; the enormous mineral wealth of California; the rapid settlement and splendid prospects of the Pacific territories; the probability of a speedy reflux of the golden tide from London to New-York, moving the centre of exchange for the world's wealth; the newly-awakened sense of the American people to the means used by Great Britain to extend her empire, and make herself master of the industry of all nations,—all together have roused up in the breast of that company of titled merchants called the English Government, a vague feeling of alarm, ill disguised under an exterior of haughty and contemptuous commendation. The philanthropy of England, by way of reparation for the dreadful expenses and disasters which it has brought upon her colonies, has struck a league of amity with the commercial interest, and "by the hair of the dog will cure the bite;" by extending the blessing of servile insurrection from the West Indies over the Southern United States, it wishes to place them upon a level with Hayti and Jamaica, and by destroying the manufactures of the

North and West, it means to equalize those regions with potato-growing Ireland. This coalition between the blood-thirsty zealots of Exeter Hall, and the gold-thirsty capitalists, whose servants at home are the House of Commons and the Whig Ministry of England, is represented in America by an infamous secret League between the enemies of native industry and the disunionists of the North and West,—properly speaking, the friends of America and the dupes of English merchants,—*in brief*, the AMERICANS and the FLUNKEYS.

In furtherance of her one grand scheme of monopolizing the trade of the world, England, as all the world knows, employs a system of diplomacy the most powerful conceivable. A feeble State, or union of States, like the Central American, or the Columbian (S. A.) Union, adjoining it on the south, at the suggestion of a British agent, borrows a great sum from English capitalists. The day of payment arrives, and it becomes difficult to refund. A man-of-war is sent to enforce payment, or, instead of that, to demand a foothold on the territory, or a monopoly of trade, or both, the one serving the other. By this system, as well as by creating civil dissensions, and breaking up the unions of States, and overpowering and crushing them in detail—as in South America and Central America—or by the establishment of protectorates of, and alliances offensive and defensive with, sovereigns of bad faith and bad title, as universally in India, and in Central America,—English diplomacy, supported by English arms, has consolidated an immense empire, of which the entire power is concentrated upon the single purpose of enriching and strengthening the merchants of Great Britain, and their dependents, the Court, the Peerage, and the Church Establishment.

A system of "assurances," a pretended

regard for and steady violation of the law of nations, is the chief defense thrown up, behind which the sappers and miners of English diplomacy carry on their grand siege against the independence of every nation on the face of the earth; a warfare against the wealth, industry, and liberty of the entire human race. Their empire continues to expand, and within a few years has moved its boundary, like the shadow of an eclipse, over the southern extremity of North America. The power absolutely held by this tremendous organization as far exceeds that of Caesar or Alexander, as the commerce and the military skill of modern nations exceed those of antiquity; but it is a power resting upon a rotten foundation,—namely, upon the mistaken veneration, charity, and trust of other nations—a commercial, speculative power, that has grown gradually by the observance of that grand modern rule of conquest—*“Create a want, and the means to supply it, and you are so far a master; create an obligation which cannot be cancelled, and under the pretense of enforcing it, you may subdue and enslave.”*

On either side of England stand two nations, each superior to her in absolute force and resource, inferior to her only in *extent* of power: on the right Russia, the Slavonic Despotism—on the left America, the Empire of Republics. Governed by a powerful and exclusive aristocracy, England is naturally hostile to a despotism, in which every form of sovereignty centres in the person of an autocrat,—a government without aristocratic legislation, and controlled by no interest of class, but in which the one interest and controlling motive is the glory of the empire, represented in its head.

Empires naturally and necessarily absorb the territories adjoining them. The epoch of their decline is the moment when they cease to do this. Their decline is preceded by civil wars. In the absence of a foreign policy, the American Empire, like the Russian and the British, falls into hostile parties within its own boundaries, and its Union is endangered. Let the attention of the people and the Government be turned upon territories adjoining, whose inhabitants look to it for protection against hostile and uncongenial powers: the spirit of internal discord will be stilled by the sense of nationality, and the enthusiasm of military and commercial enterprise.

It is the glory and transcendent virtue of the Constitution of the American Empire, that the States which it absorbs come eagerly and willingly into its embraces. While it defends and secures, it does not oppress. It is a system of inviolable sovereignties. The highest privilege that can be accorded to a people is the guarantee of the American Union. The secret of its power and popularity, and of the hatred it excites in the bosom of despots, is the free and absolute protection offered by its powerful Constitution to those feeble, half-formed governments which are continually springing up around it, and asking admission within its pale.

With such a power the British Empire is placed by nature in a strict antagonism. An empire whose protection is sought by no nation that reveres its own laws and institutions, that accords liberty to none, that destroys the individual sovereignty of all, that centralizes, and oppresses, and exhausts, by consolidation; that conquers and subdues to absorb; that destroys the industrial liberty, the commerce, and the pride of all; that forces all into a position of subordination; whose government is an engine of extortion: such an empire is necessarily hostile and antagonistic to an armed empire of free States, equal rights, and equal representation.

For what should the wars of an empire founded upon the liberties of States be undertaken, if not for the protection of those liberties?

The first grand war carried on by the people of America, was against the imperial system of the French King, whose efforts to extend his power over the valley of the Mississippi failed before the valor and heroic enterprise of the colonists of New-England and Virginia.

The second was against the imperial system of Great Britain, which she vainly endeavored to extend over the thirteen colonies of the Confederation.

The third was against a second effort of the same power to exercise an imperial sway upon the ocean, to the detriment of American commerce.

The *fourth*, the war in Mexico, begun in error, ended in a withdrawal of our armies from the limits of a conquered State, and in the purchase of a territory virtually and by the law of arms our own.

Every war, whether begun in justice or in

error by the people of America, has resulted in a confirmation of the rights of individual sovereignties, and the withdrawal of all arbitrary and despotic pretensions. After the peace with Mexico the war moved itself to the Capitol, and there ended in the glorious triumph of the last session, by which the freedom of Internal Legislation was secured for ever to the people of the States and Territories by the series of measures for the security of State Rights, and consequently of the Union, offered by HENRY CLAY, whose glory it is to have become the second saviour and founder of the Union. May this venerable and illustrious champion of the Rights of States, this representative of the Laws of Nations, live to see the principles he has defended, and the rights he has established, extended over the entire continent, protecting the industry and the liberty of the great American brotherhood of Republics; may he live to see the people of these United States awakened,—roused to a sense of duty and of honor, and ready to vindicate the rights of nations and the sovereign liberties of States, not only within the limits of the Union, but on those adjoining territories whose inhabitants cherish a respect for the American name, and an enthusiastic affection for Republican liberality and sincerity.

With what degree of respect and affection the American Empire is regarded in England we may understand from the following. In the *London Morning Chronicle* of February 1st, 1848. Mr. P. P. Thompson, M. P. of Eliotvale, Blackheath, England, published in a letter the sentiments of a powerful party in England, which exhibits the native rancor of English oligarchy, and the bitter counsels they take together for our ruin :—

"A partially successful war of invasion appears to have changed the habits and feelings of the predominant portion of Americans. Rome and her glories stand before them in prospect, with always this difference, that the Roman warred to civilize and combine, and the American to brutalize and destroy. There has been no such phenomenon in the antecedent history of mankind, as the rise of a conquering power, based on the avowed abrogation of human rights. This is a sweeping scheme of the descendants of our negro-drivers against three-fourths of the family of man. The slave-breeding mind has conceived the idea of conquest, to which, in its own words, the successes of Rome are to be child's play. It is clear that England must take one side, when her enemy takes the other,—that she must take the lead in the

propagation on the European continent of the principles which bind nation to nation, and leave America to do the work she has assigned herself, of sending out her population to die, as it is hoped in the end they will, under the guns of honest people. To England the policy is clear (if she is to have any policy) of promoting, by all legitimate means, the separation of the Northern from the Southern States."

This Mr. P. P. Thompson is a worthy duplicate of his fellow, G. P. Thompson, the British emissary of Free Trade in America. If we are rightly informed, P. P. Thompson, the author of the above, is a Tory of the old school, and wealthy; while G. P. Thompson, the free-trader and abolitionist, is a radical so called, and a needy adventurer supposed to be in the pay of England. Both are, or have been, members of Parliament, and, if our information is correct, represent the two sides of British opinion, which converge and agree upon the ruin of the Union.

Encouraged by her success in the destruction of the Columbian (S. A.) and Central American Republics, enterprises intrusted to her subordinate agents; Great Britain, in the person of her man of all mischief, Lord Palmerston, comes to her next grand operation, the dissolution of the Union of the greater States, and the simultaneous annihilation of the Northern industrial and Southern negro interest. The first branch of this mighty enterprise recommends her to the affection of our Southern, and the second to that of our Northern agitators. She comes to the work prepared with a pertinacity of purpose, and a steadiness of aim worthy of the deed, and of her ancient and inextinguishable hatred, and with agents more subtle and sagacious than any ever before sent from England.

The work is cut out among them. Her Public Minister has one part,—it is his duty to accomplish the ruin of particular men and a particular party—the sole party from which any active opposition, or national hostility to England was to be expected. For what he has already accomplished in this work of ruin, a peerage doubtless awaits him at home; for surely a more accomplished agent of evil never left the Diplomatic Hell of Downing street.

The minor tools have their inferior tasks, but not less necessary. One is to encourage slave-stealing and preach free trade; another is to cajole a Disunionist Convention; another is to write, a fourth (for love) to preach a

new kind of British piety; a dozen more to go about cajoling and privately frightening editors, inducing them to publish lying reports and "assurances." Meanwhile the entire new continent is flooded with British opinion through the piratical press, to the utter extinguishment of national sentiment, and the impoverishment of those natural guardians of our rights and honor, American writers; these watch-dogs of Republicanism are as effectually muzzled by our system of literary free trade, as the French press by the decrees of the Emperor President. Everywhere, everything is British: *trade* is British; *legislation* is British; *books* are modern British; the *press* is in large part British; the *South* grows British; the *North* forgets Bunker Hill and stamp duties, and grows British with Abolition rancor. *News* are of British aggressions, and of British intrigues; of British-made famines in Ireland, and British-made wars in India; of British bombardments in China, and of British seizures at the Isthmus; of three per cent. duties suspended by the grace of Britain, (as if to *suspend* did not imply a power to *impose*;) of citizens of the United States very humanely treated by the grace of Britain, their arms only being taken from them; (who gave Britain the right or power to "treat" citizens of the United States on the free territory of a neighbor Republic in any fashion, humane or inhumane?) *Violations of treaties*, and of the laws of nations, are all British; the *growth of empire* is British. The most conspicuous and noticeable person in America, and by some supposed the most influential, is the British Minister, working for a peerage as his reward for the destruction of the party hostile to British *violence, bad faith, free trade, mock humanity, mock liberality*,—hostile by nature and necessity to everything anti-national, anti-republican, anti-American."

Before God, are the American people grown altogether British? or is all this only a temporary eclipse of reason and affection?

Incredible as the silliness and flunkeyism is, of those who favor and sustain this state of things, weak human nature might be pardoned, were it not in this instance a self-destructor as well as a fool. Bitter, bitter calamities await a people false to themselves and false to their destiny. English members of Parliament "hope" that America will

send out her valiant sons to die under the guns of "honest people," of honest Britain—honest at Copenhagen—honest at Hong Kong—honest over all the continent of Hindostan—honest in Spain—honest in Naples—honest in Texas—in Central America—honest at Bunker's Hill and Groton Heights, at Concord and Lexington, with a vengeance!—honest everywhere, my Lord! And certainly your cannon have an honest, open look about the mouth, and an honest set of extortioners and agitators were—never. You thrive by protectorates and reciprocity, and prosper by new styles of piety and the spread of Humanitarian principles. You scatter your fire-brands in the most honest, unconscious way, and an honest and more polite diplomacy, a more lovely and open-hearted Machiavellism than yours, history knoweth not. Were the Americans a nation of *usurpers* in the modern sense, they need not go back to Rome for a study of principles and practice in the art of "brutalizing and destroying" the nations of the earth. Wretched India; degraded and miserable Ireland, once free and happy; miserable China, drugged with the cup of British abominations, reeling drunk with the poison of that apothecary—Shylock, the British opium merchant, whose pound of flesh is by-and-by, as in India and Ireland, to be exacted at the cannon's mouth—these are our *modern* examples. With poison (twenty millions' worth a year,) with fire-brands (sent to America,) with daggers and ropes, (the bayonets and halters of police in Ireland,) with gold, (bribes or flattering "assurances," *freely* offered the wide world over, to all who work for England, to vacillating editors in America, to a servile press in France and Spain, to merchants and legislators, priests, *littérateurs*,) with poison, halters, bayonets, bribes, and universal lies, smooth speeches, dinners and intrigues—the glorious Empire of the British Merchant has been wrought out and built up heaven-high, and overlooks and threatens—us.

The Janus-faced traitor, the tool of England here, offers "free trade" to the South, and gives secret assurances to "Abolition" in the North. Magnetized with English gold, or with assurances, or, more potent still, with the native sympathy that exists between a flunkey and a lord, the active and willing agents of our "enemy," as one of her own sons has made her,—nor are

we so backward in the common spirit of men, so devoid of "English pluck," as to deny the soft impeachment,—disseminate two sets of principles among us, mortal to the Union and to Republicanism—mortal to the "enemy" of the British lords-merchant, to the universal lords-merchant and taxers of all mankind,—taxing our very thoughts, taxing the highway of nations between the two oceans, or what is worse, haughtily suspending "temporarily" a tax which they had no right to impose, and "*only disarming*" the citizens of the United States, who, under the laws of nations, might have used those arms as a defense against the gross violence of these Isthmus pirates—working with the energy of devils for the destruction of American industry, and the separation and eventual subjugation of the States. The martial prowess of the American people, the bravest and the most powerful on earth, and whose soldiery is the most numerous and ready, notwithstanding the cowardly insinuation of a certain servile "assurer" of the people that they are not strong enough to enforce, or even to demand their rights from England,—this noble-hearted but deceived people will laugh at and despise the insinuation that the heavy giant on the other side can hurt them. But it is by intellect and cunning, more than by prowess, great conquests are achieved. It is the art of conquerors to create civil discord in the bosom of the nation they mean to destroy; to crush its operative industry; to supplant, over-ride, and silence its national literature; to condemn and weaken and muzzle its orators; to corrupt with servile opinion the education of its youth; to confuse and agitate its counsels; to distress and maim its commerce, or entice it away upon false and futile enterprises; to lull its vigilance asleep with flattering embassies; to overwhelm its foreign representatives with delusive approbation, and with other means more seductive and more powerful. These are the more approved and the more successful modes of conquest. No idle declaration now of war, or threats of reprisal; the day of these and of the reverence of treaties is passed away, and now is the epoch of "assurances," of telegraphic dispatches, and of mutual admiration.

The name of "perfidious" is no longer prejudicial to the conductors of nations, and "great politicians," who place their subtlety in circumvention, smile at the simple decla-

rations of justice. To make a treaty that can be broken without danger is the art of our time, and upon ourselves that art has been successfully practised.

Under the late administration of a party whose name accords but ill with its principles or practice, Mr. Bancroft went to England, the protector there for the people of the United States, not only of *their* rights, but of the rights of nations. Let himself be the witness how he fulfilled his trust. Actuated, we may suppose, by a spark of that ambition which was quenched in the waters of the Columbia river,—though here we raise no question about that,—he put the direct inquiry to Lord Palmerston, whether the "British Government" designed to appropriate to itself the town of San Juan de Nicaragua, or any part of the so-called Mosquito Territory. He, Lord Palmerston, answered emphatically, "No; you know very well we have already colonies enough." "The remark was just," continues our Ambassador, writing to Mr. Clayton, August, 1849; "the masses of the British colonies are becoming too weighty for the central Government,"* we presume, for the central Government of the British Empire. And is this the sole reason that can be discovered by an American Ambassador why England shall not seize upon the territory of her neighbors—because she is absolutely gorged with the spoil of nations—choked with conquest? And when she has got *enough*, an American Ambassador is much delighted and well assured that she will take no more! The British Government will not take possession of Central America, not because she has no right to it, not because it is robbery and piracy to do so, but because she has enough; and when she has enough, we are to go on our way rejoicing! God grant the time may come that she will have enough, but in another sense; that she may be compelled to disgorge—to give up what she has unjustly appropriated.

"When the ownership of Vancouver's Island was the subject of debate," continues our Ambassador, "the House of Commons took no interest in the question." Truly a very indifferent House of Commons, and well satisfied. The responsibility did not rest with them, but with their Minister. His

* Message of the President respecting Tigre Island. House of Reps., Pub. Doc. No. 75, July 22, 1850.

duty it is, by fair means or by foul, to extend the limits of the empire, and the monopoly of trade; theirs to expel that Minister from office when the work is done for them. He is to be the scape-goat of the nation's crime, and they are to share the advantage.

Our simple questioner of ministers proceeds: "I could not but ask Lord Palmerston, 'In whose hands is San Juan de Nicaragua at this time?'"—that is to say, In whose hands are the Gulf of Mexico and the four Republics of Central America, and the trade between the two oceans, and the regulative power over all intercourse between the two shores of the United States, at this time? "He replied: 'For the present, in those of British Commissioners.' Is not this, then, I said, an occupation by England? His answer was, 'Yes; but this occupation was temporary.'" And so is the British Empire, and so is everything but the justice of God, the law of nations, the rights of man, and the shame of republican embassies. These seem eternal.

Mr. Bancroft proceeded to show his Lordship, notwithstanding his Lordship's "assurances," that there was no such kingdom as that of the Mosquitoes, or that if there were, England had no right to erect a protectorate there. "His Lordship declined argument." Well he might, having none to offer; his Lordship's idea of the rights of nations springing wholly from the abstract question whether "the masses of the British colonies" are, or are not, becoming relatively "too weighty for the central Government;" or whether "British statesmen perceive it." The entire philosophy of history in modern times seems to have exhausted itself upon the question whether the British Giant will ever stop growing,—a question at once amusing and instructive to American ambassadors, and valuable to under-tutors in colleges; but of no interest to the American people, saving in its practical form, *whether they intend to stop its growth?* Let philosophers argue—the people must act; they have no time for argument. The house is on fire; to moot the question whether it will be wholly consumed, were a striking irrelevancy—to coin a new diplomatic phrase. The flame of conquest is burning over the land: as a philosophical people, it may be well for us to inquire whether or no it will consume us utterly, or merely burn down our out-houses; as a practical people, our in-

stinct is to bring out the "engines" and quench the conflagration.

His Lordship, we have seen, declined argument; but instead of argument, he produced a falsehood, and said—another irrelevancy, or stumbling-block—that Costa Rica had as good a claim to San Juan as Nicaragua, and did not hesitate to show his "strong disinclination to restore that port," insisting however that his policy answered the purposes of the United States in regard to a commercial highway between the two oceans. "You and we," said he, "can have but one interest." The factotum of the British Empire is the fountain-head of "assurances;" they flow from him as from their primeval source, and modern diplomacy seems to be reduced to a system of assurances, like that of Satan in the garden of Eden. It is a fine pretext of the aggressor to *assure* his victims they can have but one interest, and it is possible the absorbing selfishness of the British Government may even flatter itself that other nations can have but one interest, and that that is,—to gorge its insatiable maw. No doubt it would be very much for the interest of the American Republics to become an English vice-royalty. Liberty is a dangerous and uncomfortable possession, and requires perpetual and fatiguing vigilance.

"The all-licensed fools," "the insolent retinue of liberty,"

"Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots.

Be it then desired

By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train.

Lear. Darkness and devils!

Saddle my horses, call my train together.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disordered
rabble

Make servants of their betters.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents!

Gon. Hear me, my lord,

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five

To follow in a house where twice so many

Have a command to tend you?

Regan. What need one?"

Why liberty, why commerce, why industry, why wealth? What need any of these? In so great a mansion, is there not room for us too? Are not we entitled to a little of this fostering care?

"The next day," writes our grand diplomat, "I asked the Minister of Costa Rica if his country claimed the port of San Juan. He said, Never; the port of San Juan al-

ways belonged to the Province or State of Nicaragua." His Lordship has a fostering care over the rights of Costa Rica; better than herself, he knows her rights; so anxious is he to enforce them, he has established a protectorate over the rights of Costa Rica, and will absolutely fight for her rights. Now, it is for the rights of a miserable breechless savage, called King of the Mosquitoes,—it is for his rights he fights, and now it is for the rights of Costa Rica, and both have *identical* rights over San Juan; and we suppose, when it comes to a contest between the rights of Costa Rica and the Mosquito King, the whole matter will go into the chancery of Lord Palmerston's conscience, and the two rights will cancel each other, and San Juan will belong to England, nay, does belong to England—"temporarily;" that is to say, as long as England continues to be in doubt whether "the masses of the British colonies are or are not too weighty for the central Government."

Without further argument upon the general principles involved in this question, let us appeal to the highest individual authority recognized by civilized nations. "When a free people," says Vattel, "or a popular State, concludes a treaty, it is the State itself that contracts." The people of England claim to be a free people; it is they therefore who contract in treaty with the people of the United States.

"If one of the allies fails in his engagements, the other may constrain him to fulfil them."

"Every thing which the public safety renders inviolable is *sacred* in society. The faith of treaties is then holy and sacred between the nations whose safety it secures."

"He who violates his treaties, violates the law of nations: doubly guilty, he does an injury to his ally; he does an injury to all nations, and wounds the whole human race."

Let us now turn to the facts: these are that the English Government have long held possession of an extensive territory lying on each side of the Gulf of Honduras, which belongs properly to one or all of five other States covering the territory between Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama. The northernmost of these, of which the part seized by England is called Balize, borders upon Mexico and forms the northern boundary of the Gulf of Honduras. The sovereignty of this territory was originally in Spain. It was a part of those Spanish territories, whose freedom has been formally and repeatedly recog-

nized by Spain and by England herself. The King of Spain had permitted England to cut logwood there, and after the separation of the Spanish colonies she gradually strengthened herself and took possession of the entire northern boundary of the Bay of Honduras. The entire territory of Balize, and late of the Island of Roatan, lying opposite in the Gulf, have been seized by England, and are held by her without pretext or the shadow of a right. The power of the Spanish monarchy, had it even been interested to contest the possession of these territories, would have been insufficient to enforce the rights of the colonies. In two numbers of this journal, February and March, 1850, we have shown under what pretenses the English Government, or if England be a free country, the English people, according to Vattel, have seized upon another extensive territory, belonging to Nicaragua, also without the shadow of a right; and the readers of the *Herald* and *Tribune* and *Sun* are well aware that, farther, the Government of Great Britain is attempting to establish a protectorate or virtual possession over Costa Rica, and that she has laid claim at various times to a considerable portion of the territory of Costa Rica. Her claims upon this latter State are also set forth in the articles alluded to, of February and March, 1850. In addition to the above, we must not forget the attempts of Great Britain to seize upon Tigre Island in the Gulf of Fonseca, on the Pacific side of Central America. Upon the 16th of October the British war-steamer Gorgon, having on board Her Britannic Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in Guatemala, arrived in the Bay of Fonseca, and proceeded at once to take possession of the island of Tigre, in the name of the Queen. The particulars of all these proceedings and seizures are well known through the daily press. *It is sufficiently evident that the intention of the English Government extends to the possession of the entire region between the isthmus of Panama and the southern boundary of Mexico. In fact, she is virtually in possession of one half of all the region so bounded.*

Here we have a people who pretend to be the great defenders and expounders of the Laws of Nations, seizing without remorse upon a territory of vast extent, and in value the most productive and the most desirable on the face of the earth.

Now if it were a contest between the people of the United States and the people, supposed free, of England, which ought to become possessors of the most valuable portions of the North American continent, all rights and treaties set aside, were we worthy of respect for vigor and enterprise, we would contend manfully for the prize, and we would secure it, knowing as we do that this magnificent territory exceeds in value a dozen States of Texas, and that it promises to become in future a home and a source of wealth for our own citizens. But that is not all: these countries intervene between the Eastern and Western United States, and if there is to be a commerce between those States, the holder of these territories will be able to regulate, and at pleasure to suspend that commerce; but if, as some shrewdly argue, there will be no such commerce, then, until the completion of our Pacific Railroad, the commerce between Asia and Europe, it is said, will pass that way; and if we are as we pretend to be, the very boldest and the most enterprising of mercantile nations, it is our part to become masters of these regions by every honorable means,—by treaty, by purchase, by colonization, by cultivating the amity and the good-will of the Central American States, by opening every form of commercial intercourse with them, sparing nothing, forgetting nothing, to secure to ourselves so valuable a possession. So reasons the man of business, and the merchant. It is not necessary for the accomplishment of so magnificent an enterprise, that we should do as England has done; we need not exasperate the people of Central America; we need not violate treaties; we need not become pirates and extortioners. There are ways open and legitimate for the accomplishment of such ends without recourse to violence or fraud. The people of the five States of Central America, are a free and liberal people; they have sought our assistance; they have intimated through our Minister in Great Britain, as we learn from Mr. Bancroft's letters to Mr. Clayton, their desire to become a member of our empire; they have manifested a strong affection for us, more than any other people have ever done; their feelings toward Great Britain are those of hatred, aggravated by a long series of atrocities perpetrated by her agents within their limits; notwithstanding all the scandals that have been circulated in regard to them, we

know that they are a peaceable and law-loving people, and that they mingle with our own citizens congenially. We know that they have among them able and learned men—that they are in every respect a civilized people. We know that by the intrigues of British agents, their attempts to form an independent Union, and establish themselves as a power among the nations, have utterly failed; but so did the first Confederation of the thirteen colonies fail, and these Central American States are nearer to republicanism than the States of New-England were before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War.

We wish now to inquire whether it were not an act worthy of ourselves and of our high position among the great nations of the world, to take these oppressed and suffering Republics under our wing, and for their good, as well as for our own benefit and honor, to give them an opportunity of becoming what they desire to be, if not a portion of ourselves, at least a friendly and a powerful ally, who will not obstruct our commerce; who will throw open to us the natural resources of their lands; who will allow us without impediment to work their mines, equalling, it is said, those of California in richness, to cut the valuable wood of their forests, to buy from them, or to grow upon their soil, the precious products of the tropics, and to supply them in turn with the productions of our own industry. Naturally and easily, population would flow from our own into the Central American States, and in a few years they would be indistinguishably a part of us.

So much then for our interests in, and relations with the people of Central America, and the magnificent region they inhabit,—a region which there is no need of war to secure ourselves in the possession of, since, *if the faith of treaties had been observed*, the region itself would be virtually ours, and would be colonized by our people.

But the true question at issue is not whether the people of America shall become possessors, fairly and legitimately, of the commercial advantages offered them, urged upon them, by their republican friends and brothers of Central America,—that is not the question at issue, but whether the people of the United States will allow the faith of treaties to be broken upon their own continent, treaties made with themselves, with

their allies, and for the defense of their dearest interests, as well as of their honor, as the natural guardians of the Continent, and of republican institutions.

A doctrine called the doctrine of Neutrality, or of Non-interference, it is said, stands in the way between ourselves and our friends, the Republics of Central America. If we rightly understand this doctrine, it means one of two things: *either* that the people of the United States are to renounce and ignore the existence of a Law of Nations, *or* that they are to enforce the fulfilment of that law.

The two are direct contraries—meanings opposed to each other.

If the people of America have withdrawn themselves from the great community of nations, and have ignored the existence of a law of nations, they can make no treaties, nor can treaties be made with them; much less can they interfere for the defense of their neighbors oppressed and crushed by superior power, by any right, or by any law. They stand in a position of non-interference in the centre, so to speak, of *inhumanity*, recognizing no brotherhood, no friendly power, no enemy, no ally. If this is the doctrine of non-interference, we do here, confidently uttering the sentiments of every honest and manly mind, solemnly renounce and abjure it.

The second meaning of the phrase, doctrine of non-interference, need hardly be explained to any intelligent mind. "A nation," says Vattel, "is a MORAL PERSON, and the law of nations is deducible from the natural liberty of nations and their reciprocal duties." "And it is as much above the civil law in its importance, as the proceedings of nations surpass those of private persons in their consequences."*

If there is a law, there is also a sanction, and the sanction of the law is its *enforcement*.

"Each nation," continues the same great authority, "ought to be left in the peaceable enjoyment of the liberty it has derived from nature. The natural society of nations cannot subsist, if the rights each has received from nature are not respected."—*Id.*

Believing as we do that the war of the Revolution was undertaken by the thirteen

colonies for the defense of the particular sovereignty of each colony, we are farther constrained to believe that a Union, imperial or confederate, of these States, must have been, and must for ever continue to be, a Union for the defense and enforcement of *that* doctrine for which they fought. Whether among themselves or among other colonies upon the same continent, subject to the imperial encroachments of Great Britain,—that *Great Britain shall not interfere among the Republics of North America*, we believe to be a first conclusion from our American doctrine of non-interference.

"The glory of a nation depends entirely on its power; it is this shining advantage that procures the esteem of other nations."

But the power of a nation is the sanction of the law of nations, and they are the first and the most glorious, who give the sanction to the law of national existence.

Again, says our grand authority :—

"Nations, as obliged by nature reciprocally to cultivate human society, are bound to observe towards each other all the duties which the safety and advantage of that society requires."

But if there be a society of nations, is not the system of the American Republics peculiarly such a society; and are not the duties of the stronger towards the weaker peculiarly obvious?

We return to Vattel :—

"Whatever we owe to ourselves we likewise owe to others, as they stand in need of succor." "Every nation is, on occasion, to labor for the preservation of others, and for securing them from destruction."

"When a neighboring nation is threatened to be overrun by a powerful enemy, do not object," says this revered legislator, "that lives of men will be endangered." When Massachusetts was in danger of subjugation from Great Britain, as our allies now are, Virginia did not object that lives of men would be endangered.

But farther :—

"A nation is not to confine itself to the mere preservation of other States; it should likewise contribute to their perfection."

That is to say, according to the book which is the highest authority next to the Constitution of the United States, and whose leading principles are identical with

* Vattel—Preface.

that Constitution, and more perhaps than any other gave authority for its precepts, we are in duty bound not only to succor our sister Republics in their distress, by a just intervention in their behalf, giving a sanction to the true "non-intervention," but we ought to aid them in every way, for our own sake and for theirs, to establish themselves as a prosperous and independent Republic; we ought to insist manfully and fearlessly that they be not driven into a corner of their own land by a foreign power hostile to them,—and, through the violation of treaties, and in other ways, hostile to us,—but should insist upon the integrity of their territory.

"It is safest," says Vattel, "to prevent the evil when it can be done." And again:

"All nations are strictly obliged to cultivate justice with regard to each other. This right is perfect; that is, accompanied with the right of using force to make it observed. Were this not so, the just would be at the mercy of fraud and injustice. The right to obtain justice by force is the right of an offensive war."

We have a *right* to use force to prevent the destruction of our sister Republics by an aggressive power. To say that we are not able to do so is the argument of a coward, nor did ever any nation thrive by cowardice. *God favors the strong when they apply their strength to the execution of his laws.*

"Let us apply to the unjust what we have said above of a mischievous or maleficent nation. If there be any that makes an open profession of trampling justice under foot, of despising and vio-

lating the rights of others whenever it finds an opportunity, the interest of human society will authorize all others to humble and chastise it * * * (Or) if by constant maxims, and by a continued conduct, one nation shows that it has evidently this pernicious disposition, the safety of the human race requires that it should be suppressed. To form and support an unjust pretension is to do an injury not only to him who is interested in this pretension, but to mock at justice in general, and to injure all nations."

Terrible but glorious sentiments! Within the circle of their legitimate influence, where nature, and fate, and the principles of their constitution, and the expectation and hope of all mankind have placed them; within that circle, clearly marked, let the American people accomplish *their* duty,—by what just means we care not: If by treaties, then let the treaties be fulfilled and carried out in their spirit; if by the movements of individual citizens, then let those movements be encouraged and protected as far as is consistent with the rules of public justice; but best by the fair and open way, by the enforcement of a treaty already shamefully violated to our own dishonor.*

* Not that the treaty alluded to was necessary as a reason for action; for says Vattel:—

"The treaties by which we simply engage not to do any evil to an ally,—to abstain, with respect to him, from all damage, offense, and injury,—are not necessary and produce no new right; each having, from nature, a perfect right not to suffer either damage, injury, or any true offense." And within a certain natural limit we are bound by that principle.

FREEDOM TO HER VOTARIES.

Wherefore should the Freeman kneel,
When his chains are broken?
Wherefore should he nurse the steel,
Slavery's hated token?
Or, is it meet
To kiss the feet
That crush you to the clay, men;
Or bless the foe
You overthrow?—
I pray not such to-day, men.

Wherefore, in the hour of need,
Shall a people hush them?
Wherefore did our fathers bleed,
When like wrongs did rouse them?
Is this the sod,
So blest by God,
That slaves swear by its clay, men?
Or, are we still
The men of Will?—
I ask you that to-day, men.

NEGLECTED AUTHORS.

BISHOP BERKELEY.

MAXIMS CONCERNING PATRIOTISM.

1. EVERY man, by consulting his own heart, may easily know whether he is or is not a patriot. But it is not so easy for the by-standers.

2. Being loud and vehement either against a court or for a court, is no proof of patriotism.

3. A man whose passion for money runs high bids fair for being no patriot. And he likewise whose appetite is keen for power.

4. A native than a foreigner, a married man than a bachelor, a believer than an infidel, has a better chance for being a patriot.

5. It is impossible an epicure should be a patriot.

6. It is impossible a man who cheats at cards, or cogs the dice, should be a patriot.

7. It is impossible a man who is false to his friends and neighbors should be true to the public.

8. Every knave is a thorough knave. And a thorough knave is a knave throughout.

9. A man who hath no sense of God or conscience: would you make such a one guardian to your child? If not, why guardian to the state?

10. A sot, a beast, benumbed and stupefied by excess, is good for nothing, much less to make a patriot of.

11. A fop or man of pleasure makes but a scurvy patriot.

12. A sullen churlish man, who loves nobody, will hardly love his country.

13. The love of praise and esteem may do something; but to make a true patriot there must be an inward sense of duty and conscience.

14. Honesty (like other things) grows from its proper seed, good principles early laid in the mind.

15. To be a real patriot, a man must consider his countrymen as God's creatures, and himself as accountable for his acting towards them.

16. If *pro aris et focis* be the life of pat-

riotism, he who hath no religion or no home makes a suspected patriot.

17. No man perjures himself for the sake of conscience.

18. There is an easy way of reconciling malcontents—*Sunt verba et voces quibus hunc lenire dolorem, &c.*

19. A good groom will rather stroke than strike.

20. He who saith there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

21. I have no opinion of your bumper patriots. Some eat, some drink, some quarrel for their country. MODERN PATRIOTISM!

22. Ibycus is a carking, griping, close-fisted fellow. It is odds that Ibycus is not a patriot.

23. We are not to think every clamorous haranguer, or every splenetic repiner against a court, is therefore a patriot.

24. A patriot is one who heartily wisheth the public prosperity, and doth not only wish, but also study and endeavor to promote it.

25. Gamesters, rakes, fops, bullies, stock-jobbers: alas! what patriots!

26. Some writers have thought it impossible that men should be brought to laugh at public spirit. Yet this hath been done in the present age.

27. The patriot aims at his private good in the public. The knave makes the public subservient to his private interest. The former considers himself as part of a whole, the latter considers himself as the whole.

28. There is and ever will be a natural strife between court and country. The one will get as much, and the other give as little, as it can. How must the patriot behave himself?

29. He gives the necessary. If he gives more, it is with a view of gaining more to his country.

30. A patriot will never barter the public money for his private gain.

31. Moral evil is never to be committed ; physical evil may be incurred, either to avoid a greater evil, or to procure a good.

32. Where the heart is right, there is true patriotism.

33. In your man of business, it is easier to meet with a good head than a good heart.

34. A patriot will admit there may be honest men, and that honest men may differ.

35. He that always blames, or always praises, is no patriot.

36. Were all sweet and sneaking courtiers, or were all sour malcontents ; in

either case the public would thrive but ill.

37. A patriot would hardly wish there was no contrast in the state.

38. Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.

39. A man rages, rails, and raves ; I suspect his patriotism.

40. The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing, each his own interest.

41. A patriot will esteem no man for being of his party.

42. The factious man is apt to mistake himself for a patriot.

THE QUERIST:

CONTAINING SEVERAL QUERIES PROPOSED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF THE PUBLIC.

QU. 1. WHETHER there ever was, is, or will be, an industrious nation poor, or an idle rich ?

2. Whether a people can be called poor, where the common sort are well fed, clothed, and lodged ?

3. Whether the drift and aim of every wise state should not be, to encourage industry in its members ? And, whether those who employ neither heads nor hands for the common benefit, deserve not to be expelled like drones out of a well-governed state ?

4. Whether the four elements, and man's labor therein, be not the true source of wealth ?

5. Whether money be not only so far useful, as it stirreth up industry, enabling men mutually to participate the fruits of each other's labor ?

6. Whether any other means, equally conducing to excite and circulate the industry of mankind, may not be as useful as money ?

7. Whether the real end and aim of men be not power ? And whether he who could have every thing else at his wish or will, would value money ?

8. Whether the public aim in every well-governed state be not, that each member, according to his just pretensions and industry, should have power ?

9. Whether power be not referred to ac-

tion ; and whether action doth not follow appetite or will ?

10. Whether fashion doth not create appetites ; and whether the prevailing will of a nation is not the fashion ?

11. Whether the current of industry and commerce be not determined by this prevailing will ?

12. Whether it be not owing to custom, that the fashions are agreeable ?

13. Whether it may not concern the wisdom of the legislature to interpose, in the making of fashions ; and not leave an affair of so great influence to the management of women and fops, tailors and vintners ?

14. Whether reasonable fashions are a greater restraint on freedom than those which are unreasonable ?

15. Whether a general good taste in a people would not greatly conduce to their thriving ? And whether an uneducated gentry be not the greatest of national evils ?

16. Whether customs and fashions do not supply the place of reason in the vulgar of all ranks ? Whether, therefore, it doth not very much import that they should be wisely framed ?

17. Whether the imitating those neighbors in our fashions, to whom we bear no likeness in our circumstances, be not one cause of distress to this nation ?

18. Whether frugal fashions in the upper

rank, and comfortable living in the lower, be not the means to multiply inhabitants?

19. Whether the creating of wants be not the likeliest way to produce industry in a people? And whether, if our peasants were accustomed to eat beef and wear shoes, they would not be more industrious?

20. Whether other things be given, as climate, soil, &c., the wealth be not proportioned to the industry, and this to the circulation of credit, be the credit circulated or transferred by what marks or tokens soever?

21. Whether, therefore, less money, swiftly circulating, be not, in effect, equivalent to more money slowly circulating? Or, whether, if the circulation be reciprocally as the quantity of coin, the nation can be a loser?

22. Whether money is to be considered as having an intrinsic value, or as being a commodity, a standard, a measure, or a pledge, as is variously suggested by writers? And whether the true idea of money, as such, be not altogether that of a ticket or counter?

23. Whether the value or price of things be not a compounded proportion, directly as the demand, and reciprocally as the plenty?

24. Whether the terms crown, livre, pound sterling, &c., are not to be considered as exponents or denominations of such proportion? And whether gold, silver, and paper, are not tickets or counters for reckoning, recording, and transferring thereof?

25. Whether the denominations being retained, although the bullion were gone, things might not nevertheless be rated, bought and sold, industry promoted, and a circulation of commerce maintained?

26. Whether an equal raising of all sorts of gold, silver and copper coin, can have any effect in bringing money into the country? And whether altering the proportions between the several sorts can have any other effect but multiplying one kind and lessening another, without any increase of the sum total?

27. Whether arbitrary changing the denomination of coin be not a public cheat?

28. What makes a wealthy people? Whether mines of gold and silver are capable of doing this? And whether the negroes, amidst the gold sands of Africa, are not poor and destitute?

29. Whether there be any virtue in gold and silver, other than as they set people at work, or create industry?

30. Whether it be not the opinion or will of the people, exciting them to industry, that truly enricheth a nation? And whether this doth not principally depend on the means for counting, transferring, and preserving power, that is, property of all kinds?

31. Whether current bank-notes may not be deemed money? And whether they are not actually the greater part of the money of this kingdom?

32. Provided the wheels move, whether it is not the same thing, as to the effect of the machine, be this done by the force of wind, or water, or animals?

33. Whether power to command the industry of others be not real wealth? And whether money be not in truth, tickets or tokens for conveying and recording such power, and whether it be of great consequence what materials the tickets are made of?

34. Whether trade, either foreign or domestic, be in truth any more than this commerce of industry?

35. Whether to promote, transfer, and secure, this commerce, and this property in human labor, or, in other words, this power, be not the sole means of enriching a people, and how far this may be done independently of gold and silver?

36. Whether it were not wrong to suppose that land itself to be wealth? And whether the industry of the people is not first to be considered, as that which constitutes wealth, which makes even land and silver to be wealth, neither of which would have any value, but as means and motives to industry?

MEREDITH DEMAISTRE,

THE PET OF THE PARVENUS.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRIEF OF THE TIPPTOFFS.

It was the second hour after midnight, when Mr. Meredith Demaistre entered the very latest of the hundred carriages which had stopped the way before the elegant mansion of the Tipptoffs, in the most fashionable avenue of New-York. A lady in a white ball-dress appeared at the same instant at the window of the parlor. Mr. Demaistre, as if divining the possibility of such an apparition, checked the coachman for an instant, and sprang out quickly to catch a rose which her fair hand threw to him. He bows profoundly; the lady retires from the window; the coach rolls away. The lady returns, and leaning out into the warm night air, looks earnestly after the carriage and listens long to the thunder of the retiring wheels, as they sound along the hollow streets.

The gas lights have been shut off in the house, and the vast rooms would be quite darkened were it not that the glare of a street light casts a ruddy effulgence along the painted ceilings and the towering walls, revealing imperfectly the mirrored elegance of a modern citizen's palace. The adornments of these rooms, as we are able to see them by the dim light that streams into the remoter darkness, are of the rarest and most judicious order; their designing and choice, evidently by some master of taste and fashion. Pictures of a grand and sombre character, originals of the more luxurious artists of the modern German and Belgian schools, those sole possessors in our day of the secret of color and *chiar' oscuro*, occupy the spaces of the walls, alternating with a few broad mirrors set in marble. The carpets of large and simple figures, harmoniously but soberly tinted, assist the colors of the heavy curtains, and velvet-covered furniture. The rooms are provided, but not crowded, with elegant conveniences for sitting and reclining, which, more than all other luxuries, discover the tact and sensuousity of the modern taste. Objects of virtu rest here

and there in convenient niches. A few small, but exquisitely finished statues on scagliola pedestals, a table in a corner, covered with engravings, doubtless of great rarity and value,—so much may be seen in the imperfect light;—what else might be discovered by the broad light of a hundred jets of gas, we leave to the vivid and minute imagination of our reader.

But the business of the novelist is with persons and their actions, and not with furniture, be it even the luxury of kings, or the more comfortable splendor of merchants.

The lady, on retreating from the window, threw herself passionately into the angle of a sofa, at the other extreme of which sat her husband, whose short figure relieved itself obscurely against the dusky velvet. In the dimness one could hardly discern it.

A something worse than ennui, a feeling of exhaustion and of total disappointment, seemed to possess them. The lady, whom the reader will hereafter please to recognize as "the fair," or "the elegant," or "the witty," or "the fascinating," or possibly, if it should so happen, (Heaven only knows,) the "unfortunate and much to be compassionated Mrs. Tipptoff,"—patted the carpet nervously, but languidly and slowly, with her little satin-clad foot. Her husband, known as "old Tipptoff," or "Dick Tipptoff," or "rich Dick Tipptoff," with a note of interrogation added,—the wealth of that very old family having been for years on the declining side of fortune,—sat gazing into vacancy, with an air between the hateful weariness that follows forced mirth and too much wine, and the distressed anxiety of a man who is following his furniture to an auction, or his counsel to the presence of a prejudiced jury.

I should have remarked, that immediately on her withdrawal from the window, a servant entered and placed a small Chinese table, supporting a bottle of brandy, a silver water picher, and two candles, (one of them lighted,) before Tipptoff; with the additamentum of a boot-jack, and a pair of yel-

low slippers, on the carpet. Tiptoff, the knowing reader will surmise, had been once a bachelor, old and of fixed habits. He was now a married man, not a day younger, and with very nearly the same habits.

The self-disgust of a social failure sickened the leathery visage of the old gentleman, as he poured out a glass of brandy for himself, and, rather oddly, invited his pretty wife to drink with him. The tearful vexation of disappointed vanity, and perhaps the grief of some other passion, pouted the dewy lips, and paled the swelling cheeks of his spouse. The pair gazed blankly but not angrily at each other, and then at the bottle. "Dick, my dear," sighed the lady, "I think I *will* take a little."

The old gentleman had evidently forgotten himself when he offered the brandy to his wife, and her acceptance of it discomposed him. Had it been hot brandy punch, with lemon in it, or any lady-like preparation of brandy, he would have thought nothing of it; but his ideas of feminine delicacy forbade his wife so rude and masculine a drink as the mere bachelor's brandy-and-water. The impropriety of the thing struck him on the instant. Filled even to bursting with a previous choler and disquiet, it needed but a drop more to make a foaming effervescence in his inner man. But Dick Tiptoff was a gentleman of delicate education,—would sooner kick his horse, or shave his whiskers, than speak harshly to a lady. The most he could do was to set down the glass untasted, get up against the table, overturning it with a crash, damn himself slightly, and walk directly out of the room, shutting the door sharply behind him, and leaving Mrs. T. in darkness.

The crash and uproar occasioned by the violent upsetting, and the exodus of her spouse, having subsided, the unhappy Mrs. Tiptoff burst into a sharp paroxysm of weeping. Covering her face with her hands, she rocked her fragile figure to and fro, with many sobs and deep-drawn sighs, while the big drops burst from between her squeezed and aching eyelids. The words, "cruel man," "kind Meredith," "horrid Squabbs," "nasty people," and a variety of broken expressions, indicative of a tumult of mixed emotions, burst in harsh whispers from her lips. Mrs. T. was to a certainty, profoundly agitated:—the dark side of her life had turned up to her view, with a sudden and

surprising distinctness. After a time, however, kind nature came to her solace in the shape of that gentle follower of grief, the quiet and beneficent sleep. The beautiful head of curls no longer waved to and fro, in starts of agony, and soon fell sideways and drooped on either side the white wrist that rested on the velvet arm of the sofa. A soft breathing, interrupted only by a dreamy catching of the breath, as though sorrow was not wholly mastered, even by sleep, announced that the delicate and unhappy Mrs. Tiptoff had declined into a state of oblivion, and for this hour at least escaped from vanity and care. And now, with softest music let us close the scene.

CHAPTER II.

THE EXULTATION OF THE SQUABBS.

AT the fireside of the Squabbs, on the contrary, there was an atmosphere of exultation. Mr. Squabb, Mrs. Squabb, Miss Emeline Ginevra Squabb, and the two little Squabblings, the snobby brothers, were in a perfect gale. "Was there ever such a victory?" screamed the mother. "Never!" shrieked the daughter. "Never," growled old Squabb, yawning and falling back in his chair. "Never," laughed the two snobby Squabbling youths, simultaneously plunging their pale fat hands into the pockets of their sacks. "Never," shouted all in chorus. "Such a splendid affair," languished Miss Emeline Ginevra. "Such an expensive one," groaned Mr. S. "Such a well got-up thing, and all for us, my dear," concluded Mrs. S., nodding smilingly at her daughter.

A period of silence ensued, during which the entire family, looking from one to another, allowed their satisfaction to expand itself in knowing glances. The Squabbs were a fat family; their complexions shone with fatness. At this epoch in their history, which may be marked as the culmination of their mortal felicity, they had attained that ripeness of person which follows a long course of pleasure and easy living, before the disappointments and chagrins of fashionable life had begun to break in upon that continuity of countenance which marks the happy and the dull. The Squabbs were grown rich, and from a hopeless obscurity had risen upon an opulent wave to the frothy summit of

notoriety. A palace in a grand street, a scarlet-lined coach, and a liveried footman, had turned the Squabbs into gods. Nectar and ambrosia they drank and ate—the nectar of congratulation, and the ambrosia of servile homage from their less fortunate acquaintance.

The statue of Hercules on the mantel-piece struck the second hour after midnight, and just at the very moment when poor Mrs. Tiptoff dropped asleep in her lonely parlor, Mr. Squabb jerked out a large jewelled Tobias, and began dreamily inspecting the face. At the same instant Mrs. S. pulled out a very thin Lepine from her girdle; Miss Emeline Ginevra produced a still thinner one from hers; the two Squabbling youths each betrayed another; and the circle of fat faces, from gazing at each other, were turned complacently and yawningly upon their watches. "There is nigh upon a thousand dollars' worth of watches among us, my dear," remarked Mr. S. gravely, putting up his time-keeper; "and for me, though I say nothing, I think it a heavy investment in that kind of property."

"Was not money, papa, made for spending?" murmured Emeline Ginevra, as she slid her tiny Lepine into its nest near her heart.

"Judiciously, my daughter," added the mother. "Judiciously," nodded the father; and "Judiciously" winked the fat eyes of the over-dressed Squabblings. There was a perfect unanimity of sentiment on this point also, and another happy silence followed, during which the author will silently withdraw the reader and introduce him abruptly to a third and more imposing faction or party in this drama of society.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. WASHINGTON TIBBS.

In her boudoir, attended by her natty Swiss waiting-maid, who was divesting her portly mistress of a gorgeous satin ball-dress, sat Mrs. Tibbs, the wealthy widow of Washington Tibbs, Esq., of metropolitan notoriety. Mrs. Tibbs, sitting before her mirror, had laid aside her curls, and eke her wig, and discovered a smooth cranium of a very blue color, rising in the middle over the forehead, like the pyramidal cover of a china sugar bowl, a sugar bowl *cui*

lumen ademptum, that is to say, with knob broken off. Speaking with her customary decision, "Lisette," said the lady,—the maid was instantly at her elbow, and stood in the attitude of fearful attention,—“Lisette, bring me my miniature.”

The miniature was brought.

"Lisette, observe it closely." It was closely observed. "Would you take it for a portrait of me? I was but twenty when that was taken. The artist was one of the few who never flatter. He told me that he esteemed a good conscience above money and fame."

"Beautiful," exclaimed Lisette—"delicieuse, and as like Madame as I am like moi-même, mesel. I see ver leetle change in your ladyship, mon Dieu!"

"Lisette, you must not call me ladyship. Titles are not used in America. A lady is indeed a lady everywhere," sighed Mrs. Tibbs; "but the odious prejudices of the mob! how I hate the mob! Lisette, do you have vulgar people in your country?"

"Oui, Madame, many English live in Swisserland: they dress badly, très vulgaire."

"And yet, Lisette, England is a very aristocratical country."

"Ah! oui, très bien! Madame—ver reech; but the English have not elegance et liberalité égal to some in Amerique. Amerigans ladies très fine, delicates. Amerigan gentillhommes dress more better, more fine. Ah! dere is in Broadway one air de Paris, only ver dirty, vill I say nastie?"

"Nasty is the word, Lisette. Have you pigs in Swisserland, Lisette?"

"Oui, Madame. Mon Dieu! here is grease pot enorme on votre ladyship's brocade dress, blanche. Ah, mon Dieu, it is dreadful." So saying, the assiduous Lisette, who, during this dialogue, had glided into the closet and brought out the garment in question, held up before the eyes of her purblind mistress a portion of the sleeve.

"Take it, Lisette, I shall have no further use for it. And now tell me something more, some anecdote of the lady you served in Swisserland, the Landgravine—what was her name?"

"The Landgravine Schnotsendauben, Madame."

"What a name, Lisette! A great lady, you said."

"Oui, une grande dame, très belle, an reech, ver reech."

Mrs. Tibbs glanced at the mirror, sighed and bridled.

"Lisette, bring my night-dress. Had the lady many admirers?"

"Amants, dit Madame? Pour une Land-gravine, tees not permis. Chevalier servante de mon maitress, Signor Bug, gentilhomme Roman, vid vot you tell, ooisker, très grand moustace on hees cheek."

"His lip, Lisette; the mustacio is worn upon the lip. You have seen Mr. Demaistre's."

"Eh bien! and feel him too," said the girl quickly; but her mistress did not understand, or did not hear, for she added:

"Mr. Demaistre's mustacio is elegant. But tell me, Lisette, what is the duty of a chevalier servante? I thought the entertaining of that kind of follower a very antiquated custom."

"Antiquated, dit Madame? Non, très modern, au contraire. Il porte—he carry de fan—he carry de dog—he carry ebryding. Monsieur Bug carry Madame too, an I detect; Monsieur Bug call me kammerkat—I turn away ma maitress, an come to Amerique."

"A very improper person, Lisette, to be seen with a lady."

"Vraiment, to be seen; Monsieur Bug vas proper, néanmois—an for me I say noting, but he give insult—not like Monsieur Demaistre, who is polaité."

The lady's curiosity to learn something farther touching the important relationship of a fashionable gentleman follower to a lady of rank in Europe, had well nigh overcome her discretion, when the arrival of an elegant billet-doux, directed in the handwriting of her favorite, Demaistre, gave a new turn to her thoughts. The note was as follows:—

MY DEAR MADAM,—

The arrival at your house of your niece, Miss Winter, during my tedious absence, gives me an opportunity of showing my devotion to yourself by giving her some amusement. I have a little absurd pique to gratify against that young lady, and I wish to give you both a pleasant surprise. Let me have a carte blanche to give what private orders I please, to your housekeeper, for to-morrow evening.

And believe me ever,

Your devoted and loving

MEREDITH.

P. S. The trifle inclosed is a table-diamond, a variety you said you had not seen.

The amiable ease of the note, and the splendor of the jewelled ring which it contained, excited a powerful emotion of pleasure in the bosom of the widow, and immediately she called for her beautiful miniature writing desk, itself a gift from the same tasteful admirer, and before retiring to her couch, indited, in a bold, masculine hand, the following reply:—

MON CHER DEMAISTRE,—

I shall drive to-morrow out of town, and pass the day with the Timpkinses. My house, meanwhile, is at your service. Make any arrangements you please. I will send out a few invitations. Let the evening be literary and artistic. Miss Winter is so. We will have music and conversation. Send a list of persons whom *you* wish to have invited.

Yours very truly,

PATTY ALICE DENTZY WASHINGTON TIBBS.

P. S. The diamond is very fine. Do not ask me to wear it. It is a vanity, though an elegant one. I shall send for Hum and Strum, the two German pianists, and for Chokey and Spondee, the new poets, so much talked of. What odd names these artists have!

W. T.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

MRS. KOLLTATER, the lady of the Snob House, a well-known private hotel, or public boarding-house in Broadway, sat at dinner, at the head of her long table, looking down along her ranks of eaters, with a calculating expression. By close observation and long experience in her business, this dispenser of "all the comforts and privileges of a private family" had acquired a knack at valuing men and women by certain external signs. By the general air and manner of a stranger, she could foretell, with tolerable accuracy, not only how much he would eat, but how long he would be likely to pay for what he ate. Her favorable regards were distributed upon those who ate little and paid punctually.

On the present occasion, however, a quiet observer might have detected a remarkable departure, in Mrs. Kolltater, from her usual course of favor; for in the seedy coat and calamitous countenance of Mr. Bob Jenkins,—Jenkins the toper—Jenkins the penny-a-liner,—what was there to call out a smile on the face of an experienced landlady? Jenkins was, in fact, surprised at it himself; it

even excited in his bosom a vague feeling of alarm. Returning the unexpected smile with a grim recognition, he laid down his knife and fork, and considered in his dear heart, as Homer would say, what might be the cause; and whether bitter Fate had anything in store for him, more dreadful than what he had already suffered.

To the gentleman at his elbow, however, who had observed the landlady's demonstration, it seemed quite proper, and a thing to be expected. This was no less a character than the well and widely known Meredith Demaistre, equally noted for the elegance of his hair and the audacity of his manners.

Every assembly of men, be it an assembly only for eating, has its great man, or sovereign *pro tem*. Mr. Meredith Demaistre, already somewhat known to the reader, was the sovereign *pro tem*. of Mrs. Kolltater's dinner table. Now this autocrat of sirloins had signified to the landlady that it would gratify him to have Jenkins at his elbow, at table; where, accordingly, said Jenkins was seated; and very rightly and naturally our dinner autocrat attributed the above described dispensation to a reflection of his own importance from the person of Jenkins in the eyes of the landlady.

The diners had retired from the table, excepting Jenkins and his fashionable friend. Ordering sherry for his own glass, and brandy for his companion's, Demaistre threw himself into an attitude of intimate conversation, leaning over, and occasionally striking the table with his right hand.

"You were speaking," said his companion, pouring out a liberal draught from the decanter, "of that affair at the Tiptoffs."

"Ah!" exclaimed Demaistre, in his usual low, flute-like tone,—"a more elegant affair than that. But the devil is in those Tiptoffs; with all their advantages and pride to boot; with the best manners, and a capital art of entertainment. In fact they work for others. Observe now—a man of some sense, known in very good company, and supposed to be rich, becomes an object of maternal anxiety in the bosoms of a dozen or twenty highly respectable families—in fact, to be plain, the idol of a good set. Very good. Now *you*, Jenkins, happen to know, that I, the *rich* Meredith Demaistre, (ha! ha!) am precisely the individual indicated. It were idle to attempt modesty with a man of your penetration; but there is one thing which I will

throw in, by way of warning:—My riches, you know, are purely in expectation. I am a near relative, the only surviving relative of the old pill-vender Bobus. Very good. I am rich, as we say, in expectation. That is to say, I intend to marry a great deal of real and personal property, now in the possession of the venerable widow Washington Tibbs. As for uncle Bobus, he will never leave me a penny. The old fellow intends endowing a hospital by way of indemnification to mankind, for having slain so many with his wicked nostrum. The idea of leaving me a fortune never occurred to him. But I grow tedious."

"Not at all," gasped Jenkins, with a look of infinite curiosity, and decanting a second glass of brandy. "Not at all; go on, in the d—l's name."

"That," replied the other quickly, "is precisely the name in which I intend to go on. Now for this affair at the Tiptoffs. You must know the widow Washington Wiggs or Tibbs is decidedly taken with my person. The widow does not dance, but she talks wonderfully, and so does your humble servant. By talking I carried the widow—took her by storm. It was at this exquisite supper-party at Tiptoff's—the most elegant thing! There was a room frescoed for the occasion; the most perfect taste in the outlay! Your humble servant planned the thing, and brought Mrs. Tiptoff into it. The widow Washington was made to think that the whole had been got up to please her. The Squabbs labored under a similar delusion in regard to themselves. Only your humble servant knew the object of this piece of folly, which cost Tiptoff and his wife some five thousand dollars, including the making up of specie into plate; there was the vastest profusion—costly wines, pictures, opera-singing, the house thrown open, filled with every luxury and everything to please. In short, a most elegant affair, and not above a hundred persons present! The most select; in short, not one married person under a hundred thousand, and full ten over half a million, supposed. Squabb thought it a good time, where capital was so well represented, to organize a bank; and I verily believe the dozen or so of red-faced plums that were present, would have called a meeting and fallen to business, had not their circle been broken in upon by a vigorous assault from

Mrs. Washington Wiggs—confound it, I mean Tibbs, who led off Squabb to stare at a piece of ancient china, which he mistook for a petrified monkey.

"I have said that both the Squabbs and the widow fancied the occasion their own. The widow, who is fat, and walks heavily, withdrew into a recess, and entertained a circle of her admirers with a lecture on phrenology and the Greek Slave. Your humble servant was called upon for a touch of the æsthetic, and taste being the order of the day, I gave the widow a definition of taste, which threw her into a perspiration of delight. 'Taste,' said I, 'my dear madam, is a thing'—'Wrong, Demaistre,' said she. (She admires my surname—it is important to have a good name, and when one may be picked out of any directory, I see no reason why a gentleman seeking his fortune should not choose the best. My old name, you know, was Sneak, Judas Sneak,—a horrible name; I changed it. It went before me like a bad reputation, and I never prospered while I had it.) But I digress. 'Wrong,' said she, 'Demaistre, wrong! Taste is a sentiment, not a thing.' 'True, madam,' said I, bowing under the correction; 'taste is, indeed, more a person than a thing.' 'Wrong again, Demaistre,' said she, still harping on my name; 'taste is not a person, neither.' 'Ah! madam,' said I, sighing, and giving her a delicate glance, 'taste is surely a person, and no less a person than Mrs. Washington Tibbs; she is taste itself.'"

"Very gross," remarked Jenkins.

"Which, the lady or the compliment?"

"That," responded Jenkins, "depends on her way of taking it."

"She took it as a cat laps milk; as a man of no credit takes a good endorsement. The widow is a lady of great humility and the most aspiring pride. Her reverence for a great or learned name is equalled only by her personal haughtiness and ambition. Now, she looks upon your humble servant as not only a man of family, rich in hope, and an aristocrat, but as a person of unlimited acquirements, and perfect discrimination. In short, the widow is a sure card. But I must marry soon, or some vile accident will mar all."

Jenkins finished a third glass of brandy and water, and a desultory chat of some minutes ensued, during which our adventurer amused himself with shuffling over a heap of

invitations which he drew from his pocket-book. As he read the names half soliloquizing, his companion kept up a running commentary, for Jenkins was a man who had seen better days, and *had been* a diner out, knew everybody's business and reputation in the city.

"Jacks?" said Demaistre, half questioning the name from a card.

"Jacks? A stock-broker," said the other, half answering, half soliloquizing. "Jacob Jacks, grandson of the old apple woman on St. P—'s. A drug dealer, very rich; has failed six times, here and elsewhere, by this light; a very low dog; his large family, all girls, inherit the scrofula and rheumatism, contracted by the old woman from cold victuals and damp seats, to say nothing of a filthier inheritance of vulgarity and pride."

"Cottle?" (another card.)

"Aye, aye, Dick Cottle, corner of Broadway and Jaundice street, *formerly*; now De Damm Place—nothing less. His house is a solid mass of absurdity, a blunder immortalized in brick. It cost him a hundred thousand, they say. A mere selfish jug, that fellow; his ears are narrow slits through which you may drop in brass coin of flattery enough, but deuce a compliment will you ever get *out* of him, until his clay envelope is cracked, and then there will be a soul found dried and shrunk, like the kernel of a bad nut. This Dick Cottle invited me to dine with him once, in a quiet way, and when all was done, there was only a turkey without sauce, cold potatoes and cheap port. A miserable dog, worth half a million, and a very bad judge of port. Avoid him."

"Partridge?" (another card.)

"That's fat Peter, I know him well. Very good eater, but fond of soup; the veriest cheat in creation. Peter is one of those happy, good-humored rascals who go smiling through the world, with the best intentions, though frequently unable to repay a loan, or meet an obligation; and yet by some secret arrangement with Providence, perpetually rolling in luxury,—wine, women, horses, dinners,—while honest dogs, like me, who *must* look sheepish when they can't pay, live unappreciated. By Heaven, I'll have a new scheme of the moral sentiments, with the part of Hamlet—I mean conscience—omitted."

"Gudginson?" (another card.)

"That's Jonas Gudginson; once a fish-

erman, then a banker; and the banks from which he drew his profits were, first and last, sand banks. His business now is, to 'own a few houses,' for which, he affectingly says, 'he gets nothing but his board and lodging, and travelling expenses.' I never set eyes on the fishy face of that same Gudginson (his real name was originally Gudgins) without marvelling at the dispensations of Providence, which confer poverty and scorn upon wits and men of sense, and fortune and pride upon idiots. Madam G., a dressed-up fishmonger's wife, is Snobbery's goddess—extremely dressy, spends, it is said, a thousand a year in adorning her fishy person. But it won't do; all the rose-water in Snobdom won't wash off the smell of mackerel."

"Come, come, Jenkins," said Demaistre, coloring, and speaking in a very serious tone, "you grow severe. The institutions of this country, you know, favor all men equally."

"I deny it, sir," responded Jenkins, breathing a fierce and melancholy sigh; "they favor only the low-born and the dull."

"But what," said the other, "have you and I to say against that?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Demaistre; I trace my origin to one of the early settlers of New-Jersey,—a man, sir, whose genealogy runs back into the days of William the Conqueror. My ancestors fought against the Henrys and Edwards, in the wars of Wales."

"And mine, for aught I know, fought against Leviathan in the wars of whales. What folly is this? My grandfather, the veritable Jedediah Sneak, of Sneakville, Connecticut, sold rum, and molasses, and notions, to country louts; but for all that, I am Meredith Demaistre, Esq., and shall marry a fortune. My dear Jenkins, there is a fault in your organization: you lack assurance. Assurance is better than pride. It is an easy, flexible *virtue*—shall I say—that fits itself to every situation and condition. But this old-fashioned lumber of family pride that you carry about with you, is a barren property, held by a doubtful record, that requires constant vigilance, and is subject to a heavy tax of time and idleness."

"Ah! ha!" replied the other, with a sneer, "I perceive, that together with his aristocratical name, our friend Judas Sneak, Esq., adopted a high moral tone!"

"No; under favor," said the other, "you mistake me. I have a strong interest in

your welfare, and meant only to give a friend a little kind advice."

"Very well, let that go," said Jenkins, sullenly. "Now for the Tiptoffs: what of them?"

"To proceed, then, you must know that this affair at Tiptoff's was got up altogether at my suggestion. The T.'s, you know, are on the down-hill side of fashion—a little *seedy*, bearing the usual fruits of too long a continuance in folly—friends dropping off, invitations neglected, &c. &c. Said I, addressing Mrs. T., 'My dear madam, for a lady as well qualified as yourself to make a figure, nay, to *lead* in society—in short, madam, words are poor to express what I mean.' I paused. 'Ah! Demaistre,' said she, with tears in her eyes, 'Tiptoff is well meaning, but *too* timid, and, I fear, not *au fait*.' 'True,' said I hesitatingly, 'your husband is a good fellow, very; but you are aware one should have cultivation, should have been *early* trained in society.'"

"Did you say that?" growled Jenkins; "you, who passed the first eighteen years of your life——"

"Hush! let me go on. 'One should have been early trained,' says I. 'Taste is a thing given more by society and culture than by nature. Your husband has fine aristocratical elements of character; nor can the man whom you have condescended to marry be supposed——' 'Out, villain! you flatter,' says she, with a prettily affected indignation. 'Never, madam,' replied I. 'A fool it may be sometimes necessary to flatter; but with people of taste and discernment nothing passes but rude sincerity.' 'Ah! Demaistre,' sighed she, looking soft and disconsolate, 'what *shall* we do? Advise us.' 'In the last number of the "Mirror of Manners,"' replied I, 'you may have seen an essay, an indifferent performance of mine?' 'Yes; a description of an entertainment at Lady Bauble's, in London. Oh! it *was* charming! Dear Demaistre, *you* have taste, and such a *naïve* style! You will ruin us. Why, do you know, I no sooner read that description of yours but it came into my head to do just such a thing. But then it would be *so* expensive.'

"'Expensive, madam! That is the very glory of it. It is in fashion as in war: the more it costs, the greater the honor.'

"'If I could only persuade Tiptoff'—a *deep sigh*."

"Leave that to me," said I cheerfully.

"Dear Demaistre!"

"Have I your full authority for it?"

"Oh! —"

Mr. Meredith Demaistre here made a peculiar gesture, with a peculiar expression of his mouth, upon observing which Jenkins smacked his lips and knocked the bottom of his glass against the mahogany. "But how," said he, "could you drag poor Tiptoff into such an extravagance?"

"There," replied Demaistre, lowering his voice, "lies the secret of the whole transaction. You are aware of poor T.'s habits."

"Drinks and plays deep?"

"Yes: plays a great deal with the Major, my friend—you know who. Well, the Major is under heavy obligations to me. I have him, so to speak, in the hollow of my hand. He has been regularly robbing Tiptoff, this last season, of some five thousand. A fool and his money are soon parted. I directed the Major to lose it back to him at his earliest convenience, as we say, but to keep it all by him, and run in debt to T. for the amount. As ordered, so did the Major; and about a week after, T. informed me, with a look of vast satisfaction, that he had won five thousand, which, considering that he had been a loser until then, he thought no less than providential. 'Providential!' said I. 'Indeed! Are you aware, my dear T., that the P.'s and the Q.'s talk of dropping your wife?'"

"His countenance fell. 'Don't be alarmed, my good sir,' said I; 'she will very easily recover her position. It is only necessary to give poor Mrs. T. a little more pin money. The poor lady, you know, is very economical, in fact much more careful of *your* concerns than of her own. It was but yesterday she lamented her inability to do anything handsome. Those Squabbs, you know, my dear Tiptoff, those Squabbs have set such a frightful fashion of expense.' In short, I advised the poor fool to advise Mrs. T. to make a bold stroke, outshine the entire Squabb concern, and strike Mrs. Washington Tibbs quite dumb. I offered on the spur of the moment to manage everything. Tiptoff, poor fool, was grateful and said he would sustain Mrs. T., if it cost him all he was worth. The rest you know. Everything came off just as it had been ar-

ranged. The widow, partly knowing my plans, patronized poor Mrs. T. openly, so that all saw it, not excepting the party patronized. Squabb took Tiptoff aside and advised him, as a friend, not to go on at that rate, and offered, if he found himself in any sudden difficulty, to accommodate him with a few thousand, if he would give good security."

"And Mrs. Squabbs?" said Jenkins, interrogatively.

"Ah! ha!—there lies the fun of the thing. The Major, who you know is a consummate exaggerator, and an abandoned eulogizer, whispered Mrs. S. in her ear, that it all meant nothing but a compliment to her daughter Emeline Ginevra,—a *thing* which you may have seen rolling in a coach in Broadway."

"Aye,—very fat!"

"As fat, sir, as a firkin, and as affected as a bunch of artificial flowers. Mrs. Squabb, whose shrewdness never gets the better of her vanity, swallowed this leaden bait, and immediately invited the plumpy Major to dine. He will make love to the divine butter firkin, and the two will conclude the child's fable of happiness—'die in a pot of grease.'"

"But did Mrs. Squabb betray anything?"

"Everything. She waddled up to poor Tiptoff and complimented him with the air of a duchess; she let everybody into the secret, and even whispered her daughter, loud enough for half a dozen to hear, that on *such* an occasion it was her duty to hold up her head, and be pleasant. But the young lady needed no instigation; her vanity ran even with her mother's information, and the two came in neck and neck."

"But Mrs. Tiptoff surely took means to contradict this stupid rumor."

"She would have done so, but it happened that her husband had recently applied to the Major for some of the money, and found it not immediately to be come at; and being consequently somewhat embarrassed, he had resolved to borrow from old Squabb. The Tiptoffs, on that account, suffered the impression to remain; and poor Mrs. T. could only bite her lips in silence. She told it all to me the next morning in a fit of chagrin and weeping."

CHAPTER V.

THE CAFÉ.

DEMAISTRE and his companions sat talking over the table until dusk, when they were disturbed by the setting of the cups for tea. They rose and took their accustomed stroll along the quieter side of Broadway. The crowd of home-returning clerks and artisans, that shuffles nightly over the harsh pavement, had grown thin and interrupted. The thunder of the empty cart and loaded omnibus, the cries of hawkers, and the pattering and scraping of ten thousand feet, made it impossible to converse; almost to think. They moved on quietly and leisurely, regarding nothing; until Demaistre turned quickly to the right, crossed over, beckoning Jenkins to follow him—and the two were immediately buried in the darkness of an intersecting street.

Again it is light, and we discover our two friends seated in a remote corner of a large and brilliantly-lighted apartment, set throughout with small marble tables, for the convenience of pairs, or limited parties, of social bachelors, who meet here, and while away the tedious hours of evening, with coffee, or the keener pleasures of strong drink. The early hour had brought few visitors, and a feeling of privacy and quiet stole over the two, as they sat.

A heavy chandelier, hanging from the centre of the ceiling above a broad reading table, sent a clear and soft light through the room. Leaning over the table and apparently lost in the perusal of a German newspaper, you might have seen a gray-haired gentleman, in whose face traces of care and of reflection mingled painfully with the tokens of a night-worn and dissipated life.

On observing this person, Demaistre started, and then with as little noise as possible changed his position so as to throw his face in shadow, and conceal it from the stranger.

A look of inquiry passed over the face of his companion. Demaistre observed it, and presently, after having ordered coffee and cigars, he began to speak in a low voice.

"An old enemy of mine," said he, "and one of the few men in this world whom I wish to avoid."

"I begin to see," replied the other with a sneer, "that even *your* impudence is not equal to mine. I can look any man in the face and defy scrutiny."

"Because you have nothing to hide."

"Very true, thank God! but who is it?"

"Conrad, a German. We were acquainted in Paris."

"I have heard the name, but it is common. A rival, perhaps."

"Worse,—an enemy."

"Is not a rival the worst enemy?"

"For the time, the worst enemy is the man you win from at play,—that is my experience."

"When you cheat."

"Call it by hard names if you will, but every kind of game is a delusion, and your success depends half upon chance, and half upon your own secrecy and knowledge of your enemy's ignorance."

"You ruined yonder gentleman, I suppose."

"Yes. He informed against me for a common swindler,—I challenged him, and at the same time gave information to the police that he was a German radical. Louis Philippe had a great dislike of radicals, and our friend was directed to leave Paris."

"What was your travelling name at that time?"

"Cocksure,—I was English,—Charles Cocksure, Esq., of Cocksure. Conrad did not suspect me. He had a sister at Paris, a very pretty creature, and the heiress of a small property in Pennsylvania. My intention was to marry the girl, and go with her to America; but I fell into temptation, lost all my money to a female communist, was compelled to ruin Conrad, and lost his countenance with his sister. It is four years since, but if the dog sees me, he will remind me of the challenge."

"But the girl?" inquired Jenkins, with a sigh. "Did she love you?"

"I was no less than a divinity in her eyes, and the poor thing absolutely died of disappointment, as I know. She was Conrad's sole relative, and he made a pet of her. His rage was terrific. He believed, too, that I had harmed the girl, but I never had any inclination that way."

"I dare say not," said Jenkins, with a sneer; "you are a great philosopher, and have wonderful self-command. Envious man!"

"Mr. Jenkins," said Demaistre, bowing very coolly, "you have your joke."

"And your self-command, ha! ha!"

ha! an even share. I am content with my joke, and you doubtless with the other quality,—what do you call it? self-command, ha! ha!—a great philosopher. Here's to self-command, the king of all the virtues—the very Pope of the merits: May he never want opportunities."

Demaistre bit his lip and turned pale; but like the hero Narses, defeat cowed not his spirit, and contempt rather inspired than abashed him. Dropping the subject easily, he took up a very jocular and confiding tone, rattled over a variety of pleasant topics, and pretending to have an appointment at eight, left Jenkins in a high good-humor with himself, and consequently with every one else.

The German soon looked up, and recognizing Jenkins, who had not till then seen that the enemy of Demaistre was an old acquaintance of his own, the two joined company and entered into conversation, assisting their wits with an occasional glass of brandy-and-water.

The German had before him a copy of the *London Times*—Jenkins, a *Herald*. They exchanged. The two papers, of the same date, had each an article on the military power of the respective countries.

"Your countrymen," said the German, "are the most irascible and insolent in the world, and the strongest for war, but they do not feel it. The English, on the contrary, *feel* powerful, and are essentially weak: they outface you."

"We shall one day feel and understand our power," replied Jenkins, "and England her weakness, and she will then perhaps assume a civiler tone toward us. But how is it that you Prussians, who are a military people, trained, every man of you, to arms, are not the leading power in Europe?"

"For the same reason, sir," replied Conrad, "that you Americans are not the first in the world. I call you Americans,—I should have said Republicans; for though you are a compactly organized power, you are *not* a nation, in the ancient sense. Neither is Prussia a nation; its nationality is young and weak; it could even reconcile itself, as some of your fools do, to dismemberment and subjugation. The masses of the people have not liberty enough; they have discipline and education instead."

Jenkins smiled. "Liberty," said he, "is no longer a passion with us. The old enthusi-

asm has worn itself out. With your people it has not yet come."

"Nor perhaps ever will," replied Conrad, sighing, "though I would give my life to be assured of it. But you have it in your hearts as warm as ever, though you talk less about it; and that is no doubt right. But you are looking for something new to interest you, and must have change."

"Do you mean to say that our form of government will change?"

"No, not materially; but the spirit of your early history, your 'spirit of '76,' as you call it, is an extinct form of enthusiasm. Your hot adventurers, who know little of the past, cannot feed their imaginations on the glory of their fathers; they wish to make a little fresh glory for themselves."

"And what follows?"

"Look at history and it will tell you. What followed liberty in Athens?"

"Conquest!"

"What in Rome?"

"Conquest, too."

"What is it that has made England a conquering and enterprising power?"

"Do you mean to suggest," said Jenkins, with an expression of surprise, "that Great Britain owes her vigor, these last two centuries, to an infusion of the democratic principle?"

"Why not? The more of democracy the more of war, and the more, too, of public authority and of popular activity. The most despotic empires are the most peaceful. When the will of the multitude rules, you have perpetual wars. Merchants under a strong government delight in war: witness Greece, Carthage, Egypt, England. And you too must come to it. War opens the way for commerce. We say Commerce is king,—we mean to say, interest is king. The Southerner is valiant in defense of his property,—the Englishman in defense of his commerce. The American will again make war, as he has already made it, for his freedom of industry, the liberty to work and sell. He must shut out the foreigner or he starves, and if he cannot otherwise do it, he will fight for it.

"When the American cotton grower, farmer, and cloth maker believe in a common interest, and feel that together they can stand against the world, they will make one nation, and be masters of the seas. In Prussia, the people do not know

what a great government is made for ; they are children. Neither do you Americans understand the matter much better. You are still too speculative and metaphysical ; the old ideas haunt you ; you do not seem to know that your government is an engine of progress. The English aristocracy and the millionaires have the secret of your ignorance, and they regulate your affairs for you, very easily, through books, agents, envoys, and newspapers. One of these days you will be your own masters, and then you will throw the old pilot into the sea, and seize the ship, and the world will be yours ; you will be first in commerce, first in everything. Then you will have fine arts and letters ; now you have the refuse of England reprinted, for your cheap and vulgar market. Europeans have but a qualified respect for you,—it is ‘good boy’—‘smart boy,’ but afraid of his papa,—a great ‘hobby de hoy.’ Faugh ! In fact I sometimes despise America in my heart, and admire England for her skill in governing such a great sly booby as Brother Jonathan, were it not that I despise Prussia more. I will tell you a thing which one of the wisest of your statesmen told to me, a few days before his death,—a man, since Franklin, of unequalled prescience and prudence, and a true Republican. I had been only a week in America, and found your politicians very much heated about the addition of a bit of territory, which they called Texas,—lately settled by a colony of your Southern cut-throats. I was astonished at the stir it made. The old man bade me listen and learn more, and my astonishment would be less. ‘We are at the turning point,’ said he ; ‘the Republic of ’76 is no longer in existence ; we are an Empire,—and now we shall go on conquering,—we shall have a powerful army and navy,—we shall be ambitious,—and profuse, imperial ;—our legislation will be henceforth changed ;—it is a new order of things. The old goes out.’”

Mr. Jenkins, who, though young, had inherited Federal gray hairs, listened with an amused attention to the remarks of the old German, but did not attempt to conceal an expression of incredulity, which rather irritated his companion.

“Young gentleman,” continued the other, “my prophecy is founded on the continuance of your Union ; and that depends on *faith*. Incredulity and want of confidence

in yourselves is the vice of your people, and it may be your ruin. You fancy you know too much. Do not pride yourself on that. You yourself, Mr. Jenkins, do not know a knave from an honest man ; at least if I may judge by your company,” said Conrad, very much irritated.

“Do you mean Demaistre ?” said Jenkins, really offended.

“The same,” said the old radical. “I know the man and his character ; and it surprised me much to see a gentleman, and an honest man, keeping such company. This Demaistre, as you call him, is an adventurer of the worst sort, of base origin, now under an assumed name, a true agent of the devil, distributing vanity and folly among silly women.”

Jenkins could not refrain from laughing at the heat of the stranger’s expression ; but the other either did not or would not observe it, and continued his strictures upon our handsome hero, interspersing a variety of tedious political observations, too hot and acrid for the cultivated taste of an American Democrat.

Jenkins, concealing his knowledge of the man, remarked, that he thought foppery a harmless folly, and beneath criticism.

The German ground his teeth together as if troubled with an inward grief.

“The man,” said Jenkins, “has, perhaps, injured you in some way.”

“As for private griefs,” said Conrad, “I have no spirits to waste upon them. It is society that has injured me, and Demaistre is a pet of society. Society, sir, is rotten, it is aristocratized, corrupted, even in America. This harmless fop, as you seem to think him, with his cat-like affectations, debases and ruins your women.”

“I have heard,” said Jenkins, “that he is quite moral, a very Joseph.”

“A mistake,” said the other, “I can swear, for there are men who will corrupt the imaginations of a hundred women, while you and I, poor rogues, are honestly ruining one. Vanity is the great seducer. A cowardly fop, with the malice of a lap-dog, and the united arts of a card-player and flatterer, let loose upon a society of wealthy parvenus, like yours, will graft moral diseases upon you that neither church nor school can cure. Such an one is this silken-haired, white-faced devil, who calls himself Demaistre, but whose name ought to be

Judas,—at least he is my ideal of that worthy. He is the embodiment of European servility, and his appearance here is an evidence of a new spirit that will spoil your silly Republic."

Jenkins could not avoid laughing outright at the extraordinary excitement of the old German, about so insignificant a person as he took our hero to be; he had not then heard of the terrible affair of C. B——, the great bribe offered to the member from J—k—n, by the Russian Autocrat, to betray the whole Continent to a handful of bayonets. F——nce was certainly mixed up in that business. Could the Widow Tibbs, and the P.'s, and the Q.'s, and the S—'bbs, and C—tt—ings have known it, doubtless they would have had their coats of arms newly furbished.

The talk of the German grew wearisome to Jenkins, who, of all topics, hated a political one. To escape its continuance he drew the old gentleman into a talk upon music, which was a hobby with both. They soon left the Café, and Jenkins, by the invitation of his friend, went with him to his lodgings, though it was late.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FOREIGN ARTIST.

AT Conrad's they found a stranger waiting for that gentleman. This was the veritable Sir Charles Humdrum, gentleman artist, from his studies at Dusseldorf. Attending upon his heels stood the veritable Tom Jotting, the "items man" of the world-wide "Sunday Morning Maniac." As a living representative of English nobility, Sir Charles seemed to be an object of intense and awful interest to Jotting, which he made no effort to hide; and between the knight and his admirer, there was a harmony of natures like that of the sexes, or, not to desecrate that generous relationship, like the affinity between a big schoolboy and his little fag. Sir Charles was a tall, fresh-looking youth, very white and red, and with a noticeably clean skin. It was evident he washed with regularity; and Jotting, who, with a view to correct information, got up an intimacy with his washerwoman, assured me that his shirts, (of fine linen,) two dozen, were changed twice a day. Jotting is happy

at these things, and I shall make bold to insert here a description of Sir Charles, written for the "Maniac":—

"His eye was large and open, with wet-looking lids, like a young heifer's; and his nose turned up at the tip, thin and very white, as though he pulled it much himself. Sir Charles, it was evident, never drank; his dietary holds him to a milk diet, for," said Jotting, rising on the theme, "he had no more of dyspepsia about him than a pig. His teeth, white, long, and even, had a harmless look, and pushed the upper lip a little forward, as though nature had mixed a trace of the herbivorous, or horse temperament, (racer, of course,) in his blood.

"On being introduced he shook hands with his glove between the little finger and the palm, and smiled sweetly like a girl of sixteen, but very cool, like old maids at morning visits the day after a funeral. The unconscious superiority of his nature enabled Sir Charles to govern with discretion a pair of the longest and straightest legs I ever saw, which were, in fact, perfectly continuous with his body from the armpits to the ankles. Their absolute length could not be accurately determined; one could only broach conjecture on that important point from the gentlemanly movement of the hips, which were high and narrow. But what we most admired," continues Jotting, "was the wonderful ease of his fingers, which resembled a bunch of peeled radishes, so easy were they, and independent of each other; so white and taper, with the high blood of Normandy imparting a flush to the cuticle. He gave us his two fingers in a 'lord and master' style, and seemed *ennuyée* with the effort. He coughed slightly, and with great ease; yawned almost imperceptibly, examined my boots an instant with his eye-glass, and turned to a friend, who stood near, as if to say, 'My dear fellow, who the juice have you here?' exactly as English lords do these things in real life."

"You may laugh if you will, sir," said Jotting, as I was looking over the description, in a wet proof of the Maniac, "but I can tell you, sir, there are points about *real* nobility beyond the comprehension of a republican, and one of these is the voice. God knows, my sister has a silvery voice, but Sir Charles's is the pure thing. Voice, Mr. Rigmarole, is a thing that indicates blood. A man must

have it from his grandmother; I do not mean to say that a man ought absolutely to have his grandmother's tone, but he must have her blood in him. A man, sir, must have the blood of his grandmother to have a good voice. A large degree of self-consciousness is equally necessary to the speaking of a good article of English. None but a full-blooded lord can sound the vowels and consonants correctly, or give that sportive, half-lazy, half-impudent drawl, which is so juiced superior. In fact, to speak good English, one must have lounged in an Oxford cloister, after playing trap at Eton with the young aristocracy. Greek accidence is a part of the secret. A neat use of slang, like the acid in punch, never *de trop*, an articulation and cadence like the higher octaves of a boudoir piano, touched by the neat finger of our little Hoffman, (who, now I think of it, bade me give you

a ticket, here it is,)—shall I add spicy hauboyish inflexions of the voice, for the introduction of my gentleman's polished teeth-betrayers, (I mean a smile,) and jaw-depressors, (I mean dashes of aristocratic dullness,) put in as though my gentleman ought not to know anything out of the Court Journal, and cannot recollect his younger brothers' names, were he damned for it;—in fine, an easy evenness of tone and carriage, as though my lord had been in h—I and seen nothing there particularly striking.—Ah, sir, to acquire all this is an art—is high art, and requires a combination of blood and education which only Oxford and St. James's, and a life of easy spending, can give a man; fore Heaven! I am sure to know a gentleman now. I wish only to hear him say, Aw! in the dark; that little exclamation betrays it all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. WAYLAND ON COLLEGIATE REFORM.*

NONE but those who understand a system should endeavor to remodel it. This is a truism, and we wish the truism pardoned for the sake of its character as a text.

Our college system is known to be objectionable. Our graduates are strangely deficient in those branches which the College makes its especial care, and are proverbially ignorant of those practical sciences which exert so weighty an influence on the present world. We find among them few masters of Latin and Greek, fewer still who are at all skilful in mathematics. He would be thought an indifferent French teacher whose pupils, after having been three or four years under his care, were unable to pronounce and translate a page of Molière. Yet it is common knowledge that not one graduate in three can read and translate a section of Tacitus without blundering in his quantities, if not in his rendering. *Rari nantes* are they who can solve you a quadratic equation

on the instant, not to mention the more abstruse problems of the triangle and the cone. Without stopping to enlarge upon what no one will dispute, it may safely be said that a system of education that furnishes such meagre and unsatisfactory results should be looked into and reformed, if reformation be possible; and that the scrutiny should be conducted, and the plan of reformation proposed, by one intimately conversant with the broad and intricate subject of University education.

In such a matter as Collegiate Reform, the first steps towards alteration and improvement must be taken by more competent parties than the superficial public, or the newspaper. Declamation against the conservative College is utterly useless, and is often of positive injury in strengthening the evils which it strives to eradicate. Open abuse only recoils upon itself. Of all the attacks that have been made on our college

* Report to the Corporation of Brown University, on the Changes in the System of Collegiate Education. Read March 28, 1850. Providence: George H. Whitney.

system within the last few years, there have been none in which the spirit of reckless change and undistinguishing rancor against educational conservatism was not so powerful as to baffle its object, and insure for all propositions of reform an indifferent or a hostile reception. Such means of improvement have had their day. A reformer more temperate, better instructed, and more thoroughly clothed with authority, has appeared, whose only misfortune is that his predecessors have been so unworthy of their office and their successor.

Dr. Wayland is admirably fitted for the duty he has undertaken. We do not say this unadvisedly, nor is it a hasty conclusion from the feasibility of the plans which he advocates. He is a close and logical reasoner from his premises; and if we are sure of the truth of the latter, no one can persuade us that his conclusions are erroneous. The unsoundness of the Dr.'s Political Economy arises only from the incorrectness of his premises; the reasoning is as clear and deduct, as a strict regard for the laws of language and logic can make it.* In the pres-

* Dr. Wayland, it is said, is a disciple of McCulloch, i. e., an advocate of the *laissez faire*, or anti-national and anti-American doctrine of trade. He appoints one term (three or four months) *only* to the study of his system of political economy, of which our urbane contributor remarks, that although logically constructed, it is weak in the *premises*; as if one should say, a very good runner, but crippled in the legs. It is said that the political system of the learned Doctor has been made a text-book at Yale and other Colleges. The first premise of the free-trade system, the right leg of the cripple, is that nations ought not to attempt more than one kind of industry;—America ought, for example, to confine herself to corn, cotton and potato culture, giving England a monopoly of all the more difficult and profitable kinds of industry. Now to carry out this "premise" (i. e., the expediency of a complete division of labor among the nations of the earth) to its logical consequences, is it not just and proper that the peculiar industry of the learned professions be divided and appropriated in the same manner? To instance: Let England have all the writers and scholars, lawyers and theologians. Let Germany have all the philosophers and metaphysicians,—Italy all the priests and clergymen,—France all the republican writers, &c., &c. Why not bring everything ready made across the water? Why work against the grain? Why kick against the pricks? What need of learning at all? Why study a course of political economy which teaches us that there is no need of political "economy,"—that *waste* and not "economy" is the true road to national wealth? Colleges in America are mere forced growths,

ent instance, however, we are certain as to premises. What college education is and what it does, we know. A mere reference to catalogues informs us at once of the number of our Colleges; of their text-books and of the changes made in them from time to time; of the number of students in attendance, and of their general and specific plans. On one point only are we left in the dark, nor on this point does Dr. Wayland profess his ability to inform us, namely, the amount of funds already expended by these institutions in their endeavors to establish themselves on secure foundations. We only know that one College alone, from the many that solicit our patronage, audits and publishes an annual Treasurer's Report, and that the expense of each student's education to the public amounts in dollars to four places of figures.

Our Colleges, deficient as their graduates are in the knowledge whose badge they wear, were modelled after the English Universities, exemplars not inglorious or unworthy of imitation. In what trifling deviations their founders saw fit to make, they consulted correct judgment and popular need. The course of study remained substantially the same. The number of years was fixed by standard precedent. The education which these infant and struggling Colleges of New-England gave their pupils, although far less general and diffusive than that which they now offer, was thorough and practical. In their main object, the advancement of the ministry, they were successful even beyond hope. The early theologians of New-England afford a splendid and lasting proof of the efficiency of that system by which their growing minds were nurtured. Institutions to which Edwards, and Dwight, and Emmons were wont to look with filial and affectionate reverence, have no cause to be ashamed of the mode of instruction by which these giants of theological literature were trained; they have better reason to ponder carefully the fact that their alumni are waxing feeblar

like manufactures, and consequently they do not flourish. In fact, political economists of the free-trade school in America ought to engage in potato planting. What manner of men are these who preach one doctrine and practise another? The learned Doctor's logical legs, i. e., his premises, are indeed not only lame, but absolutely wooden,—the true living members having been cut off by the statistical quack salvers of England.—Ed.

with each successive lustrum, and are driven to take up other weapons than those furnished them by *Alma Mater*, if they would combat successfully with a stalwart world around them.

Times changed. Progress, so long the pursuer of a definite and easily discerned path, suddenly branched out in manifold forms, and tended in manifold directions. Science quadrupled its resources. Nature, interrogated by a myriad of eager questioners, spoke so clearly and divinely that her devotees increased with every word. Alas, poor Colleges! you are full of work in educating in your simple Latin, Greek, and pure numbers! What means will you employ to satisfy the clamor rising in your very halls for initiation into the profitable mysteries of practical science, and the new and captivating philosophies which, from their European cradle, are starting up with more than Herculean vigor?

It was impossible for the Colleges, conservative though they were, to preserve their course of study intact. Had they attempted it, their diminished classes would quickly have warned them of their error. Nor would it have been practicable to increase the number of years necessary to the acquisition of a diploma. Had they altered their *system*, appointing to each student such a course as he might choose, the difficulty would have been obviated, and new branches taught without serious detriment to the old. But the ancient and wonted *system*, it was thought, could not be dropped. And so as branch after branch of study was introduced, and the tree of knowledge became expanded by reason of the multitude of its boughs, each branch and bough was clipped shorter and shorter. Dropping the figure, as the number of studies increased, each was taught less perfectly.

"It seems to have been taken for granted that our Colleges were designed exclusively for professional men; that they must teach all that professional men might wish to know; and that all this must be taught in four years. The time of study was not extended, but science after science was added to the course as fast as the pressure from without seemed to require it. The extent to which this system has been carried among us may be seen by observing the annual catalogue of any of our Colleges. In the oldest and most celebrated College of New-

England, the course of study pursued by the undergraduate embraces the following branches of learning, to wit: Latin, Greek, Mathematics, comprehending Geometry and Algebra, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry and Analytical Geometry, Ancient and Modern History, Natural History, Chemistry, Rhetoric, French, Psychology, Ethics, Physics, Logic, Botany, Political Economy, the Evidences of Religion, Constitution of the United States, Mineralogy, Geology, and German or Spanish or an equivalent, together with essays to be written in several of these departments, and instruction in Elocution.

"There are, in the whole four years, one hundred and sixty weeks of study. Suppose that the student pursues twenty of these branches of learning, this will allow eight weeks to each. Seven eighths of the first year, and one half of the second, are devoted to Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. If we subtract this amount, fifty-five weeks, from one hundred and sixty, it leaves one hundred and five weeks to be devoted to the remainder. This will give us six weeks and a fraction to each of the other studies. But this is not all. In order to introduce so many sciences into the period of four years, the student is frequently obliged to carry on five or six at the same time; some occupying him three times, others twice, and others once in a week. In this manner all continuity of thought is interrupted, and literary enthusiasm rendered almost impossible. Such has been, to a greater or less degree, the course pursued by all our Colleges. The greater the number of studies prescribed in the curriculum, the more generous is believed to be the education imparted. When a College is not able to exhibit so extensive a course of instruction, it is considered as a misfortune which nothing can palliate but its pecuniary inability to relieve it.

"And what is the result? Can the work that is marked out in the course of studies in any of our Colleges be performed in four years? Is there any proportion between the labor to be done, and the time in which it is to be accomplished? We have stated the time that is given on an average to each of some twenty sciences, in the foremost College of New-England. Can any one believe that such knowledge of either of them can be acquired in this time, as shall advance the progress of learning, or discipline

the mind of the student? The course of study, as we have remarked, in the English Universities, is extremely limited; the students enter the University from the best of grammar schools, and yet those who are candidates for honors are obliged to study industriously, and frequently intensely. If this is, therefore, a fair measure of what a student can do, what must be the result, if three or four times the amount of labor be imposed upon him?" (Report, pp. 14, 15, 16.)

To meet the wants of the public, and to furnish an education to each student that should enable him to speak with confidence upon the various scientific and philosophical topics of the day, this broad and superficial course was introduced, although so gradually that no alarm was felt at the lengthening list of studies and text-books in the College Catalogues. Parents viewed with delight the vast field of knowledge into which their sons were to be inducted, and if at any time misgivings arose as to the thoroughness with which this knowledge was to be acquired, they were quickly checked by the simple recollection of the wisdom and experience of the teachers who regulated the course. Young men, it is true, doubted their own capability to master all that their wondering eyes saw in the oft-referred-to and portentous scheme, but once entered within college walls they ceased from wonder and anxiety. Difficulties vanished. Science made easy met them at every step with alluring smiles; Philosophies became divested of their rigors; Languages suddenly disowned their mysterious requirements; and gently gliding over a smooth road, easy to the feet and lined with helping vehicles, the neophytes in due time grasped the honored laurel at their journey's end. And with most, the object of a four years' journey had been accomplished. Henceforth who dared question their acquirements, their acquaintance with the philosophies of the moderns, their familiarity with the stately classics? The diploma—was it not an universal passport? Were they not received with favor everywhere as a peculiar and distinguished class? Truly all this was a satisfying reward for so short and so easy a probation.

The public demand being now satisfied, and a guarantee given by the actions of the past that all future requirements would be promptly and fully answered, nothing was more natural than to expect continued and

growing prosperity to the Colleges. The importance of education was fully recognized, graduates were honored, tuition was cheap; what could prevent the increase of classes in individual colleges, and the increase of colleges themselves? Surely if the commodity offered was good, and within universal reach, it would find buyers. And for a time the commodity *was* taken up. Colleges *did* increase. Classes increased. Nor did the latter begin to diminish until the truth forced itself upon the community that the kind of education which had been introduced as the necessity of the age, was an impossibility, a contradiction of itself, which professed to do everything and did nothing well,—which neither made philosophers, nor scientific men, nor linguists,—which by its multifariousness and breadth distracted the mind, and robbed it of that discipline which is the prime desideratum in study; and that the time and money spent in acquiring it might be more profitably employed in other ways.

As the number of students diminished, effort was made to arrest the decrease by lowering the rate of tuition. This could not be a local measure, for if one college was enabled to afford equally good education with others at a much less cost, it is evident that it would soon be crowded at the expense of the others. As soon, therefore, as appeals were made to public benevolence in behalf of one institution, the public was universally besieged with similar demands. Denominations rallied around their own seminaries. Competition continued. Funds were provided by which young men, who, to use a current expression, were able to bring "satisfactory evidence of poverty," were educated gratuitously. Colleges have ceased to support themselves. "If it be desired to render a college prosperous, we do not so much ask in what way we can afford the best education, or confer the greatest benefit on the community, but how we can raise funds, by which our tuition may be most effectually reduced in price, or given away altogether."

That the demands made by American Colleges have been liberally met, those acquainted with the subject will readily allow, although the magnitude of the funds contributed cannot be easily ascertained. But something like an estimate may be formed from the Report of the Treasurer of Harvard

College, touching the sum appropriated to the education of undergraduates. The fund employed for this purpose amounts to \$467,162 17. The interest of this sum, with the tuition fees, supports the institution. This interest is \$28,029 72, which is the expense of education to the College, besides what is received for tuition. Dividing this sum by the average number of graduates for the last ten years, fifty-seven, the portion received by each graduate is \$491 01. The money expended in buildings, land, apparatus, &c., probably equals that at interest. Whence we are forced to the conclusion that every graduate of this institution, in addition to all that he pays for his own education, costs the public about \$1000. This sum is somewhat above that in most other colleges, still it points us clearly to the fact that every alumnus of every endowed institution is a pensioner upon the public, and that the expense to which both he and the public are subjected is not counterbalanced by the defective education he receives. The results arrived at do not pay for the processes. To substantiate this let us look at three statements, two of which Dr. Wayland establishes by the most irrefragable proof; the other is only capable of a moral demonstration.

Firstly, to prove that the number of educated men in the community has not been increased by the reduction of tuition and the enlargement of the course of study, a table of the annual average of students during the last twenty years in twelve New-England Colleges is submitted to us, compiled from sources abundantly reliable. We find that

"From 1830 to 1834, the average number was....	1560
From 1835 to 1839, " " " "	1803
From 1840 to 1844, " " " "	2063
From 1844 to 1849, " " " "	2000
In the year 1850, the number was.....	1884

"In the year 1849, the number was only seven greater than in 1835; and in 1850 only fifty-one greater than in 1836." (Report, p. 30.)

In view of this we cannot dissent from the inference that "from these facts it would certainly appear that the number of those who are seeking a collegiate education is actually growing less, and this moreover at a time when the subject of education has attracted the attention of our whole community to a degree altogether unprecedented in our history."

Touching the second statement, we do not propose to argue upon the question whether the standard of professional ability has been raised within the last thirty years. Upon this point widely different opinions are entertained. We can only represent the general belief, that there are less inducements to enter the professions than formerly, that they are not necessarily more ennobling than the higher branches of commerce, and that the number of powerful and eminent professional men is not noticeably on the increase.

The third statement is as true, as it is indicative of a mortifying fact. The reduction of the cost of collegiate education has been made mainly to increase the number of preachers, by affording candidates for the sacred office the utmost facilities. This end attained, and the means are proved correct. Facts show us that the means have resulted in effects directly contrary to those intended.

"We take the Seminaries of Bangor, Andover, Cambridge, Newton, New-Haven, and East Windsor, and find that the average, for periods of five years, of their aggregate number of students, is as follows:—

From 1830 to 1834, the average is.....	263
" 1835 to 1839, " " " "	346
" 1840 to 1844, " " " "	350
" 1845 to 1849, " " " "	290

"The whole number for the last year is 261. This is less by ten than that for the year 1833. From 1830 to 1840 the number of students increased from 253 to 373, and from 1840 to 1850 it has decreased from 373 to 261; that is, it is only eight more now than it was thirty years ago." (Report, p. 33.)

From the facts before us is it unreasonable to conclude that the education furnished at our Colleges, and the manner in which it is given, are unacceptable to the people, and are deficient in those results which alone make instruction useful? Is it a fact unworthy of notice that many of our alumni, who were certainly not idle in College, are obliged to go through with a thorough revision of classic elements upon entering professional schools, when every one who bears a diploma should be intimately conversant with the principles and structure of Greek and Latin? Must there not be a fault somewhere if the mental discipline of the professed student compares unfavorably with that of the lawyer's clerk, who has worked

his way into the office from the plough or the workshop; or with that of the young merchant whose evenings only have been spared by the relentless demands of trade? Not that this is necessarily or always the case, but that its frequent occurrence leads us to suspect that other causes than natural indolence in the student tend to bring it about. Against the influence of a constantly shifting and superficial course of study; of barren formulas whose results are never reached; of outlined philosophies, whose beauty lies only in incompleteness, and whose completion is never intended; of multifarious branches forced in promiscuous heaps upon the distracted mind, the ardent resolves and ambitious desires of few can hold out. In attempting to gain insight into all proposed for its examination, the reasoning power succumbs, and sinks into a deceitful and lethargic ease. The memory is overburdened, and shakes off its duties altogether. The mind, losing its wonted and healthy action, gradually becomes satisfied to take everything for granted, and to escape from the task of analyzing, through the easy road of passive belief. A few vigorous intellects conquer the difficulties of their position, and gain strength by disarming a power that has already left them the sole survivors of a melancholy contest.

The plan which Dr. Wayland proposes as a remedy for these evils is one which in its substantial features, though with slight modifications, has been gaining much favor as theory, and has achieved desirable success in practice. It is that the present system of adjusting collegiate study to a specific term of years be abandoned; that the time allotted to each course of instruction depend on the nature of the course, and not on its supposed adaptations to the wants of any particular profession; that the various courses be so arranged, that so far as it is practicable each student may study what he chooses, all he chooses, and nothing but what he chooses; that no student be admitted as a candidate for a degree, unless he has honorably sustained his examination in such studies as may be ordained by the corporation, but that no student be under any obligation to proceed to a degree unless he chooses; and that each student be entitled to a certificate of such proficiency as he may have made in every course that he has pursued.

We subjoin the courses of instruction which Dr. Wayland thinks feasible:—

1. A course of instruction in Latin, occupying two years
2. " " in Greek, occupying two years.
3. " " in three Modern Languages.
4. " " in Pure Mathematics, two years.
5. " " in Mechanics, Optics, and Astronomy, either with or without Mathematical demonstrations, one and a half years.
6. " " in Chemistry, Physiology, and Geology, one and a half years.
7. " " in the English Language and Rhetoric, one year.
8. " " in Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, one year.
9. " " in Political Economy, one term.
10. " " in History, one term.
11. " " in the Science of Teaching.
12. " " on the Principles of Agriculture.
13. " " on the Application of Chemistry to the Arts.
14. " " on the Application of Science to the Arts.
15. " " in the Science of Law.

This system, it will be seen, while it includes all the branches at present taught in our Colleges, and leaves ample room for the introduction of as many more as may seem desirable, permits each student to select such studies as suit his own views or those of his parents, and gives him sufficient time to acquire a thorough knowledge of every branch he undertakes. It offers no obstacles to those who are preparing themselves to enter professions, but rather favors their progress in their definite studies by releasing them from those branches which they would find of little practical use, and for which they have but little inclination. It favors such as are unwilling or unable to spend four years in a diffusive and preparatory college course, by permitting them through close study of a few distinct branches to qualify themselves for a profession. It gives opportunity to those who wish to pursue a more liberal course of education to remain in college five or six years, instead of the present number. It offers great advantages to the many young men who wish to share the general privileges of a collegiate education without a long and laborious study of the classics, and who intend to enter the more active departments of life. At present this class are compelled to depend on private, and therefore expensive study, or public lectures. Professional students, then, would not be diminished; the average number of years spent in college would remain nearly the same as at present; the number of students of all kinds would be largely increased, and the blessings of education proportionably extended. The student who used rea-

sonable diligence would gain knowledge systematically and with enthusiasm. In every step of his duty he would be attended by interest, and the alliance of interest and duty is proverbially efficient. In whatever branches he might undertake he would be stimulated by an ambition to master, and excel in, his own choice. There could no longer exist complaints against an arbitrary and unseasonable imposition of studies, since every one would be free to follow his own inclinations. Our Colleges would escape the charge of exclusiveness which is now urged against them with too much truth. That they were primarily designed for professional men is no more true, than that in confining their blessings to that class of men, they are erring grievously against a liberal and Christian policy. They make appeals to all classes of men; it is but right that they should extend their privileges to all classes, without subjecting such as would participate to an unnecessary and distasteful prescription of study. Let their diplomas, if in them there exists a magic and sacred charm, be given only to those who satisfy certain conditions; but let their advantages, which generous communities have contributed to establish, be as generously afforded to those who are willing to make a slight sacrifice to obtain them. The fear that our Colleges will become too cheap is unworthy and unenlightened. The fear that their present advantages will become less and less worthy the price demanded for them is not so irrational.

Setting aside, however, justice and expediency, is it not *necessary* that a change that shall bring about the advantages above hinted at, be introduced?

"To us, it seems that but little option is left to the Colleges in this matter. Any one who will observe the progress which, within the last thirty years, has been made by the productive classes of society, in power, wealth, and influence, must be convinced that a system of education, practically restricted to a class vastly smaller, and rapidly decreasing in influence, cannot possibly continue. Within a few years the manufacturing interest has wrung the Corn Laws from the aristocracy of Great Britain. Let any one recall the relative position of the professions, and of the mercantile and manufacturing interests, in any of our cities, twenty years since, and compare it with their

relative position now, and he cannot but be convinced that a great and a progressive change has taken place. Men who do not design to educate their sons for the professions, are capable of determining upon the kind of instruction which they need. If the Colleges will not furnish it, they are able to provide it for themselves; and they will provide it. In New-York and Massachusetts incipient measures have been taken for establishing Agricultural Colleges. The bill before the Legislature of New-York provides for instruction in all the branches taught in our Colleges, with the exception of languages. It is to be, in fact, an institution for giving all the education which we now give, agricultural science being substituted for Latin and Greek. What is proposed to be done for the farmers must soon be done either for or by the manufacturers and merchants. In this manner, each productive department will have its own school, in which its own particular branch of knowledge will be taught, besides the other ordinary studies of a liberal education. A large portion of the instruction communicated will thus be the same for all. Mathematics, Mechanics, Chemistry, Physiology, Rhetoric, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, and Political Economy will be taught in them all. The Colleges teach precisely the same sciences, with the addition of Latin and Greek, in the place of the knowledge designed in these separate schools for a particular profession.

"If the *prestige* of Colleges should thus be destroyed, and it be found that as good an education as they furnish can be obtained in any of those other schools, the number of their students will be sensibly diminished. If by this dissemination of science among all the other classes of society, the tendency towards the professions should be still farther arrested, the Colleges will be deserted by yet larger numbers. They may become very good foundations for the support of instructors, but very few will be found to avail themselves of their instructions." (Report, pp. 59, 60.)

The economy with which large establishments may be managed, the ease with which a skilful teacher may instruct a large number, and the existing arrangements already in our Colleges, speak powerfully against the establishment of these various new schools in which the same sciences are

to be taught. The Colleges possess libraries, and apparatus, and buildings. By a modification of their present system these might be made far more productive and useful than they now are; and the numbers who are waiting to enter schools where their wants will be cared for, or are turning away in despair of the education they need, would immediately gather about the College, augmenting its funds, and indefinitely extending its influence. The dusty volumes that now sleep an unbroken and useless slumber on the dark library shelves would be awakened into a benign life; the apparatus now used once or twice in a year would be kept in more constant employment; and in place of a recitation room barely able to hold twenty students, there would be ampler halls more generously filled. Teachers rewarded by interested scholars would instruct with zeal and ardor, and push their own private researches with that enthusiasm which is only created by a sense of appreciated labor. Each College would become a body of many members, and each member contribute to the health and vigor of the whole frame.

We are not of the number of those who advocate a return to the primitive studies of the college course, who would lop off the beautiful and productive sciences of the present day, the subtle philosophies of metaphysical criticism, the Economies of Politics and Wealth; and would confine us to Homer, Tacitus, and Euclid. Those who advise this course will not be strongly opposed, for no opposition is necessary. In our present state of enlightenment, amid the universal call for generous education, a return to such a course would empty our Colleges at once.

The change that is demanded must come in the manner we have been laboring to explain, or in some similar way. That it must come, and that too in the lives of men now living, we are fully persuaded. Meanwhile the age will labor to satisfy its wants, and if it can provide institutions better fitted than the conservative College to meet its demands, it will have no hesitation in rearing them. The Colleges cannot altogether die. They are, perhaps, needed in their present state for a peculiar class, and their duration will be coeval with the existence of Clergy, Lawyers and Physicians. But these form but a small part of the community, and so long as the College restricts its especial privileges

to *them*, it must maintain but a feeble vitality, do but partial good, and often call for aid on the people whom it slights. A far-seeing and enlightened policy dictates speedy reformation, a reformation which the public can only induce by opinion, but whose omission they can punish by indifference to all calls for assistance.

In education as in all things else we shall never reach perfection. In whatever system we adopt, we shall find that our theoretic wheels creak, and often clog; that results upon which we had calculated fail to appear; and that processes that we fancied clear and simple often lose us in doubt and bewilderment. Among those whom we would instruct are the negligent and vicious, whose example paralyzes industry, whom no entreaties can persuade, and no penalties reform. A lesser part sacrifice health and general knowledge to an intense application to favorite studies. The majority, of average desires and capabilities, need constant urging to their complete duty. Here the distinction between an efficient and an inefficient course of study becomes apparent, and the proper system clearly understood. Let what is to be done be suited to the power of the individual to do. Ally inclination with duty, and let the desire to do well be paramount to the desire to do much.

In an elective course of study the teacher is necessarily more confident of attaining these desirable results than in a course where he is obliged to talk to many unwilling ears. In teaching, as in oratory, success and enthusiasm depend largely upon the attention paid by those to whom we speak, and the manner in which it is given. Pupils must be interested or they cannot be taught. The instruction they receive must be given them by a zealous and enthusiastic teacher, or it will go no farther than their ears or lips. Our present College system is not calculated to arouse this interest and enthusiasm in the student or teacher. And it is not asking too much to demand that it be remodelled, and adapted to the wants of the mind as well as the wants of the age. The capacity of the individual mind remains the same, while the field of intellectual action is widening every day. A man now cannot know all sciences, any more than a workman can drive all trades. Let us divide and apportion labor, and do perfectly what we do at all.

C. B.

THE AMERICAN AVATAR:

SAGE, POET, AND HERO.

THE People of America have shown their spirit and liberality, in vulgar matters of trade and polity, by a scrupulous attention to the advice and example of their superiors on the other side of the Atlantic; but it continues to be regretted among their friends, that in the elegancies and refinements, especially of letters, they continue blind to the advantages of some institutions. With nothing to revere but a set of traditionary parchments, and nothing to admire but the empty noises of a few orators, and the shrewd somersets of certain cunning editors,—who demonstrate by a laborious adroitness that the centre of gravity in man is nearer the stomach than the head,—the advent of a foreign wonder gives opportunity among them for the bursting forth of a torrent of long-pent enthusiasm.

On the arrival of the famous chronicler of the Two Horsemen, as well as on the first announcement of the Woolly Horse, the more thoughtful portion of the community were put in mind of the existence in the popular soul of an aching, distended faculty of wonder and worship, which seizes upon the most ridiculous and imbecile novelties to gratify itself.

The enthusiasm awakened by the arrivals above mentioned, having by this time almost subsided, and the real nature of the two *lusus naturæ* very generally known,* there is leisure to think upon the popular tendency itself, of which they were the *vents*, and to devise, if possible, some permanent institution of cure.

A monarchy, with its valuable appendages, cannot be looked for among a people so poor and rude as we; though it must be confessed, a leaning that way may be ob-

served among the select few, whose untiring efforts to introduce the manners and morals of a court among people of leisure, deserve high commendation.

In the painful absence of that grand and natural outlet, the people fall victims to an occasional ecstasy of an hysterical kind, bursting out upon everything novel or presumptuous, or that has the least taint of mystery about it. The malady is not indeed without its doctors, who have their pharmacopœia to allay rising irritations, and avert the catastrophe of a *true mania*. One of these worthy practitioners, whose successes entitle him to our confidence and our fees, has even established a grand infirmary in this city, which is annually visited by myriads. Among the methods of cure suggested by his powerful genius, and the collection of dried simples in his Museum, there is perhaps no possible variety of the disease that cannot find its palliative at least, and perhaps its cure.

In view of the eminent services rendered by that Person, we would here suggest that a grand school of design be established by Government, and named after him, in which, by competent masters, instruction shall be given in the various curative processes invented by him. The cures are made principally through the eye, by presenting certain forms and appearances to the afflicted person. The objects used, or made, for this purpose are medicated with a substance found in the bottom of the cup that was held by the Woman in the Apocalypse, and upset by Martin the monk. It is said to be a peculiar *substance*, or first principle, without its peer in chemistry, and the person alluded to is supposed to be its rediscoverer in America.

At this school instruction should be given in the various preparations of the Substance; the secret of preparing it *in esse* to be retained by Government for the common good. As, out of sugar, figures of every kind are fabricated for the solace of children and

* The horse and the chronicler on a careful examination were proved to be in all respects like others of their species, and very plain hacks at that, the single peculiarity of the *wool* and the *two horsemen* entitling them to rank among curiosities.

idlers, so out of this mysterious Substance, spiced, tempered, sweetened, and painted to all tastes and fancies, the pupil may be taught to mould an infinite variety of things. We trust our readers will not think it too gross a trespass on their confidence, if we aver, that no product of human wisdom or ingenuity is so rare, so exquisite, or so complicated, as to escape imitation in this art. An epic poem, a pill, a statue, an Act of Congress, a patriot, a mermaid, and a pilgrim speech for a British Minister, can be moulded with equal facility out of this plastic Substance.

Philosophers in dark ages talked of their elixirs, their universal solvents, their alchemical stones, their *magna arcana*, and what not else; but never, in all our readings, have we found a single proof of the existence of these. All, however, are comprehended under the one new Substance, since out of that, there is nothing so strange or incredible it cannot be devised.

Of the value of this invention to any government it is not our cue to speak at present; in fact, the crude material, adulterated with various inert matters, has been in a kind of blind use by politicians, time out of mind. Our Inventor lays claim only to the discovery of the *pure thing*.*

That the fabrication of *forms* and *appearances*, out of the thing which we are describing, must be classed among *fine* or *liberal* arts, might be proven by many instances. Not to mention the vast quantities of books, pictures and ornamental work, composed now-a-days entirely, or with a large admixture of it, need we name the many distinguished orators, politicians, philosophers, editors, lawyers, doctors, musicians, and managers of theatres who rely upon it? Indeed, liberality of mind is generally thought necessary to a full understanding of its nature and properties. 'Tis needless, therefore, to waste argument upon that topic.

Its original remains as yet an utter secret with the discoverer. In the absence of certain proofs we have heard various conjectures upon its nature. Botanical investigators

contend that the pure *Substantia Barni* is the essential principle or alcaloid of the *Humulus* or Hop; averring that it was first discovered in the bottom of a glass of English ale. This opinion they weakly support from the parasitic habits of the hop, and from the quantity of it grown in England, which they also declare is the native country and true habitat of the *Principle* itself.

Another learned savan prefers the British ivy, which, he says, by its external traits betrays the presence of the substance; it is "*creeping, dirty, and dangling*." Others name a kind of stink-weed, well known for its anti-hysterical properties, and for its constant habitat in streets, by-ways, and public squares, and wherever the earth is trodden bare by hoofs of swine.

Some of our mineralogists, on the other hand, pretend they find it in the *verd antique*, but are certainly misled by the name of that stone, *ancient greenness* being but a loose translation of the name, and signifying none of its essential properties. Others again prefer the cobalt, on Rosicrusian grounds, Kobold being the demon of the mine, who obstructs useful labor, and robs industry of its reward. By some, with a deep show of science, the mysterious properties of gold are attributed to the *substantia Barni*. These speculators ridicule the old opinion that gold is a *simple* element, saying, that as it is of all things attracted by the Substance in question, that attraction must be explained by the presence of the same as one of its constituent parts. They reason clearly from their principle of *similia similibus*—in the vernacular, "Birds of a feather," &c. Their skill in the practical uses, leads us to place confidence in their chemical derivation of the new element. As usual, the physiologists cannot be silent when their brother savans are talking, and affect to derive the new principle from a certain part of the brain of man, but from what convolution they dispute.

Unscientific people insist that it is *all in their eyes*; but prejudices of the vulgar need not occupy us; nor, if organs are in question, have the *ears* an inferior claim. Indeed, very ancient authors have obscurely hinted a virtue in long ears; impressive animals of quick hearing have long ears: it is possible that in future editions of the Pharmacopeia, the auricular appendages of long-eared animals may be recommended in decoction before sitting down to the *London Times*.

* To the curious reader it will be gratifying to learn that a series of scientific papers on some of the more recondite applications of the Substance, is being edited under the jocular title of *Latt-r-Day Pamphlets*, by one Thomas Carlyle, a Scotchman in England.

Impressed by the great importance of his discovery, we have pondered much and long by what public testimonials our Inventor may be best honored, and his name and fame transmitted to posterity. Titles and armorial bearings cannot be granted by our Government; a difficulty easily gotten over by a suitable application to the English, who have a constitutional power in such matters unlimited. Let the value of the discovery, as tested by himself in various diplomatic emergencies, be represented to her Britannic Majesty by that obsequious and obliging person, the British Minister, and a patent of nobility solicited for the inventor. A coat of arms he may adopt for himself; and we would humbly suggest, instead of the unmeaning griffon which adorns the coach-doors and tea-spoons of our republican gentry, a *Humbag rampant on a field vert*.

As a more solid testimonial, we propose that an office be established, hitherto unknown in this country, that of Poet Laureate, and that the distinguished Person so often alluded to, be made Patron of the office, with a suitable salary, to select a candidate—the merit of best celebrating the grand discovery in verse to be the test of fitness; for no man will doubt that the poet who can best celebrate a virtue or a merit in general, will be as well fitted to do the same for its particulars.

As we now enjoy the happiness of living in an age that for the encouragement of native genius excels all that have gone before it,—an age when virtue is by no means supposed to be its own reward,—we cannot but wish to see poetry restored to that dignity and profit which it enjoyed of old. And what more certain method can be found of raising it to that pristine dignity and splendor than the crowning of some worthy practitioner of the art with public honors? Nor should a more substantial testimony be neglected. Fame is said to be the food of poets, though it might be shown, with some force of reason, that the greatest conceivable quantity of fame will not outweigh at need a single ounce of bread. We are nevertheless persuaded that the airy aliment does serve upon occasions as a placebo to the appetite, cheating nature with a windy distention.

Now it is a matter of dispute among savans, whether fame itself, that airy principle

hungered after by the mist-swallowing tribe of rhymesters, is not essentially one in its nature with the newly discovered *substantia Barni*. The words *fama*, fame, and *fames*, hunger, are singularly alike in sound; and if they are also in derivation, how fitting an ode, *Ad Substantiam Barni*, might not be written by the ambitious candidate. Would it not be an ode to Fame, the blest goddess of his soul?

Cavillers will object that no poet, rising from extreme want to the sudden enjoyment of wealth, would thereafter produce rhymes; an objection merely speculative, there being no instance, as we remember, of so singular an accident. The good meat and generous wine which he would discover in his crib one fine morning would doubtless raise him to a high pitch of adoration and of gratitude, passions highly conducive to the production of an ode. Objectors, a kind of people who delight in throwing obstacles in the way of all ameliorations, adduce the danger of such a proceeding from the case of Collins the poet, who was turned into a drivelling idiot by a sudden rise of fortune. Folly, they say, lurks in *esse* in the brain of the poet, and verses are the issue thereof; and it would be a piece of gratuitous malice to take away from a poor devil of a rhymester his sole means of a mental equilibrium, by choking down his humor with a fat annuity.

By this objection we confess ourselves staggered. The mild attack of verse malady which visits us in March, and about Christmas time, is a sensible relief to the brain; and while one editor indulges in a bout of drinking, another in a tremendous dose of free-trade statistics, another in an amour with his neighbor's wife, and another, more afflicted still, in a duel,—each according to the peculiar folly of his nature expelling the vicious humor,—we find ourselves fully relieved by a sonnet, which is a sensible cause of gratitude; of all vices, the sonnet being the least injurious to the public, who in fact never regard it.

To meet the danger above hinted, our Laureate might be bound as a contractor, in the penalty of his income, to furnish each year a certain quantity of verse, which shall be examined by his patron, to condemn all rotten verses, point out metrical gaps and flaws to be filled in, and remand the kidnapped and stolen ones, without appeal or benefit of *habeas corpus*.

Quantity is an element of the sublime and beautiful. Is not beauty proportion, and proportion a species of quantity? And is not magnitude a fundamental cause of the sublime? The fecundity of Lope de Vega is an undying topic of praise and wonder, though none read his works. Through the eye, his fame lives in perpetuity to us. We have heard the authenticity of Homer seriously impugned, on the ground that no one man could have written so many verses; an objection easily set aside, since the appearance of our great American epic, "Liberty's Triumph."

And yet future generations—perhaps the very next generation of critics—so doth the wheel turn—will start a question of the authenticity of that poem, averring that no man could have written so much; and they will pretend—arrant skeptics as they are—that it is a patch-work of school histories and old traditions, strung together by some ale-house club in the country. To save the valuable time of these, our star-police of letters, let an affidavit of its authorship be cut in epic type on the base-stone of the Washington Monument.

We would here venture to suggest, though with sentiments of the deepest respect, that there remains one method of delighting and astonishing the world, as yet untried by our great Inventor, and of which we here put in the claim of first discovery. He has shown us the largest man and the smallest, side by side—contrast incredible! We have seen the most numerous orchestra, the largest hog, and the greatest fool in the universe; the longest picture too has amazed and satisfied us; but we have not yet seen the LONGEST POEM. Let him, as the patron of our bard of bards, secure the credit of its production to our beloved country, and, with the progress of the *sleepers* of our great Pacific Railroad, verse after verse, let the *longest poem* move out in the direction of eternity.

Having his stint of so many thousand lines a year of this fame's ladder, with the liberty of a corps of verse-engineers or copyists, our contractor shall be required to deposit two fair copies of each year's work of his great Bagavatgeeta, or poem of gods and heroes, in the national library, after its reading before the assembled Houses. Would not the debates in Congress, rhymed in a flowing octo-syllabic verse, be the most valu-

able gift of each year to the year succeeding; and would not the bosoms of our ardent patriots swell to the sonorous sound of their arguments, galloped along the metres of a vigorous epic? After such a hearing, which could not occupy above six days, preceding the business of the session, would there not be an inclination to a more summary dispatch of business, and the cost thereby saved keep a dozen epic poets in a style becoming the metrical historiographers of a great republic?

As is natural with reformers, the more objections we discover and confute, the deeper we are in love with the project. The ease with which the cavils of the bigoted and the fears of the skeptical give way before us in the course of this argument, leads us happily to believe that all men will think as we do, and concede a general approval.

Public attention would be immediately turned upon the candidate for this office; for it were an offense to decency and would raise gross suspicions were it to fall upon any obscure, or other than a celebrated person. Yet it would be unbecoming, on the other hand, to take away the breath out of men's mouths by plumping the matter in their faces without due preparation. If we first agree among ourselves upon the traits, talents and properties of an ideal American Poet Laureate, whose duty it shall be to sing the glories of each year to the audiences of the next, it will then be a task of little difficulty to select the MAN: he will be chosen, as it were, by his deeds and his character.

If we have rightly conceived him, he should be endowed with infinite humility and acquiescence, a mere mirror of his age; his own personality sunk in that which he represents. The very genius of art is representation; and could anything be more offensive than to find a poor devil of a rhymester thrusting in his penury-stricken individualities amongst those of heroes and statesmen?

By this consideration we set aside what has sometimes been offered, that the poet of a war-like people should be endowed by nature with courage, the eminent property of a man. It was indeed said of Tasso, the most courageous gentleman of his time, that in writing and in fighting he surpassed all the Italians, and on one occasion put three armed men to flight with his single rapier.

By a parallel reason our republican Laureate should excel his peers in the use of the pen, the pistol, and the sword. A nose and a rear virgin to assault, is the hard condition imposed by these unthinking critics upon our Epic candidate. We trust their arguments are already quashed.

Few will contradict us if we put a strong head for drinking second among the qualifications of our Laureate. Were it merely to be a sot, a hundred would start forward at once from the literary tribe, and a choice become impossible, through mere equality of merit. To drink always and never to be drunk is rare, and we have but one poet in our eye who can ascend upon the strength of that virtue. When we consider the demands that will be made upon the drinking powers of our Laureate, by the gratitude and good nature of the numerous orators and debaters, whose labors it will be his dignified task to do into verse—the countless dinners, jollifications, and social skirmishes, as the repository of reputations, and the celebrator of the people's idols, to which he must submit, a doubt arises whether strength of head should not be first weighed in order, by how much we value the life of a citizen above our own epic fame.

The choice of a Laureate, by the practice of antiquity, and of our patrons and models the modern English, must be for life, and by the authority of some prince or royal person; to which last we can but approximate in that king of men and wonder of the age, our distinguished Inventor. No man will be removed from the station of Poet Laureate during the term of his life, although greater geniuses and better drinkers may arise in his day. Rotation in this office cannot be thought of; for if any man has become once a professed poet, he thereby seems to signify by a kind of public confession, his incapacity for any useful art; and the function of bard, in this age of utilities, is consequently more prevalent among the gentler sex—much more than of a Laureate. It is said of poets, as of another kind of artists, once a ——— always a ———, once a rhymester always a rhymester; but though a king's mistress, touching the eminence of her profession, may aspire to become the wife of a subject, the salaried laudator and bard of the nation could not with decency step into any useful employment, were it even the tending of an apple stall.

We trust our democratic friends will not desecrate the sacred office of Vates to make it a prize of demagogues, subject to a vicious majority of one, who may be, for aught they know, some rogue of a tailor, or bookseller. If the office of door-keeper could occupy two weeks of the precious assiduities of the House, would there not be serious danger the office of Laudator General, or door-keeper to the House of Fame, might excite a controversy that would consume an entire session, ending, perhaps, in the dissolution of the Union?

It is commonly believed there are but three things for which men will readily sacrifice their reputation—to wit, place, money, or a mistress; but when fame alone is in contest, it is dearer than life. Hence the requisites of our Laureate, submissiveness and a hard head. Sweet words turn away wrath, drink dissipates bad humors, and when a jolly Member finds himself eternally lampooned, and traduced to all posterity by the mere octo-syllabification of his Bunkum fustian, our Laureate will have no choice but to drink him under.

These physical qualifications are, however, among the least of our demand. Our arch-poet should be an improvisatore, or chanter of extempore verses upon any accidental topic, were it only the bleeding of a horse, with a power of magniloquence to over-dress the most contemptible topics; for, sayeth Aristotle, "The ornate style is proper to the meaner parts of a discourse," as the silliest fops require the longest toilette. Great matters recommend themselves, but the meaner the person, the more need hath he of good letters.

A tender and sentimental cast of mind may be set down among the essentials, tinged, if possible, with the scriptural or prophetic, to give a little more popular dignity to the function; for, with political prophecies the ignorant are as easily amazed as with the mysterious predictions of a tricky card-player. The ace of trumps will turn up at the crisis, and for good reasons, as he keeps it in his sleeve; hence the expression, "to laugh in one's sleeve," which was not, as some ignorantly suppose, derived from the large and flowing sleeves of bishops.

Our laudator should also be a professed and most distant, and, as it were, trembling admirer of the female sex. A bachelor were preferable for the office, from the fact, well

ascertained, that your married men abate much of their poetic enthusiasm, either from too harsh acquaintance with realities, or from nature diverted and qualified.

In short, nothing should be omitted to insure a popular incumbency in an office not less important than the Papacy itself, if we consider it well, since nothing *damns* one more effectually than the praises of a mediocre poet; which are a kind of excommunication more dreadful to a man of sense, than the thunders of the Vatican; as one would rather die by lightning than fall a victim to bad smells. Besides, both are the key-keepers of eternity. *Vox vatis vox Dei.*

The learned Paulus Jovius has given an account of the ceremony practised on the induction of a Poet Laureate in the time of Leo Tenth. A learned and pious translator gives us the following version of his account:

"Camillo, a plain countryman of Apulia, excited by the fame of the great encouragement given to poets at court, and the high honor in which they were held, came to the city, bringing with him a strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least some *twenty thousand of verses*. All the wits and critics of the court flocked about him, delighted to see a clown, with a ruddy, hale complexion, and in his own long hair, so top full of poetry; and at the first sight of him all agreed he was born to be Poet Laureate. He had a most hearty welcome in an island of the river Tiber," (an island in the Potomac would serve,) "where he was first made to eat and drink plentifully, and to repeat his verses to everybody. Then they adorned him with a new and elegant garland, composed of vine-leaves, laurel, and brassica, (a sort of cabbage,) so composed, says my author, emblematically, *ut tam false quam lepide ejus temulentia, brassicæ remedio cohibenda, notaretur*. He was then saluted, by common consent, with the title of *Archipoeta*, or arch-poet in the style of those days, in ours, Poet Laureate. This honor the poor man received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eyes drunk with tears and gladness. Next the public acclamation was expressed in a canticle, which is transmitted to us, and may be translated—

'All hail, Arch-poet, without peer
Vine, bay, or cabbage fit to wear,
And worthy of the prince's ear.'

"From hence he was conducted in pomp

to the Capitol of Rome, mounted on an elephant, through the shouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

"At his introduction to Leo, he not only poured forth verses innumerable like a torrent, but also sung them with open mouth, (*patulo ore*;) nor was he only once introduced, or on stated days, (like our Laureate,) but made a companion to his master, and entertained as one of the instruments of his most elegant pleasures. When the prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window. When the prince had half eaten his meat, (*semesis apsoniis*;) he gave, with his own hands, the rest to the poet. When the poet drank, it was out of the prince's own flagon. Insomuch, says the historian, that through so great good eating and drinking, he contracted a most terrible gout." Sorry am I to relate what follows, continues our judicious translator, but that I cannot leave my reader's curiosity unsatisfied in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man. To use my author's words, which are remarkable, *Mortuo Leone, profligatisque poetis*, etc.:

"When Leo died and poets were no more, (for I would not understand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were profligate,) this unhappy Laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his own country, where, oppressed with old age and want, he miserably perished in a common hospital."

From this description we are led to form an enthusiastic opinion of the pastoral simplicity of those days; but it will be clearly difficult to institute a similar ceremony, from the present cold indifference to poetic merit: an indifference in some degree creditable however to the age itself, which produces so vast an abundance of bards as to have a cheapening effect upon their productions, though it takes nothing from individual merit; for clearly, the existence of a thousand Iliads of equal ability does not detract from the merit of any one of them, though it may take something from our ignorant veneration of the same.

As a faint imitation of the ceremony described by Jovius, we may substitute a magnificent Progress from the birth-place or residence of our Arch-poet to the Capitol. This progress will give the artists of all kinds an opportunity of exhibiting their parts. Statuaries, painters, model artists, singers, dancers, players upon musical instruments, theatrical performers, Bunkum

speakers, free-trade lecturers, mesmerizers, homœopathists, menagerie keepers, pill-vendors, advertisers, editors, *et id genus omne*, the grand company of showmen, each with their several wares, and engaged in the occupations proper to their art, escorted by a company of poets and sonneteers, a grand festival procession of the Arts, headed by our great Inventor and his Arch-poet on an elephant, would be a spectacle to rival the World's Fair, and that would be followed by as many myriads as ever sweated at the wheels of a triumphal chariot,

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome."

Emblems and devices the most extraordinary might be devised for the illustration of so magnificent a scene.

The broad banner of the Continent, emblazoned with the grand device of the nineteenth century, a lion swallowing an eagle, beginning at the head, would float becomingly over each group.

While we were indulging our imagination with the conception of this grand occasion, sleep stole gradually upon us, and the images of fancy took a hue of reality; we seemed to see the grand pageant passing by interminable.

On a car drawn by two mules, in the guise of Harpies, with paper wings and gold claws, a dozen *authors* appeared seated, each employed in copying and clipping from the advanced sheets of some new work just received from London, which they delivered to a car of pressmen following, who printed and scattered them among the crowd. After these walked a caravan of tattered wretches on foot, driven along by a wolf, and vainly endeavoring to write on the nails of their fingers, or on the fly-leaves of English books. These were followed by a rabble of printers, tailors, and bar-keepers, hooting and pelting.

A car of well-dressed painters coloring foreign engravings followed these, with a banner inscribed, "Study the Great Masters;" and after them another miserable rout of footmen with haggard countenances, sketching snatches of scenery as they passed on, pursued by a shrewish widow in a dirty cap, with a bundle of bills in one hand, and belaboring those nearest her with a piece of cold meat in the other.

After another car bearing a set of jolly actors, ran a rabble of play-writers soliciting

alms, and these followed by a tattered Hamlet of majestic port, like a grand Spanish beggar, making mouths at the crowd.

But the most magnificent and glorious spectacle of all, and most congenial to the heart of a true patriot, was a brazen triumphal car of foreign merchants, drawn by a hundred sturdy corn-growers and cotton-planters, and followed by a line of beggared artisans with their wives and children, trailing disconsolately behind, along the dusty road. Over the magnificent car the broad golden banner of the Free-traders floated on the breeze, displaying the fable of the lion and the eagle contending for a prize which the jackal steals away. The carved devices of the chariot, like those of the famous shield of Achilles, were worthy of the world's admiration, and of a Homer's descriptive skill.

The name of the chariot was Monopoly. The wheels were spoked with pleasant falsehoods and turned upon humorous deceptions. Jolly eyes winked from the naves, and grotesque grimaces grinned along the tires. The beam of the chariot was a vast sea-snake, carved in British oak, and a series of bas reliefs, representing the merry devices of the money-changers, humoring and fleecing an over-wise Yankee, raised a ceaseless smile on the faces of the crowd. The driver, a sly little man, sat holding a slack rein behind two miserable wind-galled and spavined hacks, covered with gold trappings, all dust and cobwebs, named Malthus and Ricardo. A long cord, attached to the silver hook of the tongue, and composed of a peculiar twisted gut, called Credit, a thousand times stronger than fiddle strings, gave a hold to the enthusiasts who drew the car. Behind, on a kind of platform, stood three scare-crows, made out of suits of clothes stuffed with cabbage litter, representing a Frenchman, a German, and an Englishman. Each held in its hand a reciprocity treaty and a bill of exchange. Over these amiable figures floated another broad banner with the words *Ad valorem*, in black-letter, to signify that the people do not quite understand it. Ever and anon a trumpeter, an Englishman dressed like an American, blew a brass trumpet in the car. The notes of the trumpet had a queer, wiry sound, and clouds of little wiry statistics swarmed out of his mouth and filled the air with a kind of dust, which made every body cough and sneeze, and shut their eyes.

Behind this car ran a footman with a letter of recommendation posted on his forehead, signed R. J. Walker. But the oddest peculiarity of this figure was the quantity of shirts he wore. His actual dimensions were singularly small, but, by putting on a vast thickness of shirts, he had swelled himself to a monstrous shape. The footman in the shirts was evidently much respected by the crowd of ragged literati who followed, and could hardly contain their admiration and longing. Occasionally our footman slipped off one of the shirts, and exchanged it with one of his starveling followers for a paper. This he handed up to the trumpeter who put it into his mouth, and then blew it through his brass instrument, multiplied by some wonderful magic into two thousand dabs of poisonous black mud, which fell all about, and if any of it lighted on a bit of home-made linen or broadcloth, it burned a hole through it, straight.

Immediately after the car of Free Trade came the chariot of Foreign Fashions, driven by a baby-faced fellow in white kids. This vehicle was a phaeton emblazoned all over with coats of arms, and carried the wives of the gentlemen who rode in the car of Free Trade. These ladies were gorgeously apparelled, and presented a very pretty appearance, especially when the driver turned in his seat and tickled their ankles with a neat little pen which he flourished instead of a whip. The most curious feature of this pageant was the manner in which motion was given to the vehicle itself, for, instead of horses, it was drawn by a crowd of poor seamstresses and gawky country girls, who stumbled along with their faces turned backward toward the driver.

Behind all, and surpassing all in magnificence, rode a figure on horseback, the grand marshal of the festival. On his head he wore "what *seemed* a crown," but which was in fact a steel boarding cap. The person of this horseman was entirely covered with an embroidered cloak of gold cloth, sparkling with Indian gems; and when the wind raised it, he appeared armed from top to toe, with every kind of weapon, swords,

knives and daggers half drawn, pistols half cocked, and a forest of nameless arms, all, as it were, *alive and sensible*. His person seemed covered with blood and gore, as if fresh from a hundred massacres. Along the edges of the cloak, in small diamond letters, you might read "Elsinore," "Acre," "Glencoe," "Groton Heights," "Dartmoor," "The Punjab," "Irish Famines," "St. Helena," the "Middle Passage," and a hundred other names significant of events; and some unfinished work on another seam thus, Tigre Islan—, Costa Rica, "Rotan," M—q—to, Carthage—a, Balize, which the maker of the garment had not yet fully emblazoned in the jewelled letters.

The steed of this preux chevalier was a black stud horse of Norman breed, with a brown and wicked eye, and hoofs as small and sharp as a chamois, by which he had the singular power of poising himself upon the merest point of rock, were it in the middle of the ocean, or on a single rolling pebble, so securely, nothing but the broadside of a seventy-four could drive him off. The right flank of the animal had the brand "Downing Street."

At a gesture of the horseman's arm, the procession paused, or moved on. The air rang with the acclamations of the country people; the ladies in the car of Fashion waved their handkerchiefs, and the gentlemen in the Free-trade chariot give *three times three* for the rider and his good black steed.

Then I heard a long wailing cry, mingled with shouts of execration in the distance, and a multitude of men went by, driving carts and wagons, filled with haggard women and children, each with a banner inscribed, "Far West," "Ague," "Solitude," "Bankruptcy;" while in the distance rose, like a mirage, the phantasm of a deserted village, where the rafters of a huge ruin stood like a curse written on the red and tinkingsun. A wretched ploughman near by left his plough in the weedy furrow, and turned the faces of his meagre oxen toward the West; and, with the sadness of the spectacle, I awoke.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

THERE is a species of even-handed justice attending literary men, which generally makes all straight in the end; the old axiom of "Extremes meet" seems to govern this rule, and in proportion as an author is abused by some, he is lauded by others, not only personally but poetically. There are, of course, the usual exceptions,—some one way, as Walter Scott,—some the other, as in the case of Southey; but action and re-action is a principle of nature.

We doubt if there ever were a writer so fiercely vilified as the author of "Wat Tyler," who had so little of the pleasanter side of praise administered to him in his lifetime, notwithstanding his influence and position. There has not even been the usual re-action when the grave has consecrated his virtues, and obliterated his failings; indeed, so far as we may be allowed to judge from present appearances, he seems already shrinking into the very narrow compass of his "Life of Nelson," and the poem herepudiated, "Wat Tyler!" That posterity may reverse this decision is possible, although, taking the past as a guide, not probable. The two causes which deprived him of enthusiastic eulogizers during his life, will operate, we think, even more conclusively as the circle expands, and deposit him on the bleak shore of respectability, leaving him farther removed from human sympathy as the tide of time recedes.

The causes we allude to are, his want of high or distinctive genius, and moral genality. In the greatest imaginations these are generally found together, as in Homer, Ariosto, Shakspeare, and Cervantes. Some cases, however, exist in which they are separated, as in Dante and Milton; but possibly in both these latter instances political and domestic sorrows, as well as the severe temper of the times, may have had a modifying, if not an altogether deviating influence upon them, which if not exercised would have left them as jovial fellows as Anacreon himself.

That Southey was altogether deficient in that logical and creative phrenzy (if we may like Willis or Emerson coin on our own account) which *our* great Anglo-Saxon poet calls "a fine phrenzy"—(we advisedly say *our*, for Shakspeare as much belongs to the American people as he does to the English, seeing that *our* ancestors claimed him as a fellow-citizen)—that Southey was deficient in this godlike faculty is evident to any who has read all or even any of his voluminous poems; that he was destitute of *bonhomie* was as equally apparent to a casual acquaintance, or an old friend.

He had no impulse. In a word, we may define him as the Genius of Routine; that was the only *genius* he possessed. In saying this let our readers clearly understand that we neither undervalue nor disparage Southey, or the regularity of which he was so striking an example; we merely define what he *really was*, just as a mathematician means no insult to a triangle when he says it is not a circle. Indeed, to borrow a geometrical term, Southey was eminently an angular mind: he did not incorporate in his own nature the knowledge he was constantly acquiring; he merely added it to what he already had. Knowledge made Southey learned, it made Shakspeare wise; it enabled the one to alter and illustrate, the other to create and beautify; it enriched the *nature* of the one, but only the recollection of the other. Knowledge made the author of Hamlet philosophical and imaginative; it rendered the writer of Thalaba prolix and fanciful; it was a telescope and a microscope to Shakspeare, a mere pair of colored spectacles to Southey. We repeat, that in selecting the greatest of poets for this parallel, we have no wish to depreciate, but simply to take the highest of each class, in order to render the contrast more striking.

Robert Southey, working out his own original nature honestly, is entitled to as much respect as William Shakspeare: for

* The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, LL.D. Edited by his son, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

this we have the incontrovertible evidence of Holy Writ, as illustrated by the parable of the talents. We shall not even condemn him for his remarkable change of opinion in religion and politics: for this also he had the precedence of a sacred example in St. Paul so far as the right of search and change is concerned; but he had no authority for his malignant persecution of those who continued to hold the same opinions as he had once entertained. Surely, this ought to have counselled charity; but it is a singular proof of human blindness, that men never hate themselves for their former heresies! Let us, therefore, set an example of charity ourselves, and suggest that it is merely the opinions they hate, after all, and not the men.

We remember Sergeant Talfourd used this *argumentum ad hominem* with great effect on a trial for rioting at Gloucester. Baron Gurney, a very able but severe judge, who presided, had been, during the French Revolution, one of the Jacobin Club in London, notorious for its anarchical principles. This was well known to Talfourd, who defended the rebels, and who was so irritated at the judge's undue leaning against the prisoners, that in the defence he begged "his lordship would reflect if in his own experience he did not remember any one who had formerly been an ardent admirer and correspondent of Robespierre and Marat; one who was also a member of a club, whose toasts were such as, 'The heart of a king grilled on the ribs of his minister;' and whether he was not now one of the most distinguished ornaments of the bench; and what would have been his fate had no time been given to him to repent, and repay the society he had outraged," &c. This had so great an effect, that in his charge the conscience-struck Gurney directed the jury to acquit them, with only a severe reprimand.

Men should bear in mind that uniformity of opinion would soon become a dead level of intellect. Indeed, what diversity of scenery is to the picturesque, variety of mind is to the intellectual world. If all men thought alike, human nature would soon become a putrefaction of bigotry—a dead sea of idiocy. Heresy seems to be the gastric juice of the human race. The first utterance of a new doctrine is considered an offense; but in time it becomes the standard of faith, and, forgetful of its own youthful struggles and

sufferings, assumes in its old age the persecutor. Thus, strangely as it may sound, the blasphemy of one age becomes the religion of the next; opinions like billows roll on, one after the other, swallowing each other, or harmoniously subsiding into the vast ocean of Truth.

We have thought it necessary to make these preliminary remarks in order that our readers may the better comprehend our view of Southey, and his aspect of society. It will however be advisable to glance hastily at his intimates and contemporaries before we fairly enter upon his own particular life and correspondence. These were undoubtedly some of the most remarkable men the world of genius has produced; we shall however confine ourselves to those most immediately acting upon his conduct and opinions.

Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lovell were those who were his first intellectual associates; after a time, Wordsworth, Lamb, and Cottle were added. All these were men of a peculiar stamp, some of the highest powers. The greatest was undoubtedly Coleridge, not only for his attainments, imagination, and enthusiasm, but also on account of the eloquence with which he advocated any system he adopted; even his inconsistency gave a poetical charm to his conduct! Ever the slave of impulse, but preserved from vice by one of the most gorgeous, and, at the same time, subtle imaginations vouchsafed to a human being, the author of *Christabel* was at once a giant and a child. While his comprehensive and logical mind detected at a glance the most plausible sophism of another, he was constantly bewildered in those of his own creation; his silken clue inevitably failed him in the labyrinth of his own planning; he was no Daniel in the den of his own lions! Coleridge was to himself throughout his life, what the Spectre was to the hero of one of Calderon's plays, the name of which we forget: he always found *himself* opposed and overthrown by *himself*. Like a silk-worm he lived in a world of his own spinning, and which was destined eventually to be his shroud. We have little hesitation in stating that we do not believe there has ever been an instance of a man of equal genius so entirely giving himself up to such flimsy delusions and sophisms as Coleridge did from his very boyhood. Lamb defined him ex-

actly when he called him "the *Inspired* Christ School Boy." He never outgrew his gigantic boyhood. Fresh from the trammels of school, he longed to plant idylls and eclogues on the banks of the Susquehanna, of which he was to be one of the piping Corydons, with some young Phillis fond of throwing love-apples at him, and listening to his strains, and always giving the award in his favor. A variety of causes combined gave a similar tendency to the more practical mind of Southey. But a *fortunate* want of money saved them from this egregious folly; for there never were two men less fitted for emigration to a new world than they were.

Love, poverty, a vague aspiration for liberty, and a restlessness, which Southey finally conquered, were the motives which led him to entertain the Pantisocratic scheme. It is a mistake to suppose Wordsworth ever for an instant was mixed up in this Utopian dream; indeed, the bare suspicion annoyed him so much, that on the publication of Chorley's "Authors of England" in 1842, the old poet requested the writer of this article to beg Mr. Chorley would correct the mistake he had made in his life of Coleridge, where Wordsworth figures as one of the emigrant party.

The head and front of this "Empire Plan" was really Lovell; but a practical view of the whole question dissipated the chimera.

Both Lloyd and Lovell were singular beings. The former was evidently tinged with insanity even at that early period; towards his middle age it showed itself so unmistakably that he was placed in a Lunatic Asylum, where he spent most of his remaining years; he was eventually killed in endeavoring to escape from one in France, not many years ago. In addition to being a lunatic, he was also a poet, and he had the honor of helping Coleridge and Southey to fill up their first volume of poems published at Bristol by their friend Cottle. Insanity and poetry are hereditary in Lloyd's family, for his eldest son, who is a scholar, a Christian, a man of fortune, and an elegant poet, has been for some years under partial restraint. We know him well, and have heard from him the statements we have just made, and confirmed by others.

Lovell was Coleridge and Southey's brother-in-law, the *three* having married the *three* Misses Fricker. Strange enough that

insanity should also develop itself in these ladies. Edith, Mrs. Southey, died insane after lingering in that state some years, and Mrs. Coleridge has acted so strangely through all her life as to cause considerable apprehension in her friends' minds for the ultimate result.

Wordsworth's influence on Southey was small, notwithstanding the respect which he entertained for the great philosophical poet. This partly arose from their not coming together at Southey's plastic age; for like hot lava, Southey hardened very soon. This is curiously developed in the correspondence now before us; he seems at once to spring from Pantisocracy to common sense, in the commonest acceptance of the term. By-the-bye, while we think of it, we may ask the accomplished and conscientious editor why he has omitted a letter from his father to Coleridge respecting the latter's disinclination to marry Miss Sarah Fricker? It was written in reply to one from Coleridge, "in which he stated very weighty reasons why he should not marry just then, but leaving it to Southey to decide whether he thought he was bound in honor to fulfil his engagement *immediately*." Southey's answer was lengthy and decisive, and determined Coleridge at once to marry, among difficulties amply illustrated in Cottle's "Recollections," and from which we question if he ever thoroughly emerged. The Gillmans, of Highgate, have a copy of this interesting epistle. It would throw a little light upon the state of Coleridge's heart, which might perhaps clear up the darkness which now apparently hangs over his long separation from his "besonneted Sara!"

It is only due to the departed poet's memory to remember that his children, Hartley, Derwent, and Sara, were to the last most affectionately attached to their father, at the same time not forgetting their duty to their mother. This is a volume in Coleridge's favor more conclusive than any he has written himself; for no such three children, perhaps, ever came together, either for intellect, conscientiousness, or rectitude.

After this little sketching, let us introduce the hero of the present drama.

Southey thus records his own birth:—"My birthday was Friday, 12th August, 1774; the time, half-past eight in the morning, according to the family Bible. According to my astrological friend Gilbert, it was a few minutes before the half hour,

in consequence of which I am to have a pain in the bowels when I am about thirty, and Jupiter is my deadly enemy, but I may thank the stars 'for a gloomy capability of walking through desolation.' On his arrival the nurse declared "*he was a great ugly boy.*" So even from the very first Southey had to endure unpalatable criticism.

In his fourth year he was sent to a little daily school, where he first learned to distinguish the difference between "a B and a bull's foot," and other agreeable distinctions. Here he remained two years, passing most of his time at his aunt's, Miss Tyler, who seems to have been a sincere, though occasionally unreasonable friend, till his marriage, when their rupture was final. Southey always had a high opinion of this lady's intellect, and there is no telling how much he might owe unconsciously to her pervading influence, and constant association: indirectly she gave the bias to poetry, owing to her intimacy with the family of the manager of the Bath and Bristol theatres. We refer to this part of his memoirs for a very tragic event connected with this family. Even so early as his fourth year he was in the habit of being taken to the theatre, which fact was also impressed upon his mind by a reprimand he received for confounding the theatrical with the ecclesiastical terms, and saying after church one Sunday, "that there was a very full house." The first play he saw was a comedy by Fielding, called *The Fathers*, a curious foreshadowing of the *Fathers* which in his old age occupied so much of his studies. At six years old he obtained without effort what our fair friend Lucretia Mott is now desperately struggling for—he was breeched: his recollection must have been singularly vivid, for in after years he remembered the dress, which was *nankeen trimmed with green fringe*.

He was now sent to Mr. Foot's, a dissenting minister, where he remained a year. His recollections of this school were very unpleasant. The death of the master released him from this bondage. He was then placed at Corston, a village about nine miles from Bristol: in a poem called *The Retrospect*, Southey in after years alludes to it with much pathos. After a year's domicile here he was taken away, and spent the time with his aunt, who had broken up her establishment at Bath, and settled at Bedminster.

After a short holiday, he was placed as a day boarder at a school in Bristol, kept by a Welshman, who rejoiced in the echoing name of William Williams. It was at this time that Robert made his first attempts on the muse, which, he says, gave him immense pleasure. The first book he read thoroughly was Shakspeare, and *Titus Andronicus* was his favorite drama. Before he was eight he had read Beaumont and Fletcher through.

It was about this time that he announced to his aunt the wonderful discovery he had made, and one which most American authors think they can do, viz., write a play! Little Robert said, "It is the easiest thing in the world, aunt, to write a play!" "Is it, my dear?" replied the lady. "Yes," rejoined our little poetling; "you have only to think what you would say if you were in that person's place, and say it for them!"

We are afraid upon this plan too many dramatists write, which will account for the egotistical monologues published now-a-days.

For the gratification of those who are fond of linking names together, we may as well mention that Henderson, the great tragedian, was an intimate friend of Miss Tyler, although Southey could not remember that he had ever seen him: he however cherished a perfect recollection of the celebrated actor Edwin, who presented him with a toy.

At this time a lady gave him "Hoole's Tasso," which afforded him intense delight. Shortly afterwards his young fancy was fired by the same author's translation of Ariosto. Seeing the name of Spenser in the notes, he obtained a copy, and despite the Old English character in which it was printed, soon mastered the treasures of that most poetical of poets.

Southey truly says in one of his autobiographical chapters, "My memory strengthens as I proceed in this task of retrospection; and yet, while some circumstances—a look—a sound—a gesture, though utterly unimportant, recur to me more vividly than the transactions of yesterday, others, which I would fain call to mind, are irrevocably gone."

To a man of perfect leisure and happy circumstances, few pleasures can be comparable to thus living again in the past—sorrow taken from misfortune, and guilt from

pleasure. Moore has very happily expressed this retrospection :

"Sighing, as o'er the shadowy past,
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran
Lifting the shroud that Time had cast
O'er buried hopes."

We now and then come upon pithy axioms, such as—(Southey is talking of his schoolmaster): "When his ill circumstances pressed upon him, he gave way perhaps more readily to impulses of anger; because anger, like drunkenness, suspends the sense of care, and an irascible emotion is felt as a relief from painful thoughts." This is however only half the case: anger is an excitement, and consequently suspends the duller sense of care, or any other equable state of mind; but Southey forgets, or perhaps never knew, that the real cause of the phenomenon is the weakness of mind, resulting from the irritation of the mosquito bites of buzzing animals, who very properly sting sleeping debtors till they wake and pay.

We have however, a few passages further on, a proof of how little a learned man is a wise-one. "He would strike with a ruler sometimes when his patience was greatly provoked by that *incorrigible stupidity* which of all things, perhaps, puts patience to the severest trial."

Let us tell our readers that of the three, the blockhead, the master, and the apologist, the most incorrigible fools are the schoolmaster for striking, and the Laureate for defending the blow. Mr. Southey's joke, too, about punishing a creole, is a proof of his want of humor. We will not quote the joke, having no wish "to throw a damp upon a funeral."

We have, however, a most serious charge against the author of *Kehama*, and one of his own convicting: we quote verbatim his very words:—

"One of them (evidently by his name of French extraction) was, however, the most thoroughly fiendish human being that I have ever known. There is an image in *Kehama*, drawn from my recollection of the devilish malignity which used sometimes to glow in his dark eyes, though I could not there give the likeness in its whole force, for his countenance used to darken with the blackness of his passion. Happily for the slaves on the family estate, he, though a second brother, was wealthy enough to settle in England; and an anecdote which I heard of him when he was about thirty years of age, will show that I have not

spoken of his character too strongly. When he was shooting one day, his dog committed some fault. He would have shot him for this upon the spot, if his companion had not turned his gun aside, and, as he supposed, succeeded in appeasing him; but, when the sport was over, to the horror of that companion, (who related the story to me,) he took up a large stone and knocked out the dog's brains. I have mentioned this wretch, who might otherwise have better been forgotten, for a charitable reason; because I verily believe that his wickedness was truly an original, innate, constitutional sin, and just as much a family disease as gout or scrofula. I think so, because he had a nephew who was placed as a pupil with King, the surgeon at Clifton, and in whom, at first sight, I recognized a physiognomy which I hope can be long to no other breed. His nephew answered in all respects to the relationship, and to the character which nature had written in every lineament of his face. He ran a short career of knavery, profligacy, and crimes, which led him into a prison, and there he died by his own hand."

The commonest observer must remark the tender difference with which he treats the reputation of a *living* rich man, to the dead memory of the poor dependent. Farther on we have another phase of character: our space, however, will not allow us to quote; we must therefore content ourselves by requesting our reader's attention to Southey's account of his interview with an old school-fellow, whom he designates under the initials H. O. They will find it at the close of chapter xii. We question if a more singular confession of feeling was ever before so ingenuously given to the world.

There are many *naïve* admissions in his autobiography, which, for a man of the Laureate's caution, strike us as remarkable. In some very pertinent remarks on poetry he observes: "In the earliest ages, certain it is that they who possessed that gift of speech which enabled them to clothe ready thoughts in measured or elevated language, were held to be inspired. False oracles were delivered in *verse*, and true prophecies delivered in *poetry*. * * * Sleight of hand passed for magic in the dark ages, sleight of tongue for inspiration." We can well imagine how such a heretical or dangerous opinion in the writings of another would have drawn down his anathema as a "Quarterly Reviewer."

From the Welshman Southey was removed to a day school at Bristol, kept by a clergyman, who was a good classical scholar; under his direction our poet commenced "Greek and nonsense verses." This was in

his thirteenth year, and about this period he had written three heroic epistles in English rhyme: one from Diomede to Egiale; the second from Octavia to Marc Antony; the other from Alexander to his father Herod. He also made translations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace. He relates that on his thirteenth birthday he composed a very lofty piece of oratory on the awful step from infancy to the teens, being under the erroneous impression that he was only entering that solemn period instead of having already lived a year in it.

He now set to work in good earnest to become the Homer of his native land, and planned an epic, of which Cassibelan was the hero. He had commenced the Fourth Book when he went to Westminster school; this he worked at with great vigor, but writing it in short-hand, and putting it by for some time, he at last forgot the cipher, and consequently burnt the manuscript in his vexation.

In February, 1788, Southey, who had scarcely ever stirred twenty miles from his place of birth, was taken by his aunt to London to be placed at the Westminster school. He entered that foundation on the 1st April. Unfortunately for us, the poet's autobiography ends with this school, which is much to be regretted, as if he had sketched his whole career it would have formed one of the pleasantest chats of a man about himself we have met with. It offers a singular and striking contrast with Leigh Hunt's own memoirs just published. Both are excellent of their kind, but wide as the poles asunder. Leigh Hunt dwells more upon himself and his own feelings, while Southey fills up his family picture with incidental and graphic portraits which greatly increase the interest.

The editor now takes up the pen his father laid down, and supplies the deficiency, we are bound to allow, very creditably. During Robert's stay at Westminster, he formed two of his most valuable and cherished friendships, those with Wynn and Bedford; indeed we may remark that the greater part of the correspondence before us is divided between these two gentlemen. They seem, from their letters, to have cherished a true regard and respect for each other, which cannot fail to impress all with a lofty opinion of their characters.

At this early period our great Reviewer got

into his first "scrape" with his pen. Having concocted, with some of the head scholars, a magazine, under the appropriate schoolboy title of "The Flagellant," (which died at the mature age of Number Nine,) the head master, D. Vincent, considered himself so grievously outraged by an article reflecting on the unsparing use of the birch at the Westminster school, that he commenced an action against the publisher for libel. The author's name was given up; it proved to be Southey's; and notwithstanding his apology the miserable pedagogue expelled him from the school.

This "untoward event" happened in the spring of 1792, and he passed the rest of that memorable year with his aunt, at her residence in College Green, Bristol. Having no settled occupation, he gave himself up to corresponding with his old playmates, and planning future schemes of literary ambition.

He was now in his nineteenth year, and during this winter his father's affairs came to a crisis, which compelled the poet to look around for some occupation. The kindness of his aunt, however, came to his rescue, and his name was put down for Christchurch College, Oxford; but Cyril Jackson, the Dean, had heard of "the Flagellant," and refused to admit him. He therefore turned his attention to Baliol College, of which he became a member on the 17th of January, 1793. He thus writes to his friend Bedford a few days before he took up his abode at Oxford:—

"My prepossessions are not very favorable. I expect to meet with pedantry, prejudice, and bigotry, from all of which good Lord deliver poor Robert Southey." And almost immediately after his arrival he writes: "Behold me, my friend, entered under the banners of Science or Stupidity, which you please, and like a recruit got sober, looking to the days that are passed, and feeling something like regret. Would you think it possible that the wise founders of an English University should forbid us to wear boots? What matters it whether I study in shoes or in boots? To me it is a matter of indifference, but folly so ridiculous puts me out of conceit of the whole. When the foundation is bad, the fabric must be weak! * * * I must learn to break a rebellious spirit, which neither authority nor oppression could ever bow. I must learn

to work a problem instead of writing an ode, and pay respect to men remarkable for large wigs and small wisdom!"

And yet in after years Southey would have written a volume on the heresy of boots if not considered orthodox by the authorities!

There was, however, one custom to which Southey would not submit; that was, to have his hair powdered! Putting flour upon his fine black locks was an indignity he could not allow; he resisted and kicked, and the barber was overthrown. Doubtless the barber felt a moral assurance that the young rebel would come to be hanged!

His course of study seems to have been promiscuous. A friend says, "he was a perfect *helluo librorum*." That his industry was great and untiring we have the evidence of his whole life to confirm; and doubtless he here had all the freshness of appetite awaiting a new life. His correspondence shows the imitative spirit very strongly. The style is also singularly unnatural and inflated, and as removed from the clear, manly prose of his after life as it is possible to conceive. Indeed, we think we trace in Southey that same remarkable faculty which is so apparent in Dryden, namely, their constant progression in the graces of composition. As Dryden's best poems were written within a few years of his death, so we believe Southey's finest prose was equally his later productions.

At this early period, too, he shadowed out what his definition of true happiness was. "Let me have £200 a year, and the comforts of domestic life, and my ambition aspires no further."

In a letter written this year (1793) Southey shows how, even then, he had begun to busy himself in "reforms." It is an advocacy of "Protestant nunneries," as suggested by Richardson. Many years later, in his "Colloquies," he alludes to the subject again in these words: "Considering the condition of single women in the middle classes, it is not speaking too strongly to assert, that the establishment of Protestant nunneries upon a *wide plan* and liberal scale, would be the greatest benefit that could possibly be conferred upon these kingdoms."

Our young collegian spent the July of his first vacation in visiting a college friend in Herefordshire, and in August he went to his old associate Bedford's home in Surrey.

There, the day after he completed his nineteenth year, he resumed, and finished in six weeks, his poem of Joan of Arc. We say *resumed*, although he had only written about three hundred lines when he took up his task to complete it. He remained for three months at this hospitable house, which is still standing at Brixton Causeway, about four miles from London Bridge. He however diversified his Joan of Arc by firing at wasp's nests with horse pistols loaded with sand—a queer anticlimax to his heroine's struggle with the English invaders. In October he returned to Bristol, and for some reason which does not appear, did not reside during the following term at Baliol College, but passed the time with his aunt.

We clearly detect at this time that the excesses of the French Revolution were disturbing a little his faith in Democracy. In one of his letters he says: "I am sick of this world, and discontented with everybody in it. The murder of Brissot has completely harrowed up my faculties, and I begin to believe that virtue can only aspire to content in obscurity, for happiness is out of the question. I look round the world and everywhere find the same mournful spectacle—the strong tyrannizing over the weak, man and beast. The same depravity pervades the whole creation. Oppression is triumphant everywhere, and the only difference is that it acts in Turkey through the anger of a grand Seigneur, in France of a Revolutionary Tribunal, and in England, of a *Prime Minister*."

It is unnecessary to point out the want of philosophy which generates the above morbid reflections.

We remember in a conversation we had with Wordsworth, even so late as in 1845, that that fine old poet gave in his usual straight-forward manner a sufficient reason for the French excesses. It must be borne in mind that he was in Paris during the earlier part of the Revolution, and, strangely enough, lodged in the same house with Brissot and Robespierre. "How could," said he, "any sane person expect the French to act rationally after so many years of frightful misgovernment? Human nature works by actions and reactions. Louis the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth had debauched and degraded the public mind to such an extent that all moral restraint had long since become extirpated. It would be as reasonable

to expect a savage to practise a Christianity he had never been taught. Had the French nation been capable of behaving differently to what they did, there would have been no revolution, because the motive would not have existed." This is of course the philosophical explanation, and had Southey argued correctly he would have recognized in the revolutionary harvest the frightful seed from whence it sprang. It is as true of a nation as a corn-field, that whatsoever the rulers sow they shall in time reap. But Southey had not a philosophical, nor yet a comprehensive mind. We doubt if he was even a logician in its highest signification. There is as much difference between the man of a logical and the man of a syllogistical mind, as there is between eloquence and rhetoric, poetry and verse. Indeed, one is founded on art, and the other on nature. One is a spirit and the other only a form. But after all the author of "Joan of Arc" was only a school-boy republican; he had by head and not by heart. It was the vague, idle dream of poetical imitation, and not a noble, glorious principle as in the breast of a Milton or a Washington. Listen to one of these absurd "day-dreams." It is in a letter to Horace Walpole Bedford:—

"If this world did but contain ten thousand people of *both sexes visionary* as myself, how delightfully would we repeople Greece and turn out the Moslem. I would turn crusader, and make a pilgrimage to Parnassus at the head of my republicans, and there reinstate the Muses in their original splendor."

Our readers will, we think, agree with us that if this be republicanism, every young aristocrat fresh from Virgil or Livy is quite as "good a one" as the author of "Wat Tyler."

There is also at this epoch of his life a discontent which developed itself in a disposition to attack his fellow-creatures *à la Juvenal*.

In a letter to Bedford he thus writes: "Your plan of a general satire I am ready to partake when you please." Who is there that has not in the outset of a classical or literary life had similar vague intentions of reforming or smashing human nature?

Even before his acquaintance with Coleridge, our poet seems to have entertained thoughts of an emigration to the United

States; for in another letter dated Dec. 14, 1793, he writes:—

"What is to become of me at ordination? Heaven only knows! After keeping the strait path so long, the Test Act will be a stumbling-block to honesty. So chance and Providence must take care of that, and I will fortify myself against chance. The wants of man are so very few, that they must be attainable somewhere, and whether here or in America matters little. *I have long learned to look upon the world as my country.*

"Now, if you are in the mood for a reverie, fancy only me in America; imagine my ground uncultivated since the creation, and see me wielding the axe, now to cut down the tree, and now the snakes that nestled in it. Then see me grubbing up the roots, and building a nice, snug little dairy with them; three rooms in my cottage, and my only companion some poor negro whom I have bought on purpose to emancipate. After a hard day's toil, see me sleep upon rushes, and, in very bad weather, take out my cassette and write to you, for you shall positively write to me in America. Do not imagine I shall leave rhyming or philosophizing; so thus your friend will realize the romance of Cowley, and even outdo the seclusion of Rousseau; till at last comes an ill-looking Indian with a tomahawk, and scalps me—a most melancholy proof that society is very bad, and that I shall have done very little to improve it! So vanity, vanity will come from my lips, and poor Southey will either be cooked for a Cherokee, or oysterized by a tiger."

How little Southey knew his own nature, even if he were sincere in the sentiment we have italicized, is evident to all who know his after life. A man may recant his *opinions*, but not his *nature*.

Of his literary industry we have a proof in a letter to Bedford of 1793: "I have accomplished a most arduous task, transcribing all my verses that appear worth the trouble, except letters, [poetical epistles, doubtless.] Of these I took one list, another of my pile of stuff and nonsense, and a third of what I have burned and lost. Upon an average, ten thousand verses are burned and lost, the same number preserved, and fifteen thousand worthless. * * * I can bear a retrospect, but when I look forward to taking orders, a thousand dreadful ideas crowd at once upon my mind. * * * The more I see of this strange world, the more I am convinced that society requires desperate remedies! The friends I have (and you know me to be cautious in choosing them) are many of them struggling with obstacles which never could happen were man what nature intended him. A torrent of ideas

bursts into my mind when I reflect upon this subject. In the hours of sanguine expectation these reveries are agreeable, but more frequently the visions of futurity are dark and gloomy, and the only ray that enlivens the scene beams on America."

So closed 1793. At the latter end of the following January, he returned to Baliol College, where his expenses were defrayed by his uncle, the Reverend Herbert Hill, chaplain to the British Factory at Lisbon, who looked forward with considerable anxiety to his nephew taking holy orders. To this life, though Southey made no open objection, he seemed to have cherished a private dislike quite insuperable, which his son (himself a clergyman) endeavors to apologize away, by alluding to the state of the Established Church at that period, hinting at fox-hunting, Port-wine drinking, and a few other foibles not much in the style of "Him of Galilee," leaving the silent inference to be drawn that had his father been a young man now he would not have had his old scruples.

Southey's religion at this precise point of his life, was, we have heard Coleridge affirm, "*an empty vacuum full of mythology, and craving a plenum of a comfortable income, a handsome wife, and a large epic fame.*" In a short time afterwards he grew Unitarian; there was an intellectuality about it which pleased him. We may as well in this place relate a little anecdote of Coleridge, which showed how greatly his imagination entered into his "Thirty-nine Articles," even to the very last. About a fortnight before the great poet died, the writer of this had received a letter from Mr. Wordsworth, containing a message to Coleridge, who was not suspected to be so near his death as eventually proved. We merely name this to account for the apparent discrepancy of the conversation. The "old man eloquent" was in his bed-room, a chamber which commanded one of the sweetest and greenest views in England—being from the brow of Highgate Hill, and looking over Finchley towards St. Albans. As we write all seems as fresh as yesterday—the broken-down frame of the old poet—his large, gray, fiery, yet pain-stricken eye—his flabby, pale, yet heavy face—his noble brow, not bald, being covered with silvery hair—his intermittent, yet full, deep voice—the very roll of his eye, the compressed lip, the

slippered feet, the snuffed old black coat, gorged with the titillating dust down his waistcoat and cuff—all stand so palpably now before me, that the Atlantic seems a rivulet, and the sixteen years that have nearly rolled since "the noticeable man" was laid in the immortality of his grave in the old church-yard at Highgate, a mere watch of the night. But we must shake off the reverie, or we shall bury our readers in sleep.

Coleridge burst out as we were saying "Good bye," with—"Lord Brougham has been here to-day. We talked about religion. Brougham said, 'Mr. Coleridge, you were a Unitarian preacher once: define the difference between your faith as *then* and *now*. I shall remember it, and it may bring forth seed long after you dream of.' Brougham's a good man,—a kind man; his heart is right—it is his over-worked brain that has made him go wrong. Heaven help him—he is as simple as a child!"

"Well, but my dear friend," said Mrs. Gillman, who had only just recovered from a severe accident, "your definition?" Coleridge smiled: "Dear friend, cherish that cowny shell on the mantel-piece, for it has, I feel assured, converted an unbelieving Chancellor, the living Bacon of our Woolsack. I took up the shell, my dear friends, and said, 'Heaven has sent this to give me an illustration. You see how exquisitely this is worked, how wonderfully symmetrical; the tints of the coloring are miraculously artistic: on one side you have the golden flush of sunset, mingling with the purple dawn; and if you place it to your ear, imagination supplies a voice which seems to whisper an audible something, but it is only a *dead shell*—where is the living animal, for which it was created? It is only a *sarcophagus*. So with Unitarianism. I admire its external form, the beauty of its morality, the coloring of its logic. But where is the living spirit of Faith? Where is Christ? You have taken away the Lord, and you know not where you have laid him."

We shall not go into the theology of this simile; we merely give it for its poetry.

When Southey turned Unitarian, he became more decided in all his opinions, as we shall see.

We must, however, devote a few lines to allow the son to explain the processes through which his father passed ere he be-

came a good Quarterly Reviewer of the Tory school :—

"His opinions at this time were somewhat unsettled, although they soon took the form of Unitarianism, from which point they seem gradually to have ascended without any abrupt transition, as the troubles of life increased his devotional feelings, and the study of religious authors informed his better judgment, until they finally settled down into a strong attachment for the doctrines of the Church of England."

Southey seems to have given the Church up, that he might devote himself to *Æsculapius*, for he announces in a letter to his *fidus Achates*: "Very soon shall I commence my anatomical and chemical studies. When well grounded in those, I hope to study under Cruikshank to perfect myself in anatomy, attend the clinical lectures, and then commence—Doctor Southey!"

He accordingly attended for some time the Anatomy School, and the Lectures of the medical professors, but he soon abandoned the idea as hastily as he had adopted it, partly from being unable to overcome his disgust for a dissecting room, but chiefly because his love for literature was too strong within him.

He now turned his hopes of obtaining a living towards a situation under Government, as his friend Bedford had done, but it was hinted that his well-known violent republican sentiments, so freely and loudly and unnecessarily expressed, had closed that door for ever. This was a pretty situation for the future Poet Laureate. We may here however mention an anecdote which seems to fasten upon Poet Laureates a sort of political discontent. Some two years before Wordsworth was appointed as Southey's successor, a young English poet, a friend of the Bard of Rydal sent to him a sonnet written to Queen Victoria. The old poet in his reply acknowledged the sonnet, but rebuked him for desecrating the majesty of Apollo, by bowing to crowned heads. Victoria was a Whig.

Southey's reply to his friend is bold, for he is evidently annoyed:—"My opinions are very well known. I would have them so. Nature never meant me for a negative character. I can neither be good nor bad, happy nor miserable, by halves. A prudential silence would have sullied my integrity!"

At this precise minute he became inti-

mate with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who was an undergraduate of Jesus College, Cambridge, where he had entered in February, 1791. He had already given the world assurance of his genius by his writings and his eccentricities, having gained the golden medal for his Greek Ode, and by his singular lecturings. In 1793, in a fit of collegiate disappointment, he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, under the name of Cumberback, from which "warlike position" he was extricated by his friends on the 10th April, 1794. In the June of this year, on a visit to a college friend at Oxford, he was introduced to Southey. They each seem, like the German students of Canning's burlesque, to have sworn at that instant eternal friendship: they agreed in religion, politics, and every thing! Southey thus writes of Coleridge in the first glow of young acquaintanceship: "Allen is with us daily, and his friend from Cambridge, Coleridge, whose poems you will oblige me by subscribing to, either at Hookham's or Edwards's. He is of most uncommon merit, of the strongest genius, the clearest judgment, the best heart. My friend he already is, and must hereafter be yours!"

"Alas, for the rosy dreams of youthful hearts!"

From this meeting sprang Pantisocracy. It was agreed between Lovell, Coleridge, and Southey, to collect as many adventurous spirits as possible, buy land on the banks of the Susquehanna, and taking out wives, produce children at their leisure, to inherit their estates. Stripped of all verbiage, we really believe this is as nearly as possible the bare idea of this loudly trumpeted Utopia.

The instigators or chief conspirators of this plan to inundate the United States with poets, were Robert Lovell, who had lately married one of the Misses Fricker, George Barrett, a fellow collegian, Robert Allen, of Christ Church, Oxford, and Edmund Seward: to these were soon added Southey and Coleridge.

It broke up as rapidly as it had formed. Seward deserted into the Established Church, (an ominous beginning of the campaign,) Coleridge made a pedestrian tour in Wales, and Southey went to his aunt at Bath. That however the two latter had not altogether waked from their dream, is evident from our poet's letter dated July, 1794.

"'Tis my intention to join Coleridge in

Wales, then proceed to Edmund Seward, seriously to arrange with him the best mode of settling in America. Yesterday I took my proposals for publishing 'Joan of Arc,' to the printer: should the publication be in any way successful, it will carry me over, and get me some few acres, a spade and a plough. My brother Thomas will gladly go with us. In this country I must sacrifice either happiness or integrity."

Like all young authors, Southey had the most sanguine expectation of "Joan of Arc's" success; he talked of leaving it as a legacy to his country, of its preserving his name, &c.

In August Coleridge returned to Bristol, and, unfortunately for him, became acquainted with his future wife. The tragedy called the "Fall of Robespierre" was written at this time.

Again, too, Pantisocracy reared its head; Southey thus writes to his brother who was to join them:—

"The Pantisocratic scheme has given me new life, new hope, new energy; all the faculties of my mind are dilated. I am weeding out the few lurking prejudices of habit, and looking forward to happiness."

In October the scheme was communicated to his aunt, whose anger knew no bounds. It ended in her turning him from her house late at night, so that he had to walk to Bath, nine miles, in rain and darkness. So much for the affection of a narrow-minded old woman. Southey says in a letter to his brother, that it was the announcement of his intended marriage that most thoroughly annoyed her. The aunt and nephew never met again.

Two months after Lovell and Southey published a small volume of poems: this closed 1794.

The difficulty of raising funds for emigration now induced them to alter their scheme from America to Wales; but after a few dying reflections, even this was abandoned, and poor Pantisocracy died and was buried.

He now amused himself with planning a magazine to be edited by him and Coleridge; he also offered his services to a country newspaper, which however were declined. He then, in conjunction with the latter, gave a course of lectures at Bristol, which were well attended and much praised.

Mr. Cottle now offered to publish "Joan of Arc," to which Southey gladly consented. He had already commenced "Madoc," which he laid aside to correct his first-born epic.

His uncle, Mr. Herbert Hill, being about to return to Portugal, persuaded Southey to accompany him. Much as he disliked the idea of being separated from his fair Edith, to whom he had been for some time engaged, yet the idea of making the visit father to a volume of travels gilded the pill of separation. He however resolved to make the lady his, beyond the chance of any accident save death, and on the 14th November, 1795, they were married at Redcliffe Church, Bristol, separating immediately after the ceremony. A few days afterwards the virgin bridegroom was on his way to Lisbon, which he reached after a tedious passage, laying some time wind bound at Falmouth. After an absence of six months he returned, and took possession of his wife and some ready-furnished lodgings, and busied himself in preparing his "Letters from Spain and Portugal." During his absence his brother-in-law and brother poet, Robert Lovell, had died, and his widow soon after Southey's return went to reside with them, and remained a guest during the rest of her life.

"Joan of Arc" had been published during the author's residence in Lisbon, and had fallen still-born from the press. Southey says in August, 1796, "The sale of 'Joan of Arc' in London has been very slow indeed; six weeks ago Cadell had only sold *three copies!*"

Mr. Wynn, his old school-fellow, had, immediately on Southey's marriage, with a generosity worthy of his name, settled an annuity of £160 per annum on him. This enabled him to work at labor he had the most genius for—a great advantage; it also enabled him to put some finishing touches to his writings, which otherwise the daily necessities of his household would have prevented.

In February he came to London for a few months in order to enter himself of Gray's Inn. In April he returned to Bath, where he remained working hard at a second volume of poems, finishing "Madoc," and writing for the "Morning Post," and some magazines.

In 1800 he commenced at Bristol his "Thalaba," undoubtedly the best of his longer poems; his health however had been for some time failing, and in April he, accompanied by his wife, set sail once more for the Tagus.

In June, 1801, they returned, restored

in health, and full of renewed plans, taking up their residence at Bristol.

Towards the close of this year he obtained, through Mr. Wynn's untiring friendship, the appointment of private secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, at a salary of £400 per annum. He was however only required a short time in Dublin; on his return he was steadily settled at London as Mr. Corry's secretary. In the meantime he had published "*Thalaba*," the copyright of which he sold for £115. In January, 1802, his mother died: this was a heavy blow, as Robert Southey was a man full of domestic feelings.

Finding his office to be a sinecure, he, with an honesty which ought to be more generally followed, resigned his secretaryship, and resolved to settle in the country. After casting "his eyes" about him, he fixed upon the Lakes of Westmoreland, to which his friend Coleridge had already retired. In September, 1803, immediately after the death of his only child, a little girl of scarcely a year old, they settled at Greta Hall. He had already made the acquaintance of the Longmans, and received several commissions from them, which afterwards led to a connection, closed only by the Laureate's death. Southey had now reached his thirtieth year, and had settled down in a spot from which he never after removed, to devote his energies to a purely literary life: perhaps we have no other instance of a man so completely following up that one idea without reference to anything else, as the distinguished man whose life we are reviewing.

His industry was the most untiring of any author's of modern times. In March, 1804, he thus wrote to his friend John Rickman:—"I have more in hand than Bonaparte, or Marquis Wellesley—digesting Gothic Law; gleaning moral history from

monkish Legends; conquering India, or rather Asia, with Albuquerque; filling up the chinks of the day by hunting in Jesuit Chronicles, and compiling Collectanea Hispanica et Gothica. Meantime Madoc sleeps, and my lucre of-gain-compilation (specimens of English Poets) goes on at night, when I am fairly obliged to lay history aside, because it perplexes me in my dreams. 'Tis a vile thing to be pestered in sleep with all the books in the day I have been reading jostled together!"

In the May of 1804 he visited London, and met some new society. He however was not a very "clubbable fellow," as Johnson would phrase it. He was soon at his home at Keswick again, in the midst of his books, &c.

He had now made considerable headway in his *History of Brazil*, and looked forward to another sojourn in Portugal to finish it. Coleridge had been now for some time at Malta, as secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, and Southey's letters to him are full of hints, which afterwards ripened into works. Coleridge had always great theories to propound, and was a most suggestive companion and correspondent, as Southey and Wordsworth often acknowledged.

We pause at this point of the Laureate's life to call the reader's attention, not alone to the singular change in his political and religious opinions, but also in his habits of daily life. From the wild enthusiast he becomes tamed down to the orthodox disciplinarian; from the dreamer of Pantisocracy he suddenly awakes to the realities of *L.s.d.*-ism; from the Lesbian heights of Pindaric epics, and Sapphics, he leaps into the level sea of Routine!

But we must reserve the moral we have to deduce from this singular harlequinade to our next number.

AMERICAN AGGRESSIONS ON BRITISH FREE TRADE.

THE most singular piece of assurance we have seen of late, is an expression of the *London Times*, in general a very quiet and pretty-behaved newspaper, but which bursts out occasionally in all the native ugliness of the interest it represents.

"In California," says the *Times*, "(the) production (of gold) does not seem to flag. It is true our merchants have been disappointed, but that is because the proceeds of their sales have been swallowed up in payments, which have found their way into private pockets, or in consignments of gold dust to other parties. The British merchant has to run the gauntlet of Yankee officials, brokers and tradesmen, and has not secured his due proportion of the golden stream, which has nevertheless flowed in unquestionable abundance to all parts of the world."

It would be a valuable piece of honesty on the part of this money-writer, to let us know what that "due proportion" of American gold is, which *ought* to go to "British merchants" by right. Americans, and we suppose the people of all other nations, would like to know what part of their property must go *by right* and "due proportion," into the "public pocket" of the British capitalist. Is it, as in Ireland, two thirds of all we can produce; or as in happy America, only about one fifth or a sixth; or as in India, nine tenths; or as in merry England itself, a moderate third of the earnings of labor?

"Our merchants," says this profound gentleman, "have been disappointed; but that is because the proceeds of their sales have found their way into private pockets, or in consignments of gold dust to other parties."

That is to say, they have received too little gold dust from California, *either* because they have been fleeced by their own agents, *or* because they used it to make purchases, or pay debts away from home.

That so tender-hearted and honest a man as the "British merchant" should be fleeced

of his "due" share of American property, by his own travelling clerks, is a truly lamentable thing, and speaks ill for his clerks, and his discretion in employing them; but the extent of these transfers to "private pockets" must have been astounding indeed, to account for a deficiency of several million pounds sterling. There ought to be found some very rich rogues among Brummagem agents in California, with shares of British "dues" of American property on their persons, astounding in amount.

Not less painful is the other supposition, that these "dues" have gone to pay debts, or make purchases elsewhere. That American gold should be used to purchase American flour, is mainly bad for England. American produce should be paid for in British manufactures, and not in Californian gold, to please Master British Merchant. Hence the lamentations of the most decent money organ of the most decent and respectable country in the world. If England buys our gold first in California, and makes nothing by the operation, and then buys corn of us with the same gold, leaving us a small profit, it is no wonder she falls short of her "due share" of American property.

But hearken again to our polite "organ of English principles:" "The British merchant has to run the gauntlet of Yankee officials, brokers and tradesmen, and has not secured his due proportion of the golden stream." Master British Merchant, in short, thrust his portly person among a people who saw no good in him, and was trodden and elbowed out of the way, with considerable anguish to his corns, and some pains in the ribs. Other interlopers received the same hospitality.

Yankee officials very properly insisted on his paying the lawful duties on his wares, while American wares went in free. A horrid piece of injustice truly!

The goods on shore, and that odious duty paid, he wished to exchange them for gold dust, but the intervention of certain evil-disposed persons called "brokers" was found

necessary to the exchange, and a frightful *percentage* sloughed off from his "due proportion" of American gold.

The Brummagem agent, dissatisfied with this proceeding, another time undertakes the sales himself; he *will* try it, but finds to his great discomfiture that certain abominable "Yankee tradesmen" are selling cheaper in the tent next him.

Thus is our "British merchant's" "due proportion of Californian gold" reduced to a miserable *caput mortuum*, and a damp falls upon the household. "We *must* have a change," says he to his friend, the *Times*; "this American competition and protection are killing us. Get up a right feeling on the other side of the water, make the Americans give over the atrocious tariff system, or we shall by-and-by be reduced to a chop and pot of ale."

The same profound and valuable writer gives us a very confused and tedious homily on the depreciation of gold, and the rise of silver; events which have taken place simultaneously. The French Ministry, we are delighted to hear, have resolved that silver alone shall have its value ascertained and made legal, instead of gold and silver, and will propose a law to that effect.

Vast standing armies are suddenly raised all over Europe; the troops must be paid in silver; the country people everywhere hide their dollars, and silver in London and Paris has become consequently scarce, and is more needed as a medium of exchange, and will buy more gold and other things than it did. These we admit are fearfully profound and difficult matters, and require no less a head and boldness than the *Times* to utter them.

Our very judicious *Times* writer lets appear the true intention of our "English merchant" in the present article, by an attempt to show that the gold which is flowing into the market in so great abundance, will very soon become of no use whatever, and that silver, which is becoming scarcer and dearer every day, will take its place in Europe altogether. This speculation is intended for a stultification of everybody excepting our British merchant. Gold, it appears, is to be wholly disused in France and Europe, in consequence of a slight depreciation, arising from its greater abundance! and England will soon have the only legalized gold currency on that side of the Atlantic, and will maintain a steady demand for gold. He adds,

what is well calculated to mislead, that gold in England will buy as much food in proportion as it did before the Californian mines were discovered; leaving it to be inferred that gold has not depreciated in value; and hiding the fact, that a greater abundance of provisions in London since the Irish famines began, is the cause why a gold sovereign in London will buy as much of Irish eggs and meats seized for rents, as it used to.

The object of all this is shown plainly by the paragraphs of the article which we have dissected and crushed for their impertinence. Our "British merchant" thinks it convenient to have a monopoly of gold for all the world in London; that metal, not because of its legality, but because of its providential fitness for the uses of exchange, being the true regulator and representative of exchanges, and for that and other powerful reasons, the best commodity on earth of which to have a monopoly.

In following out his grand scheme of making himself the monopolist, not only of manufacture, *the means*, but of gold, *the medium*, of commercial operations, our British merchant and his agent in California got themselves elbowed and trod upon; and their disappointment and chagrin vents itself in a "*Times* article," and the suggesting of a "Free Trade League" in America, to operate as the foul cat's-paw of that in England. Mistress Monopoly sets on all England and her friends in America to open every possible channel through which the red gold that now flows up the Mississippi, and along the shores of the sea-side States, may flow over into the "public pockets" of England, the Bank, and its secret reservoirs, the private pockets of our British merchant. Here is a pretty contriver, and very neat and civil *Times* writing gentleman, with his cobwebs in the brain and clear cunning in the stomach.

England must have a monopoly of gold as the most convenient metallic medium of exchange, that commands a market when nothing else will,—that is, in fact, omnipotent in every market and at all times, and that *ought to be* monopolized by a nation that intends to be mistress of the world, and to rob all nations of the earnings of labor by well-contrived reciprocity treaties.

California, it seems, has not yielded the British merchant his "due proportion" of the needful gold.

After expressing the opinion that the use of gold is to be in future extremely limited in Europe, our judicious money-writer continues. "There is a great demand for silver in the United States," says he, "and it remains to be seen whether the United States will succeed in relieving its straitened silver currency, with the substitution of gold." And further, the convenience of the "gold eagle" will be a poor equivalent for its "depreciated value." Profound statistician, who never heard of such a thing as a new coinage, and who supposes, that because an old gold eagle is not worth the price marked on it, Americans are to have no money but what they buy of the Mexicans, and are to make no use of the golden prize of California. England, he seems to think, is the only country that will or ought to benefit by that prize. We are to put up with silver, a metal, suggests our valuable mistifier, very much in demand for "large industrial operations." In the operations of that chevalier d'industrie, our British monopolist, not only silver but gold seems to be tolerably in demand; and here we have a cool piece of impudence, showing us that we are to have none of our own gold, but only he and his master ought to have, and will have, *that*.

And yet we have our fears he may be right. It is a bare possibility, so dull are we of late, that a company of German and English importers, partisans and agents of English and European houses, may, with a Free Trade League, and other detestable inventions, supported by foreign contributions, steal away their gold from the people of the United States, and leave them afloat on a rotten paper currency. And the king of their paper Chaos will be Mr. R. J. Walker, the leader of the grand project for giving England a monopoly of manufactures, and what must go with it, a monopoly of gold.

That the precious metals will ever cease to be a currency for trade and exchanges in civilized communities, there is no reason to believe, though it is highly probable, from the general tendency of the age toward mutuality and concentration of labor, that bank credit will rest less upon specie than it has.

The banking system of New-York throws the credit of the banks upon the *labor* of the entire community, taxes being the sole security of the State debts, by which the State banks are secured. In an organized

community not agitated by incendiary factions, the firmest basis of credit is the united industry of all, and the united honesty of all. Labor is consequently the creator of the interest of money.

Specie having a value almost wholly fictitious, being neither food, clothes, weapon, vehicle, house, nor land, but representing the need of all, yields nothing, and creates nothing, but is continually consumed and worn away. Grain, live stock, clothes, houses, &c., yield all of them a direct benefit to the human body, but *specie*, as such, renders none. Living things, and tools, the earth and what lives upon its surface, aided by labor, increase and multiply, but *specie* as such does not, but only wastes away. Tools, though they waste away by use, with the aid of labor reproduce themselves: the water-wheel is made to manufacture an hundred other water-wheels. *Specie*, on the contrary, produces nothing of its own kind.

Gold and silver, in the form of coin, are of no use in the arts or in medicine; *specie*, therefore, as such, is not a material used in the arts, and is of no use whatever in any industrial process. It must first cease to be "specie" to be of use. Nor is *coin*, like a promissory note, a mere *witness* of a private obligation, nor, like a bank or State note, of a public one. It tells no story, it fixes no time, it is only what it appears to be. The value is attached to its *substance*; it has, if we may so speak, a personality of value ascertained and stamped upon it, without reference to time.

By the use of a figure of rhetoric, we may make what we please of it: we may call it,—

A god, a devil, a breeder of its kind, a seed of wealth, a tool of trade, or an engine, but that is poetry and not fact.

The name does not help us. "*Specie*" means *form*, shape, appearance, &c. A *coin* is a stamp or impress; *specie*, perhaps, means the same.

To know what *specie* is, let us see what it is used for.

First then, to one man or to two, or to a family, *specie* is of no use. A man in a desert cannot use *specie*, nor can a family use it, a *family* having a *community* of goods. Where there is *absolute* community of goods, there is no *specie*. Where there is *absolute* credit, (i. e. in the family,) there are no public or private promissory notes.

Specie and notes consequently indicate the existence of a *society*, i. e. a company of men united by interest, instead of affection, aiding each other by mutuality, *value for value*, under the idea of personal property. When the society breaks up, or is in danger of breaking up, *notes* lose their value, (i. e. stocks fall,) the connection of the past, present and future is broken up. A note has a certain circle of existence, and its value diminishes as it is taken farther and farther from the centre whence it came, and increases as it returns. At a certain distance it becomes worthless. The extent of this circle is measured by the power of the centre.

Notes do not represent coin, but *labor*,—i. e. the probability that there will be fruit of labor, i. e. *interest*. Were there no credit, no dependence upon the yield of labor, there would be no notes.

Notes consequently represent the *protection* given by the social organization (i. e. the organization of honor and justice) to the peaceful pursuits of industry; and the probabilities of its yield are greater as the organization is more complete and stable.

Specie, on the contrary, diminishes in importance, and is less in demand, as the organization of society within itself, and its *self-dependence*, is more complete. The value of gold and silver increases as public and private credit fails, and the fruits of labor become less certain.

Other things being equal, gold and silver currency is more necessary in time of war than at other times. From which it appears that *money* (either coin, or cowries, or whatever performs the part of specie) represents nothing but the *dependence of one man upon another* (without family tie, kindness, or credit) for the means of life. Every man has either labor or substance, which he cannot instantly use to maintain himself, and he consequently offers it to his neighbor; and the

representative of this relationship, as common to all mankind, and recognized by all, is currency, money, (*specie*, cowries, cash, coin.)

Specie represents and measures the present and immediate dependence of one man upon another, and as that dependence is less, there is less use of specie.

Notes represent the confidence of one man in another, and in the community, in regard to the returns of labor.*

To operate successfully upon all the nations of the globe, a company of traders must consequently have a boundless control of the specie market, which is evident without argument; but to get that control they must force all specie-producing countries into a position of dependence upon themselves.

The chagrin of British capitalists at not receiving their "due proportion" of the grand weapon and "tool of trade," as it has been aptly styled, is therefore easy to understand. It is clearly the interest of Americans to keep it to themselves, and to do that they must not only drive off foreign intruders from their mines, but take care to produce such commodities as will give them a good share of the world's market, and cause the specie of the world to flow back to them in such abundance as to enable them to wrestle with the money giant of England, and throw him down breathless. It is late in the day for America to be forced to work for England, to get a little gold and silver. Let the people of America cultivate and protect every useful and elegant art, and the gold of California and the silver of Mexico will be at their command, and move to and fro for them, between all the markets of the globe.

* Metaphysically, *specie* represents the mutual dependence of men as they stand together upon the face of the whole earth, in *space*; while *notes* represent *time*, as regards the same dependence.

GARIBALDI—PAËZ.

[Although it is not the practice of the American Review to appear either in French or High Dutch, still we venture to break through our general practice on this occasion to place before our readers one of the most just and eloquent articles it has ever been our happiness to publish. With reference to the individuals of whom the following pages treat, the city of New-York should know something of one, as it fêted him, and the name and history of the other, who refused the tawdry honors squandered on his unworthy contemporary, are dear to every Republican. The name of Garibaldi in history will combine the attributes accorded to Rienzi and Murat—the patriotism of the Roman Tribune with the chivalry of the illustrious soldier. We have but one apology to make for not presenting a translation with the article—you may translate the verbiage, but not the sincerity or the genius of the orator; and French eloquence of this style is so idiomatic, that it is absolutely impossible to combine the manly vigor and the womanly sincerity which distinguish it with any homogeneity, or with other effect than as a contrast, setting its more prominent and characteristic features equally at fault.]

Un spectacle sans contredit très curieux à la fois et très intéressant, c'est de suivre d'un œil attentif les diverses carrières que parcourent, chez toutes les nations, les hommes lancés dans la politique.

Les uns, amans passionnés de la liberté, lui vouèrent, pendant toute leur vie, un culte pur et désintéressé, et ils eurent la satisfaction de voir leur efforts pour elle couronnés d'un succès complet. Tel fut Washington.

Les autres, d'abord républicains sincères, sacrifièrent plus tard la liberté à leur ambition. Fils de la liberté, ils assassinèrent leur mère, et ils se servirent de son cadavre, comme d'un marche-pied pour gravir les marches du trône. Tel fut Bonaparte, qui se fit Napoléon.

Quelques uns, républicains aussi dans le commencement, mais n'ayant ni assez de pureté dans le cœur pour se dévouer à la sainte cause de la liberté, ni assez de génie pour organiser une réaction à leur profit, vendirent leur bras et leur épée à des Charles Deux, et rétablirent la royauté. Tel fut Monk.

Quelques autres, toujours ardens républicains, ont été constamment fidèles à la liberté, et inébranlables dans leur foi politique; ils ont préféré mourir de faim, plutôt que de prêter leur appui et leur plume au despotisme. Tel fut Chénier.

Cet article a pour objet de mettre en parallèle deux hommes, qui, chacun de leur côté, ont été à la tête de l'armée et des affaires dans leur patrie respective. Je veux parler de GARIBALDI et de PAËZ.

Tous deux, pour des motifs différens, furent bannis de la contrée qui les vit naître.

Tous deux sont venus chercher un abri sous la bannière puissante des Etats Unis.

Le hasard, qui a réuni sur le territoire américaine ces deux grandes infortunés, établit entre Garibaldi et Paëz un point de ressemblance, qui, sous plus d'un rapport, est digne d'un très grand intérêt.

Tous deux furent annoncés par la voix des journaux longtems avant leur arrivée à New-York. Le comité italien et la population de New-York prirent des mesures et firent des préparatifs pour recevoir avec pompe ces deux personnages.

La manière différente, avec laquelle les deux exilés accueillirent ces preuves de protestations publiques, a vraiment quelque chose de très caractéristique, et peut, jusqu'à un certain degré, servir de point de départ, pour porter un jugement assez net sur Garibaldi et sur Paëz.

Autre Kosciuszko, Garibaldi est un nouveau missionnaire, un nouveau martyr de la liberté. Il a été proscrit une première fois en Italie, où il a combattu pour la liberté. Il a été proscrit en France, où il a combattu pour la même cause. Il a été proscrit à Rio Grande, pour avoir concouru à la fondation d'une république. Il a été proscrit à Monte Video, où il a combattu pour la même cause. De Monte Video, il s'est transporté à Rome, dans sa chère patrie, qui, aux accents de la liberté, s'était délivrée de la cour papale, et avait proclamé le gouvernement républicain sur les bords du Tibre. Il a été proscrit pour la seconde fois en Italie, et il a demandé aux Etats Unis l'hospitalité, que lui refusait sa patrie.

Qu'il soit le bien venu!

Garibaldi regrette de n'avoir pas atteint, malgré ses efforts, le but généreux, qu'il se proposait ; de n'avoir pu implanter, sur le sol de la jeune Italie, le système républicain.

La portion patriote de la nation française faisait des vœux sincères, pour qu'il s'établît un lien solide et sympathique de fraternité entre la France républicaine et la jeune Italie ; elle espérait, que cette vieille papauté rétrograde, qui a fait alliance avec tous les rois contre tous les peuples, qui a uni sa croix au bâton de l'Autriche et au knout de la Russie, serait abolie à jamais, et que, sur ses ruines encore fumantes, s'élèverait un édifice politique et social nouveau, qui revêtirait des formes plus jeunes, plus conformes au style et aux besoins de l'époque. C'était là le vœu que fesaient, par patriotisme, les nouveaux citoyens de la Rome régénérée pour leur patrie ; que fesaient, par sympathie, les patriotes de la France républicaine, et que devait seconder, sinon par solidarité, du moins par devoir, le gouvernement français.

Mais Louis Bonaparte, plein de gratitude pour le clergé catholique, qui l'avait porté à la présidence, jaloux d'acquitter au plutôt la dette qu'il avait contractée envers lui, et de conserver son appui pour l'avenir, n'en jugea pas ainsi. Il sacrifia l'intérêt de la république française à sa personnalité et à ses vœux ambitieuses. Il regarda, comme un titre de gloire, de prodiguer le sang des soldats français et de gaspiller les finances du trésor national, pour combattre une armée républicaine en Italie et pour y étouffer, dès sa naissance, le principe républicain, qu'il avait pour mission, comme premier magistrat, comme président de la république française, de favoriser et de soutenir en France. Grâce lui soient rendues !

Quelle belle page en effet Louis Bonaparte s'est acquise dans l'histoire de France, pour avoir rétabli le gouvernement papal dans Rome, dans la ville éternelle,—où un pape, dont je ne cite pas le nom, pour ne pas souiller ma plume, fit déterrer son prédécesseur, dont il était l'ennemi personnel, fit tenter un procès à son cadavre, lui fit couper la tête et la main, puis fit précipiter ses membres épars dans les eaux du Tibre ;—où, dans le dixième siècle, le pape Grégoire VII. mit à exécution le plan le plus politique, qui ait jamais été conçu par aucun pape, celui, qui devait fournir au Saint Siège autant de sujets, qu'il y avait de prêtres dans le monde chrétien, en isolant tous ces

prêtres de leur patrie respective, et en les livrant, sans partage, au chef de l'église ; en un mot, où Grégoire VII. ordonna d'une manière positive, par une bulle, le célibat des prêtres ;—où le pape Innocent III. établit l'inquisition dans le onzième siècle ;—ou, dans le treizième siècle, le pape Jean XXII., glorieux d'ajouter le droit de crime aux droits d'annates, de dispenses, de dîmes et d'indulgences, a permis, par une bulle, à un diacre d'assassiner, moyennant douze tournois, à un abbé, à un évêque de poignarder, moyennant une somme de trois cents livres.

Qui sait, si, plus tard, après avoir détruit le gouvernement républicain en Italie, Louis Bonaparte n'aura pas la coupable pensée d'anéantir avec le secours d'un second Monk le gouvernement républicain en France ?

Un écrivain français d'un mérite supérieur, a publié récemment un ouvrage dans lequel je lis la phrase suivante : " La France a besoin d'un Washington ou d'un Monk."

Que Louis Bonaparte choisisse, s'il l'ose !

Si Louis Bonaparte devient un second Washington, (et il en est peut-être encore tems malgré les fautes qu'il a commises,) il méritera bien de la France et de la postérité.

Si, au contraire, Louis Bonaparte, traître à la liberté, traître à la patrie, se sert d'un Monk pour rétablir la monarchie à son profit, qu'il tremble ! Ce forfait paricide sera son arrêt de mort. Car il se rencontrerait, dans les rangs du parti républicain profondément froissé, et justement indigné, plus d'un bras pour venger la liberté assassinée et pour punir, de la peine du talion, l'audacieux liberticide.

Mais je m'arrête. Il ne m'appartient pas d'anticiper sur les événemens. L'histoire, ce juge souverain, est là qui épie déjà Louis Bonaparte. C'est elle, qui se réserve le droit de lui décerner la couronne civique, si sa conduite politique est celle d'un second Washington.

Mais c'est elle aussi, qui saura flageller, avec le fouet de l'opprobre et de la malédiction, la mémoire du jeune ambitieux, qui, sans génie, sans gloire, sans autre mérite, sans autre précédent que d'être le neveu de son oncle, aura eu la témérité paricide de porter une main sacrilège sur l'autel de la liberté, et de violer la constitution qu'il avait jurée.

Je termine ici ma digression relative à Louis Bonaparte, et je reviens avec bonheur au Kosciuszko italien.

Garibaldi, fatigué des efforts surhumains qu'il a faits pour affranchir sa patrie, se réfugie dans sa tristesse et dans ses douloureux souvenirs ; il ne voit que Rome bombardée et asservie.

En vain ses compatriotes lui manifestent le désir de lui faire une ovation publique, et lui déclarent qu'ils sont les interprètes de toute la population de New-York.

Son cœur est trop navré, pour être accessible aux accens de la joie, aux fanfares, aux ovations de la population New-Yorkaise. En réponse aux nombreuses sollicitations qui lui sont faites, voici la lettre, que Garibaldi adressa au comité italien le sept août, mil huit cent cinquante :—

MESSIEURS,—

Je regrette d'être obligé de vous annoncer que ma mauvaise santé continue et ne me permettra pas de prendre part à la démonstration que vous projetez pour le dix août prochain.

La lenteur de ma convalescence et l'incertitude du tems où je pourrai être rétabli, m'empêcheront aussi de fixer le jour où je serai capable de me réunir à vous, conformément à votre flatteuse invitation.

J'espère que vous me permettrez de vous réputer, plus vivement s'il est possible que jamais, le vœu que j'ai souvent exprimé de voir abandonner la démonstration projetée. Il n'est pas besoin d'une telle manifestation publique, pour me prouver la sympathie de mes concitoyens, du peuple américain, et de tous les vrais républicains, pour les malheurs que j'ai éprouvés et pour la cause qui en a été la source.

Bien qu'une manifestation publique de ce sentiment peut-être un motif de vive satisfaction pour moi, exilé de ma terre natale, séparé de mes enfans, pleurant le renversement de la liberté dans ma patrie par une influence étrangère.

Cependant croyez, que j'aimerais mieux pouvoir éviter cette manifestation et devenir tranquillement et humblement citoyen de cette grande république d'hommes libres, pour naviguer sous son pavillon, pour poursuivre une carrière, qui me permette de gagner ma vie, et attendre une occasion plus favorable, pour délivrer mon pays de ses oppresseurs étrangers ou domestiques. Après la cause, à laquelle je me suis dévoué, il n'est rien que je prise autant que l'approbation de ce grand peuple, et je suis convaincu que je l'obtiendrai, lors qu'il sera persuadé que j'ai honnêtement et fidèlement servi la cause de la liberté, dans laquelle il a donné lui même un si noble exemple au monde.

GARIBALDI.

Cette lettre, comme on le voit, est empreinte d'un caractère admirable d'innocence et de modestie. Elle suffit pour juger Garibaldi à sa véritable valeur, et elle pouvait donner une sanglante leçon à Paëz, s'il avait su en profiter.

Mais Paëz ne tint pas le moindre compte de cette leçon. Le général Paëz, plus ambitieux, moins républicain que le général Garibaldi, jette le voile sur sa conduite passée, sur le siège de Maracaibo, sur les expéditions de Calabozo et de Coro ; il oublie les arrêts de la législature vénézuélienne, la prison de Cumana, les motifs pour lesquels il a quitté sa patrie.

Par dépit pour sa grandeur passée, par haine pour le président Monagas, à la clémence duquel il doit la vie, par haine pour le gouvernement vénézuélien qu'il a combattu, par haine peut-être pour sa patrie, qu'il a laissée en proie à la guerre civile, il brave tout, il croit se venger de sa conscience politique, de l'histoire qui déjà le harcèle, et lui donne le titre odieux de Coriolan américain. Il est débordé par la soif des ovations, par les instigations des faux amis, dont il est entouré, et par l'impression que produit sur lui cette foule compacte qui se presse dans le Castle Garden, pour voir un seul homme, le général Paëz, l'ancien aide-de-camp de l'illustre Bolivar, l'ancien président de la république vénézuélienne, l'ancien généralissime de l'armée du Vénézuéla. Il se laisse complaisamment conduire en cortège à l'Hôtel de Ville de New-York, où l'attend une garde d'honneur, et où le maire le reçoit officiellement au nom de la cité impériale. Il accepte, le sourire sur les lèvres, les honneurs, qui lui sont déferés, les félicitations officielles, qui lui sont adressées.

En égard aux circonstances politiques, dans lesquelles le général Paëz se trouve placé, devait-il accéder ou se soustraire à l'éclat d'une manifestation publique ? Je laisse à l'opinion publique le soin de juger ce fait. Ce que je puis dire avec la franchise d'un homme qui n'a jamais craint de dire la vérité, c'est que le général Paëz s'est mépris étrangement sur l'accueil, qu'il a reçu lors de son arrivée à New-York.

Cette réception a été primitivement provoquée, non pas précisément par la population New-Yorkaise, qui ne connoissait pas la vie politique du général Paëz, mais par les agens de la politique anglaise, qui l'entouraient alors, qui l'entourent encore, qui lui donnent de perfides conseils, et qui, s'il n'y prend pas garde, exciteront en lui, lorsqu'il sera tems, des sentimens de jalousie et d'ambition, dans le but de le pousser encore vers les rivages du Vénézuéla, et de lui faire ar-

borer une seconde fois l'étendard de la révolte contre sa patrie.

Voilà la vérité toute entière ; c'est presque déjà de l'histoire.

Que des journalistes contemporains aient donné, dans leur articles complaisans, le nom d'erreur à la marche politique, qui a été suivie, depuis ces dernières années, par le général Paëz, dans le Vénézuëla, qu'ils aient essayés de l'excuser, en disant : "Le général Paëz a pris les prétentions des oligarques pour la voix de la nation entière elle-même ; il s'est mépris sur la popularité et sur le patriotisme de ce parti, qui vise plutôt à ressaisir le pouvoir qu'à consolider le bonheur du pays ; malgré son erreur, le général Paëz peut porter le front haut, et Monagas a su presque joindre, en la personne de Paëz, l'auréole du martyr à la couronne du guerrier." Sans doute ces journalistes ont fait acte d'un extrême bienveillance, mais le général Paëz ne doit pas se croire justifié, par ce fait, devant le tribunal auguste de la postérité. L'histoire impartiale ne se paye pas de pareille monnaie ; elle se sert d'autres termes ; elle ne se enveloppe pas dans les replis de tant de ménagemens.

Sous un gouvernement républicain, les hommes d'état n'ont qu'une route à suivre pour défendre la république ; c'est la route du patriotisme et de la liberté. Quiconque s'en écarte, quiconque, par jalousie ou par ambition, prend les armes pour renverser le président de la république librement élu par le peuple, pour détruire la forme de gouvernement établi, pour jeter le pays dans les dangers, dans les hazards, dans les fureurs d'une guerre civile, est nommé par l'histoire Coriolan, Catalina, Monk, traître, conspirateur ; voilà les noms que lui donne l'histoire.

Garibaldi, permettez à un vrai républicain de vous offrir le témoignage pur et sincère de mon admiration enthousiaste pour vos vertus civiques, et de jeter avec vous quelques cendres sur la tombe de la liberté italienne.

Mais ne vous découragez pas ; ne désespérez pas de l'affranchissement de votre chère patrie. Tôt ou tard la liberté italienne renaîtra de ses cendres. Tôt ou tard, bientôt peut-être, l'heure de sa résurrection sonnera.

Ce sera alors le moment d'agir. Soldat intrépide d'avant-garde, soyez toujours sur le qui vive, prêt à voler au secours de la liberté, aussitôt qu'elle réclamera votre assis-

tance. C'est là votre mission providentielle ; dussiez vous être encore une fois martyr !

Garibaldi, combien j'envie votre sort malgré vos malheurs, malgré vos déceptions !

L'histoire reconnaissante vous tiendra bon compte de vos énormes sacrifices, de votre admirable désintéressement. C'est une tendre mère qui vous traitera comme son enfant de prédilection. Vos bonnes œuvres auront leur récompense dans la mémoire des hommes. Jouissez avec bonheur de votre renommée sans tache.

Adieu, Garibaldi, adieu ! je vous bénis.

Quant à vous, Paëz, permettez moi aussi de vous adresser des reproches et des conseils.

Vous avez fait dernièrement hommage de votre épée à la ville de New-York. Mais avez-vous bien réfléchi à toute la portée de cette démarche ? Non ; je ne suis pas disposé à le croire ; car, sans cela, vous ne l'auriez jamais tentée. Malheureux, qu'avez vous fait ? Quel mauvais génie vous a poussé dans cet écueil ?

Donner votre épée en présent à la ville de New-York, c'était lui dire à haute voix : "New-York, fille de Washington, prends cette épée, que porta le général Paëz. Cette épée est aussi pure que celle des Washington, des Kosciuszko, des Bolivar, des Garibaldi. C'est elle, qui, aux accents sacrés de la liberté, chassa les espagnols du territoire vénézuélien. C'est cette épée, qui a combattu contre mes concitoyens dans la guerre civile, que j'ai allumée dans ma patrie, sous le prétexte apparent de secourir la liberté en péril, mais, en réalité, bien plutôt pour satisfaire mon ambition personnelle. Déposez la dans les archives de votre ville à côté de l'épée de Washington ; qu'elle soit, pour les citoyens des Etats Unis, comme un drapeau consacré à la liberté ; semblable au panache de Henri Quatre, qu'elle soit toujours présente devant vous, et qu'elle vous guide toujours dans le sentier de l'honneur et de la victoire."

Voilà ce que vous avez dit, en propres termes, à la ville de New-York. Jugez d'après cela. Voyez quelles sont les conséquences de votre démarche.

Croyez moi, Paëz ; écoutez les conseils d'un homme, qui vous veut du bien, et qui vous regarde comme une victime de la politique anglaise : Renoncez à la vie politique, du moins pour le moment. Autre Cincin-

tus, reprenez la charrue, non pas pour labourer le sol vénézuélien, puisque vous vous êtes fermé à jamais les portes de la mère patrie, mais pour soumettre à la culture le sol vierge de Ténax. Soyez planteur américain.

Plus tard—qui le sait, qui peut lire de si loin dans le livre du destin?—plus tard, si jamais un Monk osait s'armer d'un poignard parricide, et formait le projet odieux de le plonger dans la sein de la patrie qui vous vit

naître, ce serait alors pour vous une glorieuse occasion de vivre d'une vie nouvelle. Le cri de la liberté en danger dans votre patrie vous ferait un devoir de voler à son secours. Vous redemanderiez à la ville de New-York l'épée que vous lui avez confiée, vous la réhabiliteriez alors, vous la régénéreriez en lui donnant une trempe nouvelle dans le feu sacré de la liberté.

"MORE OF IT;"

BEING ANOTHER CHAPTER ON "LONDON ASSURANCE" AND NEWSPAPER DECEPTION.

IN WHICH IS FAITHFULLY RECORDED HOW OUR FORMER HERO, THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE, BOLTED OUT OF ONE DIFFICULTY INTO ANOTHER; ALSO SHOWING HOW, BEING VERY MUCH ENWROTHED ABOUT HIS FRIEND, SIR HENRY LYTON BULWER'S HARD TREATMENT, HE INDISCREETLY EXHIBITED HIS NATURAL OPINIONS ABOUT THE ATROCIOUS RASCALITY AND COWARDICE OF ALL IRISHMEN; AND OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE SAME, WITH OTHER SINGULAR DEVELOPMENTS IN THE SCIENCE OF EDITORIAL FALSEHOOD, AND THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF TRIBUNITIAL BILLINGS-GATE, AS ILLUSTRATED BY OUR HERO.

"And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother—I will!"

SHE STOOFS TO CONQUER.

(1.) OUR HERO ACKNOWLEDGETH THE CORN.

"On the 4th of December, having heard of the outrages committed on an American steamboat by British officials at Greytown, or San Juan de Nicaragua, we spoke of those outrages in the terms they deserved. * * * But the next day we received information which left no doubt on our mind that our former inference, natural and justifiable as it was, did not accord with the fact—that in fact the outrages at San Juan were not authorized nor justified by any instructions from the British Government since the Clayton Treaty was ratified, but that, on the contrary, repeated dispatches from Lord Palmerston had been transmitted to San Juan, (which must have arrived there very soon after the perpetration of the outrages complained of,) ordering the British officials thereabouts to refrain from any interference with or assertion of authority over American vessels in those waters or American citizens on their shores. This information entirely changed the aspects of the case." * * *

AND REPEATETH HIS DELINQUENCY.

"All the facts since transpired have strengthened our conviction that this is the real truth—that Great Britain does not mean to assert pretensions of sovereignty over 'San Juan' or 'Greytown,' or any part of Central America, by reason of her alleged Protectorate of 'Mosquito.'" * * *

HE REPHLIETH TO THE REVIEW.

"All these statesmen [meaning of the present and two previous administrations] understand their

country's interest quite as well, watch for encroachments upon them as vigilantly, and are quite as tenacious of American honor as their critic in the Review, [meaning ourselves,] whose entire diatribe smacks of a hereditary proclivity to annihilate the British Empire by flowers of rhetoric, and demolish English domination by liberal allowances of Billingsgate and bullying."

HE DISCOURSETH OF THE CHARACTER OF IRISHMEN.

"We venture to say that any shrewd Briton who should read this Review diatribe would say at once and unhesitatingly—'That never was written by a descendant of the gray-coats who fought us so manfully at Bunker Hill and flogged us so fairly at Bennington and Saratoga. Men who do such deeds are never so ready to threaten them. But this must have originated with some scion of a race accustomed to revenge itself for ages of abject subjection by voluble and grandiloquent threats of the vengeance and discomfiture it might, could, would or should visit upon us on some future occasion.' And he would apparently be not far wrong." * * *

HE DEFENDETH BRITISH AGGRESSION ON THIS CONTINENT, AND SHOWETH THAT THE BALANCE OF AMERICAN POWER PROPOSED TO BE ESTABLISHED BY GREAT BRITAIN BY THE SEIZURE OF CENTRAL AMERICA IS ACCORDING TO THE "LAW OF NATIONS."

"To put forward an assumption of guardianship over the whole Continent, and an inherent right to resent and resist any future acquisition thereon by a European power, while discussing events in Central America, is to befool and com-

plicate a question which the Clayton Treaty has happily stripped of all embarrassments. It is to court the opposition of all Europe to our policy, when we might as easily command its countenance and support." * * *

AND DISCOURSETH OF AN EMPTY STOMACH.

"To say to Europe, 'We will seize and acquire wherever and so fast as we can; but if you grasp another acre on this Continent, we'll flog you,' what is this but to put forth great, swelling words, such as all the world recognizes as coming off an empty stomach?"

HE SHOWETH THAT AMERICA, NORTH AND SOUTH, BELONGS TO GREAT BRITAIN, AND THAT WE SHOULD BE VERY THANKFUL TO GET LEAVE TO LIVE ON SO MUCH OF IT.

"What gives us such special and exclusive rights on this Continent, whereof Great Britain owns a larger area than we do, or at least than we did till lately? Remember that Brazil is nearer to Europe than to us, and that we have claimed and exercised the right of colonizing a portion of the Old World, no one objecting."

AND DESCRIBETH "GAS."

"The whole assumption that we will flog any European nation which extends her sway on this Continent, when no treaty with this country is violated thereby, is simply gas," &c., &c.—*New-York Tribune*, Jan. 9th, 1851.

(2.) *The New-York Tribune sheweth herein that its assertions of two days previous were entirely unwarranted, and are really false.*

OUR HERO MEETETH AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

"We had an interesting call on Thursday from an old subscriber, Mr. Doane, of Berrien county, Michigan, who left home on the 17th of January last for California, was among the earliest of the great emigration across the Plains to that country, arriving in June, and leaving late in October, to return by the Nicaragua route." * *

AND TELLETH OF HIS TRAVELS.

"He came down to Realejo in a sail vessel; was detained there two days; was five days coming thence to Grenada on Lake Nicaragua; was there detained two days longer; was two more in traversing the Lake (by schooner) to the San Juan; then detained again; and came down the river (in a *bungo*, or long narrow boat) in two days more. He was sixteen days in all from the time he landed at Realejo till he was ready to take ship at San Juan de Nicaragua on the Gulf.

HE SHOWETH WHAT WAS DONE WITH HIS OLD SUBSCRIBER, AND CONSOLES HIM FOR BEING DEPRIVED OF HIS ARMS—AND BEING TRANSPORTED OUT OF GREYTOWN, LEST HE SHOULD EAT TOO MUCH.

"Our citizens, landing in the night and thoroughly drenched with rain, were at once deprived of all their arms by the British police in 'Greytown,' as they call San Juan de Nicaragua; but they were otherwise treated very kindly, and finally conveyed to Chagres by the British brig

Inflexible, which was *professedly* blockading the coast. But for this lift, they might have remained at San Juan for weeks. *But they were likely to create a famine there, and had already raised the price of provisions, and the British were glad to help them away.*"—*Same paper*, two days after, January 11th, 1851.

(3.) OUR HERO FURTHER DISPLAYETH THE DESIGNS OF THE BRITISH AGAINST CENTRAL AMERICA, AND TREATS OF THE CAUSES OF THE WAR, AND OF THE DIREFUL VENGEANCE THREATENED BY THE TERRIBLE MR. CHATFIELD, "A SHREWD BRITON."

"The brig Masardis, Captain Hampton, which arrived at this port on Saturday from Belize, Honduras, confirms the previous accounts we have received of hostilities between the States of Guatemala and San Salvador. Several skirmishes have taken place between the troops of the two States. The difficulty has been brought about by the blockade of the port of San Salvador by the British squadron on the Pacific coast. Against this blockade Vasconcelos, the President of the State, strongly protests in a proclamation issued on the 24th of October, considering it as a pretext to get possession of the country. The troops of Honduras and San Salvador had invaded Chiquinula, in the State of Guatemala. On the 16th of November the President of the latter State addressed a circular to the representatives of foreign powers communicating the fact. Mr. Chatfield, in reply, states that Great Britain will not look with indifference on the proceeding, but will hold the States responsible for any damage to British interests."—*Same paper*, three days after that again, January 14th, 1851.

(4.) THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE SHOWETH IT WAS IN POSSESSION OF A LETTER WHICH IT SUPPRESSED.

"We have received from Mr. C. H. Halsey, of Long Island, a more detailed account than we gave in our last of the treatment of American citizens at the port of San Juan, by the British authorities at that place."—*Same paper*, January 13th, 1851.

(5.) *Extract from the letter of Mr. Halsey, an American citizen, as published by him in the Sun newspaper of the 20th January, showing that the Editor of the Tribune had been in possession of positive and reliable information to the contrary of that which he had previously published, which truthful statement he deceived his readers, by suppressing.*

HOW THE PLEDGES OF THE TRIBUNE ARE FULFILLED.

"To the Editor of the Tribune:

"* * * We left San Juan in the English steamer Trent, on or about December 15th, which is as late, within a very few days, as any advices from that place received here. I can assure you that no such orders from Lord Palmerston, as you speak of, have been sent to San Juan. As for the English not exercising any authority over Americans in San Juan, it is *absolutely false*. Every American citizen is watched and guarded in the most rigid manner by a band of negro police from Jamaica. The first moment an American touches his foot to the shore, he is required to walk up to the Police office and deliver up ALL HIS

ARMS, guns, pocket-pistols, knives, or whatever they may be. * * * *

"In coming over from Realejo, the party of which I was one reached San Juan in the middle of the night. We were in all, twenty. We came down the San Juan river in an open boat, and when we reached the town our native oarsmen anchored off the Custom House, and said we must remain there till morning, as the English allowed nobody to land in the night. Our party were determined not to submit to any such humbugging as that, and so we seized the boat ourselves, and went ashore. Just as the boat struck, up came a negro patrol, and ordered us off. We drew our revolvers, determined to brave a fight. On this, up came an English officer—sergeant—and on our expostulating upon the unnecessary rigor in wanting us to go back and stay in our boat all night, he finally consented that we might stay ashore, if we would go up to his station, and deliver up our arms, which was done. * * * *

"Over one hundred Americans from San Juan came in the Crescent City, and two or three hundred in the Georgia. They will all tell you that they received similar treatment. They will all tell you, that up to their leaving San Juan, three weeks ago, the English *did*, and were exercising their authority over American citizens. They will tell you also that the place is in possession of the English, and that if they have taken off the duties and made the port 'free,' they still command it, and subject American citizens to the control of negroes, and other indignities.

"CHAS. H. HALSEY, Sag Harbor, L. I."

(6.) OUR HERO, WITH MR. HALSEY'S LETTER IN HIS POSSESSION, SUPPRESSING IT, AND YET COMMENTING ON IT, RENEWETH HIS PROMISES FOR SIR H. L. BULWER.

"Great Britain will therefore relinquish her pretensions to San Juan, or Greytown, as she has clearly contracted to do."

AND SHOWETH THE POWER OF ENGLAND, AND HER PLAIN RIGHTS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

"Before agreeing to that treaty, she could have held the mouth of the San Juan against the world, and called it 'Greytown' as long as she pleased."

HE SPEAKETH LIGHTLY OF THE TAX.

"She has already taken off American vessels the trifling duty imposed by her authority on vessels visiting that port; she has rebuked the insolence of her officials who annoyed and bullied the captains and crews of our little steamboats hitherto sent down to try the navigation of the San Juan; and she will have to withdraw her authorities from the port altogether, according to the plain letter of the treaty."

AND HE RENEWETH HIS DELINQUENCY.

"Meantime, we do not learn that any serious annoyance, any wanton insult, was suffered by our citizens who lately came down the San Juan to the port; on the contrary, they were helped on their way, and fared very much better than they would have done had there been no British within a hundred miles of that point. Still, they will be obliged

to shut up shop there, and it will not require any pot house swaggering, any penny-a-line bluster, to effect this result."—*Same paper, January 13th, 1851, acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Halsey's letter.*

(7.) THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FATHERS A LITTLE ANNUAL.

"THE WHIG ALMANAC.—At last, and much too late, we have our little Annual ready for those who desire it. * * * * Unusual care and labor have been employed this year to make the Almanac full and reliable in its Returns, and though it is of course not absolutely faultless, we are very sure that no manual at all comparable with this, for completeness and correctness, has hitherto been issued.

"The Members of Congress, present and prospective; with a sketch of the doings of last Session; * * * Central America; * * * &c., &c., such are the subjects treated with the utmost power of condensation in the closely printed pages of the Whig Almanac."—*Same paper, January 7th.*

(8.) One of the first things the little Annual said after it was born, and which it was taught to say by its father, showing that he knew the true state of affairs in Nicaragua, that what the *American Review* said on the subject was strictly true, and, by consequence, what he said to throw discredit on the statements of the *Review* was as strictly false.

OUR HERO'S LITTLE ANNUAL ON BRITISH ABSURDITIES.

"In 1529, Captain Diego Machuca explored Lake Nicaragua, and went down the river San Juan (one of the rapids of which still bears his name) to the ocean, at the point where now stands the town of San Juan de Nicaragua. Machuca proposed to found a colony here, and it is believed did make the attempt, but was interrupted by Robles, then commandant at Nombre de Dios, who also meditated the same enterprise. These facts are mentioned here as showing the absurdity of the claim to that port recently put forward by the British Government."—*Whig Almanac, p. 49, art. "Central America."*

HOW ENGLAND FURTHER INTERFERED IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

"After the expulsion of the Mexican troops, and the defeat of the aristocrats, the delegates of the several provinces or States met in General Congress, and adopted a Constitution of Union, under the name of the 'Republic of Central America.' This Constitution endured until 1838, when, in consequence of dissensions in and between the States, industriously fomented by British agents, it was dissolved, and the five States again severally assumed their sovereign character."—*The "little Annual," ibid.*

THE FURTHER BAD FAITH OF ENGLAND.

"Previous to 1763, Great Britain made some pretensions upon the Mosquito Shore,—not, however, as protector of any Indian tribes, but in absolute sovereignty. These were sweepingly disposed of by the treaties of 1763, 1783, and 1786, between Great Britain and Spain, in which the former agrees not only to evacuate the Mosquito

Shore, but to withdraw her protection from her own subjects who should be so 'daring as to presume' to remain there, or 'to obstruct the entire evacuation agreed upon by His Britannic Majesty.'—*The Tribune's Vade-mecum, ibid.*

OUR HERO'S OWN HISTORY OF MOSQUITO, AS GIVEN BY HIS LITTLE ANNUAL.

"Subsequently, a treaty was negotiated by Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State of the United States, and Sir Henry Bulwer, Minister of Great Britain, providing for extending the protection of both countries over any route of communication which may be opened across the continent, and also for the abandonment of British territorial pretensions, and the withdrawal of British establishments, on the coast of Central America.

"The British pretensions consist in an alleged protectorate over a mixed brood of Indians and Negroes, who have maintained a miserable existence on that part of the Atlantic coast of Nicaragua bearing the geographical designation of the 'Mosquito Shore,' and who, it is claimed by the British Government, are entitled to be considered as a sovereign people. They have, however, no written languages, no religion, no laws—not a single feature to elevate them above the lowest order of savages. Under the pretense above indicated, the agents of Great Britain have undertaken to fix the limits of the supposititious Mosquito Kingdom, as including the entire coast from Cape Honduras to the boundary of New-Granada, a line of more than 800 miles, and extending inward indefinitely. This preposterous claim, of course, takes in the mouth of the river San Juan and the port of San Juan de Nicaragua, the only possible Atlantic terminus of the proposed canal. This port, which, as we have seen, was occupied by the Spaniards as early as 1529, and which was subsequently, by royal decree, made a port of entry, and fortified by the Spanish Government, and afterward captured from the Royal forces by the Republican army of Nicaragua, peaceably occupied by the people of that State, and, as a part of Nicaragua, blockaded by the English in 1844—this port was wrested from the Nicaraguans in January, 1848, by a British force under the command of Captain G. C. Loch, of H. B. Majesty's ship 'Alarm,' and has since been occupied by English authorities, under the pretense of belonging to the so-called Mosquito Kingdom. It has not been surrendered to Nicaragua, nor has it been formally ascertained that British assumptions have been in any degree relaxed in consequence of our treaty with England above referred to; but we are reliably assured that they have been, and that the British occupation will soon be abandoned."

The difference between the same man, as political editor, and as father of a little Annual.

THE IMPORTANCE OF NICARAGUA TO THE UNITED STATES, AS PUBLISHED IN THE TRIBUNE.

"The State of Nicaragua—that is, the inhabited territory so named—lies almost wholly westward of the Lake Nicaragua, between it and the Pacific Ocean, though it stretches some miles north of the Lake. The river San Juan drains the Lake, running south-eastwardly into the Gulf of Mexico,

about 150 miles. North of the river and east of the mountains which approach the Lake is the 'Mosquito Coast,' so called, which Great Britain has long ruled in the name of a succession of savage Chiefs, or pretended Chiefs, whom she has christened Kings of Mosquito. But neither by the Nicaraguans nor the Mosquitoes and their British masters has the valley of the San Juan been peopled at any time within the memory of man. It is a dense forest or mass of luxuriant tropical vegetation, filled with wild beasts, but rarely penetrated by man, save in navigating the river. A small village (San Carlos) marks the point of its departure from the Lake; another collection of huts (San Juan de Nicaragua, the British 'Greytown,') is found at its mouth on the Gulf of Mexico, and there may be half a dozen huts, inhabited by negroes and demi-savages, at two or three intermediate points where the 'piragua' or 'bungo' navigation is interrupted by rapids; all the rest is wilderness."—*New-York Tribune, Jan. 13th, 1851.*

THE LITTLE ANNUAL ON THE SAME.

"Indeed, it is very evident that Central America must be to California and Oregon what the West Indies have hitherto been to our confederacy. Sugar, cotton, coffee, cocoa, rice, indigo, tobacco, maize—in short, all the staples and fruits of the tropics—are produced in Nicaragua in the greatest abundance and perfection. There are a large number of cattle-estates in the country; and hides, with indigo, coffee, and Brazil-wood, form the principal articles of export."—*Whig Athanas, Greeley and McElrath, New-York, 1851.*

We need not continue—*Ohe! Jam satis!*

In again stooping to notice the irregularities of the *New-York Tribune*, after its publication of the first of the above extracts, (Ex. 1.) we must descend still lower from our dignity than we had previously anticipated it was possible, by the "proclivity," whether hereditary or not, of its editor's character, to be compelled at any time to descend in replying to him. It is not necessary for us here again, in this connection, to renew the subject of British aggression in Nicaragua, and to expose still further than the above extracts do, the sinuosities, the groundless statements, the reckless inconsistencies, printed day after day by the editor of the *Tribune*. To the newspaper publisher, who alone of all the American press has presumed to defend the rights of Great Britain, or any other European power, to seize territory after territory on this continent, and who has presumed to maintain that these United States have no right to interfere; to the unscrupulous apologist and defender of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer; to the reckless falsifier in one publication of state-

ments to which he has contemporaneously pledged himself in another; to the exhibitor of *quasi* assurances which he had not, and the suppressor of positive evidence contradicting them which he had, it is not in our power to offer any suggestion or advice which could serve him in the peculiar line of business he has selected. The country whose hard-won rights he ignores; the people he has attempted, under a mask of moral puritanism, to deceive; the foreign Government whose usurpations he upholds; the servants of Barclay street to whom he is so thoroughly devoted, and the other charlatans and mountebanks whose blowing-horn he is ambitious to be considered, will take care of him. To them, with the sincerest good wishes we are capable of giving for their behoof, we leave him and his services in this regard.

But the laws of debate, the laws which from time immemorial have regulated the decorum of argument, both in the schools of Aristotle and Zeno, and the columns of the modern newspaper; the Republican Constitution and equality of the American people; the injustice of stigmatizing any portion of them as citizens of foreign birth; the reckless treason of carrying a war of races into this continent, of splitting up every State into foreign and native factions, as multitudinous as the cuts of their beard, or the diverse colors of their hair, are principles on the present occasion more worthy of being sustained by us. Who the writer of any article in this Review may be, is a matter which concerns the editor and the writer only. If the facts put forward are not facts, if the arguments advanced are unsustained or sophistical, let the falsehood or the fallacy be exposed; and we undertake that neither will the editor of this Review shrink from his responsibility by throwing it on his contributor, nor will the contributor, whoever he may be, (and dozens of gentlemen are in the habit of enriching our pages with their thoughts,) evade the duty of sustaining the position to which he has committed himself and us. We are satisfied with this rule, and as we bestow much more consideration and forethought on the papers we select for the public, than necessarily is the wont of publications more frequently issued, and less expensively conducted, we will be the last of the American press to transgress it in the case of others, or permit it to be trans-

gressed in our own. It is sufficient for our readers to know that the articles we publish are the articles of the American Review. Let them be judged in that light—defended or refuted in that light. While, therefore, the newspaper *prolétaire*, or daily-talking class, must be quite content to receive them as our articles, and ours alone; while we are always pleased at their good-will, interested in their candid discussions, and extremely indifferent to their ill-considered abuse, it may be interesting to our readers to see how some of this very daily-talking class of publications evade an argument fairly directed against them.

We had, more than once, occasion to refer to the manifest inconsistencies with regard to the Central American question, of a certain portion of the newspaper press. After witnessing such exhibitions for several months, we considered we would be doing the cause of American right and good faith a very evident service, by exposing it in a single instance. Accordingly, taking up the *New-York Tribune* as the nearest to our hand, and as being nominally Whig, we collated some extracts from it, published on successive days, and appended to them an article which has effected all we sought for. The *Tribune* replied by acknowledging its inconsistencies and repeating them—by further burying itself in the most reckless assurances for which it had not one particle of foundation—by evading the arguments we advanced, and then, through sheer anger at our calm and clear exhibition of its own misdeeds, by endeavoring to screen itself from public indignation, by personally attacking some imaginary individual whom it, in its witless fancy, supposed to be the writer of the article in question, as a "scion of a race;" and by further attacking the supposed race and nation of the imaginary writer as one in the opinion of some "shrewd Briton" (the "shrewd Briton" being the editor of the *Tribune*) "accustomed to revenge itself for ages of abject subjection by voluble and grandiloquent threats," &c.—as a race "of a hereditary proclivity to annihilate the British empire by flowers of rhetoric, and demolish English domination by liberal allowances of Billingsgate and bullying." The "shrewd Briton" is further made to say that our article "never was written by a descendant of the gray-coats who fought us (the *Tribune's* kept Britisher) so man-

fully at Bunker Hill, and flogged us so fairly at Bennington and Saratoga." How the "shrewd Briton" found so much out we cannot imagine; we would say it was by the aid of the Rochester knocking girls, but that it is strictly true we believe; but surely the noisy young women referred to would be more at fault if they said, with reference to the *Tribune's* reply, "that it was written by a descendant of the gray-coats" aforesaid. The "gray-coats" were good republicans; did not traduce men simply because they may have been born under a different meridian; the "gray-coats" being Americans, and consequently very much traduced and abused by "shrewd Britons," did not care much for what the shrewd Britons said about themselves, and still less what falsehoods they advanced against other peoples, whom it was equally their interest and desire to traduce; but above all, the gray-coats were men, and it is to be hoped they begot men, and not beings in gray coats so cowardly as to evade a direct and fair argument by a sneaking attack upon a nation, dozens of whose children lie buried side by side with them on Bunker Hill, and in Lexington and Concord; one of whose sons was one of their noblest and most chivalrous generals—nor beings so lost to decorum as to add to the meanness of the unworthy attack, an "allowance of Billingsgate and bullyragging," perfectly unenvolvable by the largest termagant of abandoned character domiciled in the negro quarter. A heritage of gray coats on such a being, even though the editor of the *Tribune* might possess the same, would be but the more positive evidence that he was justly entitled to the honors of the bar sinister. If such a being had one such coat, he should deposit it carefully, on occasions like the present, among the archives of his family secrets; for it is an old French adage, and a good one, that "people should not wash their dirty linen before the world."

If it were necessary to heap superabundant ridicule on the use of such language by the editor of the *Tribune*, we would have but to refer to the harmonious patronymic in which he rejoices, and to a rumor we have heard, that it and he are not removed by many degrees of consanguinity from the soil and the people he calumniates in epithets so vituperative and unmeasured. But, anxious as we are to ab-

stain from the peculiar line of "argument" the *Tribune* has itself adopted, we will not lift the veil from its genealogy, and prove it guilty of moral matricide. Thank Heaven, in this country, at all events, it matters nothing whence any individual may have descended, and we will abstain even in this instance from contravening this sound Republican principle to exhibit the unfilial ingratitude of an opponent so reckless, so egotistical, so violent and so unjustifiable in attack. But the editor of the *Tribune* is at all events the erstwhile member of Congress from one of the most Irish districts of New-York; the bepraiser on all occasions which may bring to himself electioneering success, partisan favor or monetary profit, of that portion of our population which owes its mediate or immediate origin to Irish soil. We have already in matters of more moment exhibited, in a very limited degree, the manifold examples of extravagant inconsistency, of reckless prevarication and contradiction, of the prodigal waste of any political reputation the *Tribune* may have at any time acquired, on the single question of British aggression in Nicaragua. Can its editor have imagined that this more recent unmeasured and "shrewdly British" attack on the Irish race resident on this soil, his new attempt to raise against them the shibboleths of a forgotten and ridiculous faction, is calculated to show to our readers or his own that we were wrong in our representation of his conduct and his character? On the contrary, does not the article to which we have referred prove incontestably, even on its own pages, that his journal is not only thoroughly inconsistent either from recklessness or want of memory, but thoroughly faithless and thoroughly insincere in its warmest professions? We had given the editor of the *Tribune* some credit for an unscrupulous worldly wisdom; but our error in doing so will ere long be proved to his satisfaction and our own, by men of the very race he has so recklessly calumniated.

However, to place this recent exhibition by the editor of the *Tribune* in a light merely personal to him, is but to hide the greater questions which have been thrust upon our attention. It is none of our business to defend the character of the Irish nation from the most unwarranted attack, or to apologize for their existence here. If any inhabitant

of this country of Irish descent or birth thinks himself called on, before he can meet Americans, or even "Anglo-Saxons," on an equality, to defend his ancestors or his brethren from such misrepresentations as the British nation, government, or organs, may have at any time for some five or six hundreds of years thrown upon them, even though such representations may have been taken up and refulminated by a "liberal" and "moral" editor of New-York—the man so thinking had better go home. This Republic is, thank God, no place for him. From the time when British governments, British writers, and British speakers represented the citizens of this country as the sons of thieves and murderers, and as the spawn of every rascaldom and vagrancy, to the later days when the same reliable authorities designated us as a nation of swindlers and pick-pockets, we have been taught by the British themselves that, in their relations to other peoples at all events, they are by nature liars, and by policy liars.

But were it even not so, the Irishman would be unworthy of citizenship, who, to justify his liberty of speech or action on this soil, stooped to defend by argument, from British calumny, his country or his countrymen. In this country they who have to appeal to ancestors, are only those devoid of personal character or strength. It matters nothing who a man's ancestor may have been, what may have been the faults of his origin, or the misfortunes of his progenitors, provided he be himself a man, worthy of the good opinion of his fellow-citizens, and loyal to their laws. None but an aristocrat dares, on this soil, to insult a man for his birth, and to an aristocrat of such contemptible character and vulgar deportment, an argument is not the answer which should be given. Nevertheless, an Irishman is the last man of foreign birth on this soil, at whose door an insult on the score of nativity can lie. A man so lucky as to be born in the free oak openings of Michigan, within reach of a common school, of an egotistical character, and a limited education, may consider himself warranted in treating with contumely a people which, no matter what great men it may have begotten, has been in the main cooped up for centuries in a narrow island, and therein subjected to the cerebral pressure of a foreign anarchy, a

native oligarchy, and two organized superstitions like those of the Roman and the English "religions;" but the less prejudiced and larger-minded man of the world will take the egotist himself, so drunken with his worldly luck as to hazard the vulgar reproach, and having subjected him in fancy to the same tyranny and tyrannies, ask the interested audience, What a sorry fool must this fellow's self become, when he is so vain and utterly insensate as to charge as a crime the sustentation of human life and genius for ages under a system he has not strength of frame or of mind sufficient to endure for an hour? An American who would give up without a blow the isthmus of Central America to the rapacity of England, must no doubt regard it as extremely ridiculous and absurd in Irishmen, after having kept up a fruitless war, interrupted only by peaceful famines, from the twelfth to the nineteenth century, against England and Englishmen,—must think it, indeed, very absurd in such men to hope, even at the present day, of ever regaining their own country; but Americans of more Republican sympathies, and less ignoble soul, will rejoice that our country numbers among its immigrant populations millions of a fecund race, so immovable in their hatred of oppression and their antagonism to wrong. An editor who, if a British fleet were lying at anchor in the Hudson, would surrender New-York rather than incur the pecuniary and sanguineous loss of a valiant defense, may affect to despise a race who, even when beaten, are not wise enough to give up; but the Republican, wherever he may be born, will place the philosophic editor who would give up all rather than fight, and the ignorant peasant who would fight even after losing all, side by side, and acknowledge that the one merits the doom of ignorance and pauperism, to which the other has been brutally and undeservedly subjected. To such a race no insult can be given by such a man. That which he attributes to them as a crime, becomes, when compared with his meanness and his want of decent manhood, a pride; and that of which he boasts—the chance of birth, the vulgar attribute of position, and a full, not an empty stomach—proves, when compared with their lot, how utterly unworthy he is of the attributes which have befallen him, and which he has so idiotically abused.

But independently of any considerations with reference to the land of their nativity, the Irish by birth or descent of this country are from their position in this country, and from their services to her, the last of our immigrant population against whom could be directed with justice, or even without manifest indecency, language of the character we have extracted from the *Tribune*. The exploits of Irishmen in Ireland, the probabilities they may attempt hereafter, we leave entirely to those catch-penny newspapers which live upon the earnings of the immigrant by repainting, recasting, and reduplicating the obsolete traditions of his far-off home. It may suit the proprietors of these and other prints to propagate an Irishism on this continent, but that is the very opposite of our intention. Even the American, desiring to know something of the history of the Irish, need not expect any from us. Let him consult the first of modern historians, Augustus Thierry the Frenchman, and even the pages of the English Hollinshed, Davies, Hume, and Musgrave, that is, if the said American knows how to glean one grain of truth from a mass of falsehood. Even the student, curious in history, may follow their footsteps through the wars of Europe and Asia from the age of Louis XIV. to that of Napoleon; from the field of Lannes to the defense of Cremona, and the sieges of Belgrade and Pondicherry—may take up their history in Spain and Russia as the legion of Napoleon; in the Netherlands as the avant-garde in one century of Le Grand Monarque, and the next as the flower of that army which conquered Europe on the field of Waterloo; and may thence derive a very excellent lesson on the consequences to humanity of permitting a brave and hardy nation to be first conquered, and then conscribed into the armies of the conqueror. But with these matters we have no present concern. Our business is to speak of Irishmen in this Republic; and here at all events, to tell the simple truth, it must be acknowledged that the fulminations of the *Tribune*, and men of his kidney, are utterly inapplicable. Here, at all events, the Irish have stood the brunt of danger, and have faithfully discharged the requirements of citizenship. If they do possess a high position and an extensive power on this continent, they have earned it well, and used it becomingly. Here, at all events, no American can say that they have

been used to avenge themselves or defend themselves by Billingsgate or bullyragging. On the contrary, wherever a stand-up fight for American liberty or American right against England or any other power was to be had, since the first dawn of the Republic's existence, there, and in our ranks, were Irishmen to be found. On the battle-fields of Massachusetts, as we have said, in those very identical gray coats and in homespun, have these islanders fought and died for the liberty their children and America attained; and base indeed is the man who would seek to deprive them of that glory which is his own. The Puritan State itself has not scrupled to erect monuments and dedicate slabs to record how well Irishmen fought, and how manfully they died for American liberty. Without distinction of creed or party, whenever American liberties were attacked or even threatened, they have been found on the right side and in the right place. From the Irish gray-coats who followed Warren to immortality, to the farmers of Vermont and Maine, of Irish descent, who were found in the ranks of Starke, a "scion of the race"—from the Irish population which turned out with their priests at their head to throw up the works around Philadelphia, to that General who in 1812 guarded the abandoned city of New-Orleans, the Irish of America have done their work like men. The fields of Mexico are too fresh in our memory to need recapitulation. But within sight of the City Hall of New-York, before St. Paul's Church, stand two memorable monuments—they are those of the brother of Emmett and of the hero of Quebec—that Montgomery, whose disinterested chivalry ennobles him, in the liturgy of American martyrs, as second only to Washington, and these both were Irishmen. The presidential chair was once at all events filled and honored by a man who only escaped being an Irishman to enable him to become chief magistrate of this Republic. Irishmen native-born and by descent have been over and over again members of American Cabinets and Secretaries of State—one "scion of the race" lately dead, and whom in his grave all honor, Calhoun. They are and have ever been found among State and Congressional representatives and senators, on the benches of judges, and among the most honored of our professions; and the only instance of "Billingsgate and bullyragging" which can

be attributed to them is that speech of Patrick Henry, which will live while the Union lives, and which he would utter again to-day had he the misfortune to exist and witness the United States pandering to the outrages of his enemies on their sovereignty and that of an allied Republic. Would to Heaven we had a little more of that "Billingsgate;" it is plentifully lack just now. In the records of inventive genius, to which, even more than to military exploits or forensic eloquence, we owe the astonishing progress of the United States, not a few Irish names are also to be found; and that of O'Reilly stands second to Morse alone. But the Irish of America are not to be judged by the pre-eminence of individual mind, or by the honors or emoluments which may have justly fallen to the share of individuals of their countrymen. The Irish race as a mass in this country are deserving of the highest respect and honor by every true American, and the citizenship they have acquired they have earned well. We have seen them aiding in the presidential chair, in leading the armies, fighting the battles, and constructing the Constitution and the laws of the Republic. But alone of all the races which have migrated to this continent within this century or the last, they have never failed to expend their industry on the severest labor, and the most thankless offices known to the State. The German immigrant becomes a farmer if he be wealthy, otherwise a huxter or a pedlar, or a slop-worker. The Englishman seeks out polite and easy employment, wherein he can live without much personal exertion on the labor of others. But the Irishman graduates for citizenship by long years of service in building up our railroads and viaducts, tunnelling mountains, carrying rivers from hill to city, draining the foulest place of habitation, and performing the most arduous and menial duties essential to the greatness of that Republican empire of which he desires to be a portion, and necessary to the very life of its inhabitants. In the higher grades of industry, among builders, architects, engineers, among merchants, manufacturers, you will find Irishmen too, and in our great cities, among the most influential for personal probity, clear intellect, enterprise, and humanity, are to be met hundreds of "scions of that race" vituperated by the *Tribune*. American literature too owes not a little to Irishmen, for if the

genius of the dead Goldsmith has formed the most eloquent and exquisite of our authors, Irving, who of our generation has not listened in rapture to the genial eloquence and original fancy of Henry Giles? Far off too in the western lands, reclaiming new States for the seed-time of civilization, the Irish farmer is to be found everywhere vieing with the nomadic New-Englander in the subjugation of the forest. Can, then, any impertinent and supercilious effrontery exceed that of the Editor of the *Tribune*, when he ventured, even in anger, to direct against an American race, which has produced such men as we have hinted at, and done such deeds for their adopted country as we have barely noticed, a diatribe so unscrupulous, so false, and so offensive to every Republican? Were the Irish in Ireland even the lowest mortals, the most despicable specimens of humanity known to history or men, surely their acts in this country should protect them from malicious falsehood, and entitle them to the warmest friendship and sincerest esteem.

There is one more reason why the Irishman should stand highest of all foreigners on this soil. For, arriving in this country under greater disadvantages than any other immigrant, he alone of them all, from the very moment he touches this soil, embodies himself heart and soul with the Republic, yields to it a full and generous loyalty, and strips himself of every sympathy and allegiance which could intervene between him and his duties as a citizen. Contrast him with the "shrewd Briton," who makes this country a field for personal emolument, who can see nothing in our Republic but themes for jibes and ignorant derision, who lives and dies upon the soil which gives him food and shelter, a monarchist, envious of its success, abhorring its greatness, and at war in soul with its institutions and its laws, and answer, which is the most worthy of respect?

We have dealt temperately and tersely with this subject. But the conduct of the *Tribune* strikes even deeper at the social basis of the Union and of every State of it, than it does against an individual race. If there be one essential paramount to all others in the vitality of the United States, it is the amalgamation of all races on this continent into one American whole. It may not be treason by law, but it is in soul, treason the most deadly, to endeavor to foment a social

or servile war either between classes or races in this Republic. The Editor of the *Tribune* has already expended much energy to that end in his abolition gambols. From such a man only could an attempt originate to split up the compact society of every city and State, into "races" at war with each other and the land which protects them. With such a man only could the scheme find favor of pitting on this soil the Pole against the German, the Hungarian against the Austrian, the Italian against the French, the Irishman against "the shrewd Briton;" of carrying into the bosom of this society the vituperative epithets used by the conquering races against the conquered of Europe of stigmatizing race after race with the slang of falsehood used by its more fortunate antagonists, and reproducing, North, South, East and West, a war of races to which any insurrection of negroes against white men would be mere child's play, and a few of the effects of which we have not very long since seen in the Nativist "riots" of Philadelphia, Boston and New-York.

Such is the position the editor of the *Tribune* has now assumed. To notice him in future

may perhaps be to descend even still lower from our dignity than we have heretofore done. But if for the nonce he may assume the bearing of a gentleman, speak in language not positively indecent, and remove the stigmas he has already drawn upon his paper, we may honor him again with our attention. Meantime he must be content to bear not only the reputation of the ready upholder of every public delinquency and private charlatanism, from the assurances of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer to the Rochester knockings, and of an individual who seeks by negro-disunionism, to drive the South into separation that it may protect its State and inalienable rights, but further as a public incendiary among white men, a schemer so unscrupulous as to plot a war of races even in the North—in short, a NATIVIST of the worst type, and that, too, without a particle of sincere affection for the Republic of whose fallen citizens he is a melancholy example, but actuated solely by the sympathies, opinions, and desires of his adviser, "the shrewd Briton," whose identity, as at present we have no communion with the other world, we cannot pretend to determine in this.

MISCELLANY.

CENTRAL AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

"NICARAGUA" IN THE SENATE.—A motion has been unanimously passed by the Senate, on the motion of General Shields, calling on the Executive for information relative to British outrages in Central America.

On New Year's Day, 1851, the American steamer *Director*, with the U. S. flag at the fore, having overcome the rapids of the river San Juan, and the still more insuperable obstacles of British interference, shot out into the waters of the great Lake of Nicaragua—the first vessel larger than a bongo or piragua which ever floated on the inland sea of Central America. This intelligence reached this city on the 21st January, by the *Prometheus* steamer, from Chagres and "Greytown." Fully six weeks ago, at all events, certain prints, of memorable assurance, stated that orders had been sent to the British agents in Central America, to discontinue certain outrages on American citizens travelling by the Nicaraguan route from the Pacific to the Atlantic States of this Union. Of course, the mere discontinuance of these outrages would amount to nothing in the true issue. But the arrival of the *Prometheus* proves incontestably, that the statements of the papers above referred to are false; for, within twenty-one days before the arrival of the *Prometheus*, her mails show that the same system of outrage had been, without the slightest interruption, as complacently and determinedly as ever pursued by the British. We ask our readers to compare dates, and judge for themselves. So vile a system of systematically misinforming the public has never before been known in the United States. It has been practised by British cabinets, and their hired newspapers, from the days of the elder Pitt to those of Lord Russell, but by whom imported here, unless by "Sir Henry," the Future must determine. One thing we know at all events, we enjoy its practice. In this connection, however, it may be well to do justice to the good, and even to the contrite sinner. From the *New-York Tribune*, of the 13th January, we extract the following, with reference to the treaty violated by every negro policeman smuggled by British agents into the territory of the State of Nicaragua. In connection with some other extracts of an opposite tendency on the same subject, which we have heretofore taken from the *Tribune*, the following affords a remarkable example of the science spoken of in our last number, viz, the science of taking the opposite sides of a question in turn, without being committed to either, and (while in indifferently good temper) without offending anybody. The Editor of the *Tribune* is one of its ablest practitioners. No matter what may eventuate on this matter—no matter what result may follow—no matter which side, his country's or the British, may be

declared right, he can say, "Didn't I say it would?" So of the Rochester knockings—"Do the dead converse with the living in this world?"—Paine's gas, Bulwer's character, &c. &c. &c. Let us, therefore, record, that in one instance, at all events, the Editor of the *Tribune* has taken measures to dodge to the right side of the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty. He lately wrote as follows:—"The first and most material section of that Treaty reads as follows: 'ARTICLE I.—The Governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare, that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have to or with any State or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same; nor will the United States or Great Britain take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connection or influence, that either may possess with any State or Government through whose territory the said canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring or holding, directly or indirectly, for the citizens or subjects of the one, any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other.' This article, we maintain, is conclusive as to the main point in question. No matter whether San Juan de Nicaragua belongs to Mosquito, Nicaragua, or any other power, neither Great Britain nor the United States can occupy, fortify, assume or exercise any jurisdiction over it, whether in her own right or as the protector and ally of some other power." Let us be just to the evil-doer. The above is from the *New-York Tribune* of the 13th January, 1851. There is balm in Gilead still, and much hope for all sinners.

THE POLITE MR. BULL!—Certain stories and rumors full of nauseous sentimentalism have been current in the newspapers of late relative to the very great politeness of Mr. John Bull, Mr. Inscrutable Chatfield, and British policemen Sambo and Quashee, towards some unfortunate American citizens passing from the State of California to the States of New-York, Louisiana, &c., through the "British territory of San Juan de Nicaragua." We would hardly think it worth while noticing such shallow

deceptions in the columns of our Miscellany, were they not intended to cover the base duplicities of Sir H. L. Bulwer and his abettors, and to produce the idea among unsophisticated old women of both sexes (of whom, God wot, we have overmuch) that the British usurpation in Central America is a fact really beneficent to all humanity, and specially abounding with comfort, "protection," happiness, and divers prospective blessings to American citizens. Nothing, it appears, can, in the judgment of these newspapers, exceed the politeness with which British Sergeant Quashee deprives American citizens of their arms and locks them up for the night—the urbanity of British Lieutenant Sambo in rummaging the trunks and baggage of American citizens while actually passing from one portion of the North American continent to another, and from one State of this Union to another, is so entrancingly delicious, his ogle is so bewitching, and his guffaw and chit-chat to "Massa" so exceedingly harmonious and agreeable that our "daily organs of opinion" are of opinion an American should be delighted to subject his traps to the supervision, curiosity, and manipulation of his polite highness Lieutenant Sambo! Nay, when he comes to rifle your pockets, to poke his sweetly-flavored paw into the inner crypts of your waistcoat, the interstices of your shirt, and even to examine therewith your person, that no single pistol, pop-gun, small dagger or corker-pin may remain in your possession to the peril of his existence and that of British dominion in Greytown.

"His lips so like a muffin
And his walk am so genteel;
His eyes so like fried oysters
On a streak of Indian meal."

that in the opinion of the recording newspapers the pain, the plunder, the indignity and the outrage you endure are more than counterbalanced by the extravagantly pleasing deportment of the colored gentleman. These newspaper editors never examine the question of right—the question what *right* have British to be there at all, robbing you with their black policemen under Sergeant Quashee, seems to be utterly lost in the much larger question, "How *politely* they do it!" Politeness seems in American nineteenth-century ideas to be equal to charity, if not superior to it, in "covering a multitude of sins," and of all politeness negro politeness! These newspaper editors would no doubt regard the knocking down of a man in the highway, and the robbery of his person by a white man as an astounding crime of the most abominable character, and to be punished after an exemplary fashion. But if the thief be a "gentleman" of the swell mob, even a nigger gentleman of the swell mob, our editor would no doubt beg the gentleman's pardon for troubling him unnecessarily, hand him his watch and pocket-book, make him a low bow, and express his deep and lasting indebtedness for the polite deportment and pleasing attention of the urbane gentleman who had "relieved him." Surely Mr. Frederick Douglass should be a very proud man—negroism has attained a triumph under the humane institutions of Great Britain altogether unhopèd for. We can realize a northern negro

demagogue coolly persuading recusant white men who refuse to give up their watches by exhibiting examples of Greytown practice, and the happiness there experienced by whites under the hands of "colored officers." Nay, we think a triumphal oration by a negro eloquent, would be highly appropriate and justifiable in our modern world, showing that the negro race is after all the paragon race of humanity, and that the coming man, the second Messiah, is after all neither a Jew nor an Anglo-Saxon; nay, not even Mr. Quarrelsome Chatfield, but Lieutenant Sambo, or Sergeant Quashee! May not such a Demosthenic negro prove to the conviction of all reasonable men, that Sergeant Quashee *has* attained the "perfectibility of human government," that of committing outrage without giving offence, and plundering a man without exciting any feelings in his bosom but those of thankfulness and worship! May he not say in his melodious gibberish. The British formerly as now attempted to outrage you, white Americans, on this continent, but you got vexed, fought, and beat the British; but the British having employed us as police, we rob you day after day, take even your arms from you, and leave you as tame and harmless as castrated specimens of the feline species, and you are thankful, and you are happy, and you go your way rejoicing! What with nigger politeness there is surely no more need of wars—the millennium of "peace" under all circumstances has come, and British Sergeant Quashee *is*, we maintain it, the coming man.

One humanitarian journal in particular, the *New-York Tribune*, seems to gloat with singular satisfaction over the fact that white Americans have now to submit, as well as they can, to negro manipulation in "Greytown," and adds that if "Greytown" were not in the usurped possession of the British, it would be all the same—white Americans would still be subjected to negro or other outrage. Now Sergeant Quashee knows that "am not de fact," but simply the very opposite of a fact, or in polite diction a very great falsehood. Sergeant Quashee will inform the editor of the *Tribune* that he was expressly imported from Jamaica to be a Greytown policeman, and still further to insult American citizens passing through the dominions of his master, and excite negro agitation in the United States. Sergeant Quashee will still further inform the editor of the *Tribune* that his native country, Jamaica, is entirely ruled by blacks under British auspices—that it is the wish and intention of the English Government to weed the white race entirely out of Jamaica and rule it by black agencies, black officers, armies and police, under an English governor or viceroy, not with the hope of getting anything out of that fertile island, but with the design of preventing it from falling into the hands of any white inhabitants who would; and that he, Sergeant Quashee, has been expressly transferred to Greytown to establish therein a similar state under the very same auspices. Further, the Sergeant will fully inform the *Tribune* that if he were not there, if the territory of Nicaragua which he "occupies" were in the possession of Nicaragua, no outrage whatever would be offered to American

citizens, but that the greatest friendship and respect would exist and be shown towards them—and Sergeant Quashee might assign many facts in proof.

But the most recent instance of politeness afforded by Mr. Bull, and the urbane Sergeant Quashee, is recorded at full length in the *New-York Herald* of 24th January. That our readers may understand this last dodge of Mr. Bulwer's, we beg to explain, that the territory about the port of San Juan is uncultivated and for the most part barren—its present possessors being in hostility to the natives of Nicaragua, permitting them only to approach on submitting to the grossest outrages, are compelled to depend for food on a very limited native supply, with such imports in British bottoms as they can obtain; the tax on American ships and cargoes, and the negro police inspection, having prevented, almost altogether, American ships laden with produce from entering that port. Hence the "remission of the tax," to get more food, and the other fact that food is so scarce with Mr. Chatfield and his negro police, that should any extraordinary advent of Americans to "Greytown" take place, the latter, after a few days, would have to eat the present black and white possessors, or all must starve. The fear of being masticated by gentlemen from the gold region bound homeward, who in the matters of cooking and gastronomy are said not to be over particular, may have probably been one reason why Mr. Chatfield and his sable satellites established the "law," forbidding the entrance of such vagrants unless unarmed. But it has led to another singular instance of British urbanity. Not content with depriving American citizens of their arms, the British have further "handsomely"—yes, *handsomely*—volunteered to transport all Americans out of "Greytown," to Chagres, to Brazil even, nay to Cape Horn, or the Devil, anywhere, where they cannot eat Mr. Chatfield's dinner or that of his negro police. But here is the extract from the *Herald*:—

"HANDSOME CONDUCT OF ENGLISHMEN AT SAN JUAN DE NICARAGUA.—Three hundred and seventy-seven American passengers, from San Juan, were taken to Chagres on the twentieth of December last, by Her Britannic Majesty's steamer *Inflexible*, commanded by Captain Dyke. These passengers have passed resolutions, in which they tender their thanks to Captain Dyke, to Her Majesty's Consul, Mr. Green, and to Post-Captain Foote, for their kindness, and for the generous manner in which they were taken to Chagres, on their way to the United States. Provisions were short at San Juan, and, till the *Inflexible* rendered this assistance, great suffering seemed inevitable. They were all very handsomely treated on board the *Inflexible*, and the conduct of the officers generally excited the respect and admiration of our countrymen. This act was certainly a very remarkable one; and is the more praiseworthy as many of the passengers were prostrated by severe sickness."

Really these American gentlemen should be very proud of themselves and devoutly thankful—the philanthropic hospitality and exquisite politeness of sending your visitors away, lest they should eat your dinner, exceeds the charity and self sacrifice of any but an Englishman; and is the more

praiseworthy as many of the passengers were prostrated by severe sickness." Such is the gospel of the new Samaritan,—Do not give up your dinner, pour no oil into the wounds of the afflicted; send them off—away with them, to Chagres, to the devil, but, Quashee, see you do it *politely*. In future we should, in accordance with the above precedent of politeness, send out our cards of invitation as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Bull's compliments to Mr. ——— and family, and request they will do Mr. and Mrs. B. the favor of taking themselves off, as there is not enough in the house for Mr. and Mrs. B.'s own dinner;" and notes of acceptance should be returned as follows: "Mr. So-and-so, a very humble American, begs to return his thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Bull for not getting leave to share their dinner." Well, we are a great people—"politeness is cheap."

It is almost as great folly to dwell on such proceedings as it is viciously deceptive to record them after the manner of the *Tribune* and the *Herald*. But let us put to all concerned one or two questions—1st. If the British had nothing to do with "Greytown," if they were transported out of that, with their police and tax, would not food flow into the port of San Juan from Nicaragua, and from the United States, sufficient to fill to repletion all the Americans who could congregate there in a century? And secondly, if a British official and an American meet together on American soil, and the British official says, "My good fellow, there is not food enough for us both here, but there is my boat and you can go and look for it elsewhere"—should the American bow thankfully and go—or answer, "My very bad fellow, I won't go, for this is my soil and not yours, and if that be your boat, go; for if you don't"—but we forget, this is the age of "peace!"

P. S.—Since writing the above the following has appeared in the *New-York Sun*. The notion of charging a man \$15 for *not* giving him his dinner, appears to us only less funny than the more ridiculous notion of paying it:—

"Credit has been claimed for the English Consul at San Juan, because he sent a steamer to convey a number of returning Californians from San Juan to Chagres. We were previously informed that the Consul anticipated trouble from the large party, who at first refused to deliver up their arms to the English police, and therefore wisely took the readiest means to rid himself of his fears by shipping them to Chagres. We now learn from the *Panama Star*, that each individual was charged *fifteen dollars* for his passage, which, for the 480 persons hurried off from San Juan, amounts to the nice sum of \$7,200! This is the liberality boasted of. The distance from San Juan is about 160 miles."

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE is without interest, save that the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria have agreed, in obedience to the convincing reasons of the Tzar, to invade Schleswig-Holstein, for the purpose of restoring peace by butchering the citizens of the Duchies, and annihilating their oldest political rights.—

"God save the king, or kings;
For if he don't, I doubt if men will longer."

Mr. MILES, author of *Mohammed*, recently delivered a lecture in this city called, "On the Crisis and the Struggle." Not knowing what Crisis or what Struggle, (both families being large,) we had recourse to the *New-York Tribune*, which gave us the following luminous and singularly generous explanation:—

"Mr. M. referred to the genius exiled by the disturbances in Europe. Thousands of feverish idealists are out of employment, and an asylum for them is quite as incumbent on society as poor-houses upon Legislatures. They are a body to be dreaded. Denied their legitimate avocations, and averse to uncongenial pursuits, they emerge from the Crisis (if they survive it) desperate demagogues, or worse, and take revenge on the world by destroying themselves and others. Shorn of their hair, and apparently helpless, we cannot tell how soon the locks of hair may sprout in their prison, and when called to assist at the feast, they may uproot the columns of the edifice, and bring down ruin upon the guests. Perhaps the only home they ever had, or ever will have, was in the Monasteries of the Middle Ages."

Generosity, Mr. Miles, should induce you to ask whether such language is dignified or becoming before you used it. To say the least of it, such of these men as come to our shores should not therefore be treated as madmen. We never knew before it was a sign of madness in the distressed to take refuge under the American flag. Truth, also, has something to do with the matter;

and turning over the pages of American history you should inquire whether or not, Mr. Miles, "genius exiled by disturbances in Europe" has ever "emerged" in this country "in desperate demagogism, or worse, taking revenge on the world by destroying themselves and others;" or whether, on the whole, from Lee, and Montgomery, and Kosciuszko, down to the last emigrant laborer set to work on our railroads, they have not turned out very excellent and discreet citizens, fighting battles, tunnelling mountains, building viaducts, that "fevered idealists" might more freely and easily approach a great city, and abuse them. Besides, it would be time enough to offer them "asylums" when they ask them. But as to "shaving their hair," and jailing them up in "modern monasteries of the middle ages, or model prisons," we would not recommend Mr. Miles to try the experiment lest he should discover, as the Mayor of Bradford remarked to Queen Elizabeth with reference to the recent attempt of the King of Spain's armada, that he too "had the wrong sow by the lug."

THE NEW POSTAGE BILL.—A bill has passed the House establishing a uniform rate of postage of three cents, on all pre-paid letters, with other improvements.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Country Year Book: or, The Field, the Forest, and the Fireside. By WILLIAM HOWITT. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Howitt knows how to make a book, and this is certainly one of the most readable. It is in fact delightful reading for the winter fireside, or the summer hill side. There are some interspersed reflections of no small moment, one of which we will give as a fair specimen of the book, calling the reader's attention to its bearing upon one of our favorite politico-economical topics. And that we may do no injustice to the author's patriotic feelings for his "dear old England," we must make it rather long, so as to embrace his statement of the ameliorating influences at work, only leaving it to the reader's reflection to consider whether individual exertion can ever be sufficient to counteract the effects of a vicious system, the evils of which appear so widely extended and deeply seated:—

"What a country this used to be for jollity and heart's ease! What a change there must have been! We see the ruins of old castles and old abbeys standing, and we think them beautiful. And we read of old fasts and festivals, and days on which the people of England came out into the sun, and the heart of gladness and kindly good fellowship was as one great dancing heart throughout the throng. We recall those doings, and think them beautiful. Are they not picturesque ruins, too, like the castles and abbeys? Is not one

thing gone just as much as the other? What we would recall is a thing that belonged to the days of these castles and abbeys, and not to ours. It is a thing that belonged to our ancestors, and not to us. If we could recall it, it would be like calling back the ghost of one of our ancestors. Not the jolly ancestor himself, in all his bodily presence, his soul-and-body union, the daylight man in his earthly solidity, but his ghost—a phantom! a thing to startle and confound us. It is not the kind of mirth that our forefathers had that we would bring back again. We might as well bring back their suits of armor, their old windy rooms, their jack boots, and farthingales. No! it is a mirth and holiday pleasure of our own, that we must have. It is an enjoyment of our own—not an echo and a spectre of theirs—that we want. And why should we not find it? Our ancestors found what suited them in this country—why can we not find what suits us? And yet England was not a tenth part so wealthy or powerful then as now.

"Has wealth done this? Then wealth's a foe to me."
BLOOMFIELD.

"Restore holidays, says my worthy friend. True, but first we must restore that which made the holiday spirit of old—ease, sufficiency, and content.

"Where are these things gone? What has become of this ease, this sufficiency, this content!

They are not among the nobility—they complain of the times. They are not among the farmers—they complain of heavy burdens and low prices. They are not among the laborers—they complain of low wages. They are not in the shop, the mill, or the factory; every place and class has its bubby-jock. It is an odd circumstance, and worth soundly inquiring into, that just as a nation grew rich it grew melancholy; that the mass of people who had accumulated those riches grew poor, lost their joyousness, their time and taste for recreation, and became the common drudges of the dull treadmill of poverty and labor. This was not always so. As we have seen, our ancestors had their high days and holidays; never was there a merrier race. England was merry England then. The people of the continent are a merry people now—merry with a fifth part of our wealth.

"Should this be so? Should the greatest, the most industrious people on the face of the earth; the people who have wrought the greatest miracles of energy and ingenuity that this world has seen, be the only people who do not enjoy the fruit of their achievements, and rejoice in the good things they have created? Yet let any one say what is his first impression on landing in England after some sojourn abroad? That every one is pondering on some tremendous event. There is a stern, eager expression on every face; a hurrying on as to some intense object; a print of care on feature and on limb, on the individual and the mass, which are most startling to the mind which has been so lately filled with the gay imagery of happy peasantry and citizens of the working class, amidst their holiday music and their social dances.

"In 1842 I was reading the English newspapers in the public news-room at Heidelberg, in Germany. What was the great topic of the day? The horrors just brought to light by the Parliamentary inquiry into the state of the people, and especially of women and children in the coal-mines, and factories, and workshops of England. I was actually sick. I walked out into the air. It was bright noon—the bright, clear, joyous noon of the south of Germany; and at this moment, out burst from the public schools of the working classes, hundreds of little boys and girls, released to their twelve o'clock dinners, and all healthy, happy, merry, and shouting, as if they had five times too much pleasure in them for their need.

"But what a contrast! Proud England—rich England—mighty and free England, grinding its children to death in mines and mills, in subterranean darkness and nakedness; and poor, despotic Germany guarding its children till their twelfth year, and giving them all an education! And this had gone on for years; the child-murder of the mill and the mine had gone on, and men had gradually accustomed themselves to it, till they did not see its enormity. Liberals and philanthropists applauded it, and called it free trade. Gracious Heaven! free trade in the sinews and lives of tender children of eight years old! Little children pitched against the Juggernaut of steam; and those who denounced this immolation to the trading Mammon, were sneered at for the cant of humanity by the most hideous of all canters, the

cant of cruelty! Free trade, forsooth, in the lives and happiness of children! 'Twas a vile abuse of terms. Trade is trade only when it deals in legitimate articles; beyond that it is far too free—it is then free outrage.

"But the British humanity stepped in and rescued the victims of our trading cupidity. In country as well as in town the great and influential are awaking to the fact that the working man must be better remunerated. We need not, therefore, go further into the explanation of the repulsive mystery of the greatest people on earth piling upon their heads by their unexampled energies only toil never ending, and recompense never beginning. That is now well enough understood. It is because labor has been defrauded of its due.

"The public has now discovered what the amiable poet Bloomfield discovered long ago. He found

'The aspect still of ancient joy put on,
The aspect only, with the substance gone.'

And he cried:

'Let labor have its due! my cot shall be
From chilling want, and guilty murmurs free.
Let labor have its due! then peace is mine,
And never, never shall my heart repine.'

"That is the true secret of restoring to England its fine old character of merry England. Let labor have its due, and joy will spring up thick as the flowers of the field. We shall again see the rural dance and hear the sound of rural music. Make the heart glad and the song will burst forth from the mouths of young men and maidens. Let labor have its due; let a good supply of bread and beef, and tea and coffee, find its way into the poor man's pantry, as the just reward of his exertions, and there will be merry times again in England. Ay, never was there such a merry England as there will be then. Never had England in her holiday times a tenth part of the people, the knowledge, the power, the capacity of enjoyment, that they have now. And these times shall come. They are not far off. Great changes have taken place and are taking place. The public mind of England has satisfied itself that a better state of things is necessary—that the people who have made England, be they of what class they will, must enjoy England. The people have now read and thought, and above all, they have suffered, and out of that suffering they have derived a deep wisdom; they have learnt to know their own rights and the rights of others. They will now combine not to attack but to assert; not to tread on the privileges of others, but to claim their own. They will combine to dig new channels for the current of public wealth, to make a due portion of it to flow into the track of labor; and not only so, but to make labor itself flow into the true channel. They will spread themselves over the field of labor, as the general good requires it.

"Already the crowd who have trodden on each other's heels have discovered that steam and science, commerce and literature, have made three fourths of the globe but an expanded England. In England or Ireland, in America or Australia, wherever the British tongue is spoken, and British

blood flows in the people's veins, there they are still of the great English family—can enjoy English thoughts, feelings, and privileges, and can elevate and combine the true interests of the English race. Therefore emigration is leading its quarter of a million now annually into the more distant fields of the British empire, an empire extended beyond the nominal shadow of the British Crown. In new homes, but all made such by Anglo-Saxon enterprise, amid new mountains, and on the green banks of new and majestic rivers, these annual detachments of the great army of civilization are sitting down to create at once domestic plenty for themselves, and fresh sources of industry and wealth for the brave old mother country.

"As our population thus diffuses itself on all sides into the fields and forests of God's plenty, and at the active centre better principles of social economy are recognized, as they are every day becoming recognized—then for holidays.

"But when the people do find leisure and hearts for holidays, they will be such holidays as the world never yet saw. We are no longer the same people as our ancestors were. They were great children, and could leap and laugh, and play with hobby-horses; but we have read and thought, and the poorest artisan has now more refined taste and intellectual wealth than a king had of old. In the words of one of them:

'Ay, they are thinking—at the frame and loom,
At bench, and forge, and in the bowelled mine.'

"Then, our holidays must be holidays of a higher stamp. There must be music, and dance, and sport, for youth and glad hearts; but there must be more—there must be a mixture of the intellectual in our pleasures. We must have books, and talk of matters of mind, and sights of works of art as well as of the works of nature, to give to our holidays a charm which, though it will be fit for a philosopher, shall thrill through the soul of the working man like the first rapturous outburst of his marriage bells. We must have a preparation for the holidays that are coming. We must have those public walks and gardens that are talked of for our large towns. We must have that £10,000 that is lying in the treasury, voted by Parliament years ago for that very purpose called for by public-spirited men of our towns, and thus employed. We must have in each of these gardens a public building—the people's house of recreation. They shall find a dancing-hall, a coffee-room, a reading-room, and a conversation-room. The people in every large town of Germany have such a house—their *Harmonie*—where they come together to enjoy themselves, and do enjoy themselves in a manner that a prince or a princess might be proud to share in.

"And then, for the enjoyment of all these delightful pleasures, in which not only physical health and excitement, but intellectual tastes unite, for which the people are daily preparing themselves, what a world has science opened! Think of the steam-boat and steam-train, ready to bear away their thousands to the very scenes where they would wish to be. To carry the peo-

ple of the cities, especially of enormous London afar into the country; to the open heath—the fresh forest—to the sea-side—to old halls and gardens where the mysterious spirit of beauty has been waiting their arrival for a thousand years. To carry the country people, on the contrary, to the towns—to the sight of the cheerful, happy crowds, rich shops, noble buildings, and galleries of painting and statuary; to zoological gardens and scientific spectacles, full, to them, of the enchantment of wonder.

"Do we talk of impossible things? The cheap trains already make such things within the reach of every man, woman and child, that can get but a single day, and a few shillings to spend on it, in the year. On one day last summer, seven thousand people visited, by means of an excursion train, the splendid house and grounds of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, in the Peak of Derbyshire; and every day there, and at the old hall of Haddon, and at numbers of noble halls all over the country throughout the summer, the coming and going of the people is like the visiting of a fair.

"Better times are coming, when these things shall be still more within the reach of every one of our fellow-countrymen; for they are not only awaking to a knowledge and a taste for these things, but they are laying up fruits for their own purposes. The alarm that some time ago was felt on the subject of popular education, lest knowledge should spoil good servants, and destroy the spirit of industry in the laboring masses, has received an amazing answer. While the people were ignorant they continued in destitution. What they gained they spent in a drunkenness that has now nothing like it in existence. But while they have been acquiring knowledge they have also acquired a great capital, and have actually laid up in savings banks upwards of £30,000,000 of money!

"This is a social phenomenon such as all the ages of the world before have not produced. That is the effect of the industrial and economical stimulus of knowledge on the people. That has come, and the holiday times will come. And still further, the spirit of improvement has been met by a fitting spirit in high quarters. Our excellent Queen has thrown open Windsor, the most royal of all royal palaces in the world, to the free and unpaid entry of all her loving subjects. The royal example, as we have seen, has been emulated by the nobility, who have thrown open their parks, their gardens, and their fine old picture galleries, like their royal mistresses, to the feet and the eyes of those who have so long fought, worked and suffered for the maintenance of the stately glory of those things.

"These are great forebodings of the future holidays of a great and educated people; and this lovely isle of ours, with its rivers and mountains, its sweet fields and villages, its cities and ancestral halls, its palaces and its monumental churches, shall open up the world of its delights to a people worthy of beholding them, and by that very communicativeness of its beauty shall sink deeper and deeper into the heart of their love."

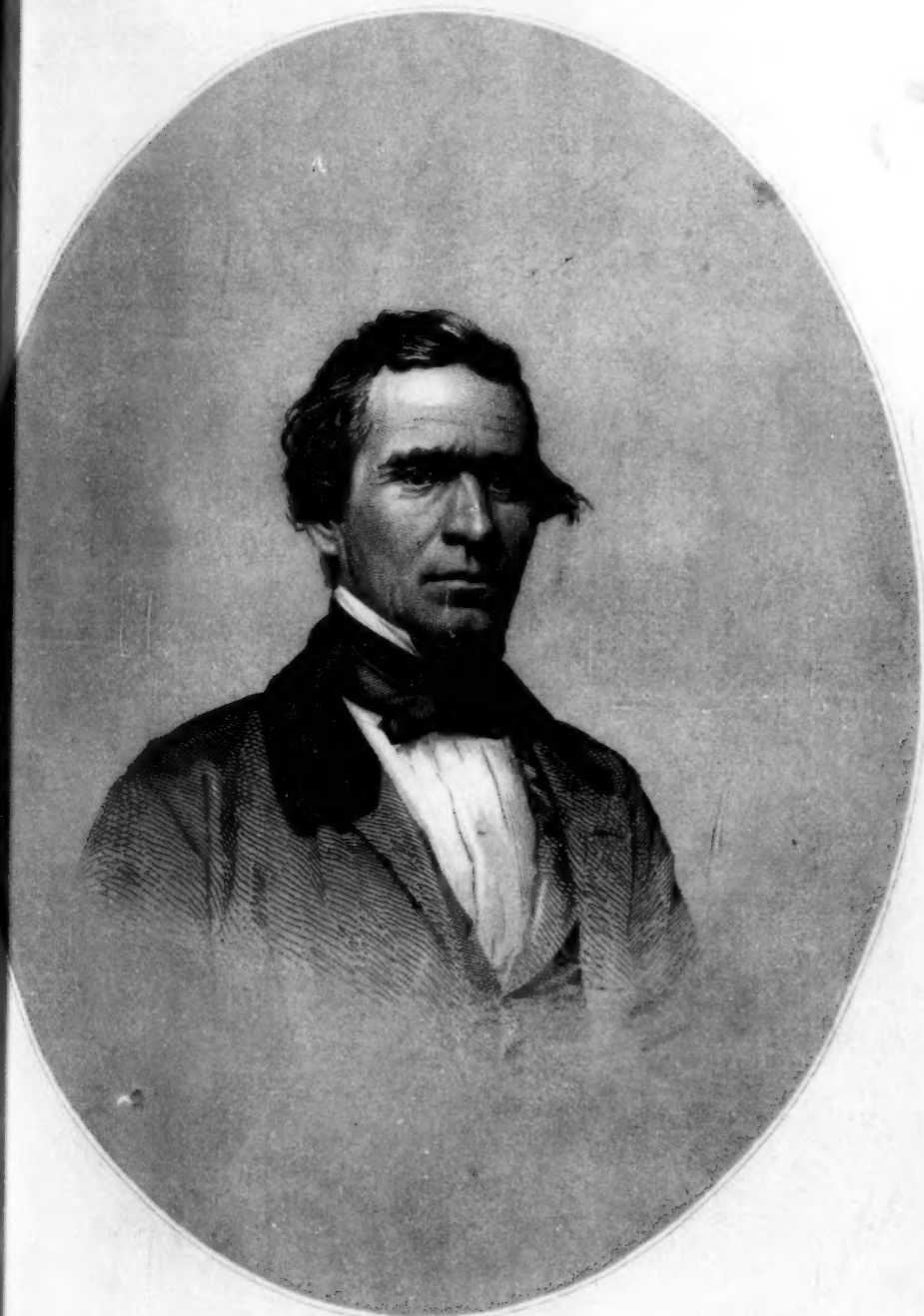
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G. Hart

H. H. Dimmick

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

FIRST CHAIRMAN OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF CALIFORNIA

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